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THE ART JOURNAL

FOR

1883

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NEILSON, 12 DEY STREET.
LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO., LIMITED, 294 CITY ROAD.

PAINTED BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

QUIET PETS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF M. VERSTOLCK VOLCKEN, THE HAGUE.

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THE ART JOURNAL.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—RECENT ACQUISITIONS.

IN taking note of the very important additions to the National Gallery during the past year, it may perhaps be appropriate to inquire, what is its present position? Has it realised the anticipations formed at its foundation, in 1824? And does it, as the highest artistic institution in the country, adequately fulfil the functions necessary to sustain that claim? That it is one of the most popular of our institutions, there can be no question; this is proved by the large and increasing number of visitors—its rooms are more crowded than those of any other gallery in Europe; and especially is such the case on public holidays. That this is only what was to be expected is obvious, and scarcely needs setting forth. The year 1883 finds large classes furnished with the means of intellectual cultivation, who in eighteen hundred and twenty-four would have been absolutely illiterate. And with the spread of education, and consequent intellectual awakening, aided also by long seasons of commercial prosperity, has come the taste for Art, the delight in the representation of what is beautiful in nature, or in the tragedy and comedy of human action, and the longing to become acquainted with the imaginative creations of the great masters of the artistic epochs of the world.

Head of a Young Man. Venetian School.

While the public has thus manifested its appreciation of the institution, has the Government responded to this growing taste by endeavouring to develop and perfect the resources of the Gallery, and to make it worthy of our position as a nation? To this query no other reply can be given but a decided negative. Commencing at a period when most of the other national collections were already formed, it was not to be expected that at first starting it would rival them either in the number or importance of its contents. But in the space of fifty-eight years much may be accomplished in the matter of collecting, and especially by a country favoured by long seasons of unexampled prosperity, while continental nations have had their institutions overthrown by revolution and their territories ravaged by war; compelling in many instances private individuals to bring their collections to the market, under the most favourable conditions for acquisition. Some pictures have been obtained from these sources, but the many masterpieces to be seen in foreign galleries, and that English connoisseurs had hoped would have adorned our own, testify to the neglect and parsimony of the Government. The same also has happened with respect to sales of English collections; here at least it would have been thought that patriotic feelings would have induced the Government to keep within the country precious works which had reached our shores, yet again and again they have been allowed to depart from us. We are not usually considered as a nation to be lacking in energy. Whence then this supineness on the part of the authorities to fulfil the desire of the public? And it must be remembered they were cognisant of the fact that the opportunity once lost can never be recovered, for pictures that have become national property are scarcely likely again to come into the market.

Then with respect to the works we have acquired: how have they been housed and set forth? For the proper enjoyment or study of a work of Art it is necessary that it should be

seen with ease and facility, and that its surroundings should be appropriate and calculated to heighten its effect. It is no use possessing masterpieces of genius if they are placed out of reach of the eye, and it was certainly not the intention of the painters that the products of their brush should be packed together like mineralogical specimens in a crowded museum. A certain reasonable space should be allotted to pictures, they should not jostle each other, as is often unavoidably the case in an auction-room. Neither is it becoming that the Gallery should suggest a sale-room rather than a national monument. Now the majority of the rooms in the National Gallery would be considered dingy even for an auction-mart, while others—the last ones added to the Gallery—are so overloaded with tawdry ornament as completely to crush and overpower the pictures they contain. Further, of late years the rooms have been still more disfigured by being blocked up with screens on which to hang works that cannot find space on the walls.

Now in case any one should suppose these inconsistencies are here pointed out for the first time, it may be remarked they have been the theme of countless articles and letters in the press; and this not only of late years, for we find in Mr. Ruskin's "Arrows of the Chase" eloquent protests against the mal-arrangement of the pictures, dated a quarter of a century back; so that during all this period the Government could have availed itself of competent opinion on these and other requirements of the Gallery. Neither have they the excuse of difficulty in finding room for its enlargement, because contiguous to it on one side is a building used for Government stores or work-rooms, which could easily find a place in the purlieus of Westminster, and on the other side are barracks, certainly not indispensable in that situation, to say nothing of the health and physique of the troops being improved by having quarters provided for them in freer and purer air. Even apart from the question of the value of the ground for the more important object, it might have been thought that the danger to the national collection from fire, on account of its proximity to such a building, would have insured its removal.

Autumn. *Summer.*
By Andrea Mantegna.

After the taste for Art has reached a certain stage, there comes a desire to know all about the artist, his school, the influences that acted upon him, and also what are the works from his hand that are to be found in other collections. Hence it has often been pointed out that, for the study of the pictures, a library of books of reference on Art should be accessible to every visitor who wishes to consult them. Few persons can hope themselves to acquire such a library, therefore its necessity and appropriateness at the Gallery itself. The necessity has already found recognition in one of the continental galleries, that of the Hague, and has been acknowledged here. Some years since the valuable Art library formed by the late Sir C. Eastlake was purchased by the Government for the Gallery, but by one of the eccentricities which characterize all its acts in relation to the Institution, having acquired the works it refuses to allow the trifling sum for the attendant who would have to take charge of the room if the public was admitted. It is true that by the courtesy of the Director permission can be obtained to consult the library; this, however, is necessarily only a special and exceptional favour.

But in order to satisfy the intelligent interest of the public in the pictures, and to develop the resources of the Institution as a means of artistic education, it is further desirable that lectures should be given in the Gallery itself, illustrative of the works on its walls. If the principle were accepted by the authorities, and any step taken towards carrying it into execution, it is probable, seeing that Chairs are often endowed by private munificence, some public-spirited individuals would not be found wanting in this direction. Indeed, judging from past experience, the Gallery may always reckon on receiving very tangible enrichment from private generosity, always supposing that it also obtains liberal support from the Government. People will not present pictures to be either stowed away in cellars or skied in overstocked rooms; hence the short-sighted policy of cramping the Institution in the matter of ample wall space.

The above are only some directions in which the prosperity of the Gallery has been retarded by the negligence or niggardliness of its management. Other, and perhaps even more pressing, concerns will occur to those who have its well-being at heart. Without wasting useless regrets over what is past, the important thing now to know is, whether the nation can hope to secure more intelligent management for its Gallery in the future? Are reasonable and even obvious suggestions, which have in many instances been adopted by other galleries, to be constantly ignored? are protests against mismanagement, so palpable that it can find no defence, to go on year after year unheeded? To attain any satisfactory solution of these questions, it is necessary to find out what is the managing and directing power under which the Gallery is conducted. And herein we think will be found the secret of its retarded development. It would naturally be supposed that the artistic institutions of the country receiving Government support would be under the direction of a department concerning itself only with matters of Art,

having a thorough knowledge of artistic questions at home and abroad, and, as far as related to the institutions under its charge, seeking to further and advance the knowledge thereof. Instead of this we find them dependent on various branches of the administration. If, for instance, a question is asked in the House of Commons referring to some artistic subject, it may be answered either by an officer of the Treasury, the Commissioner of Works, or the Vice-President of the Committee of Council. Now none of these gentlemen were appointed to their offices for any special knowledge of Art; in fact, in their selection Art was not thought of at all. Therefore any initiatory movement, any attempt at harmonious action, or chance of the institutions working together for a common end, is out of the question. The spectacle has even been seen of officials of different departments bidding against each other at sales of works of Art. It has sometimes been found that a system utterly illogical may yet be efficiently worked, owing to the exceptional ability of one or more of the persons connected with it, and something of this happened to the National Gallery at its foundation. There were then in both Houses of Parliament gentlemen taking a deep interest in its welfare; they consequently watched over it, and saw that it was not neglected by the Government. But at the present time there is no one speaking with authority on the subject in the House of Commons; and in the House of Peers—the members of which, from their leisure, their presumed cultivation, and also from the fact of many of them possessing celebrated collections, might be expected to take a special interest in maintaining the Gallery in a high state of excellence—we find that the wishes or protests of the public never find one solitary echo. Neither, since the death of Prince Albert, have we any personage of high position taking sufficient interest in Art to lead them to further its welfare. How valuable such influence may be, we have proof at Berlin, where the Crown

Venus and Adonis. Attributed to Giorgione.

Prince and Princess are rendering striking services in the formation of the national museums; one recent instance, the acquisition of the Hamilton MSS., including the Botticelli drawings, having been unfortunately exercised at our expense.

The National Gallery being thus left without influential support, it remains now in the hands of overworked officials, whose urgent business lies in a totally different direction. It rests with the public to say how long this state of things shall continue. No one can for a moment imagine that the official neglect is wilful, for nothing short of a miracle could produce efficient management under the present system. There may be some persons, insensible to the enjoyment of Art, who may think the more or less intelligent management of the Gallery to be but a slight matter, affecting only the cultivation of popular taste; they must be reminded that precisely on this education of taste may depend much of our future commercial prosperity.

Among the graver charges against the management of the Gallery, as we have noted above, has been the neglect to secure works of high reputation when they were brought to the market. It must, however, in justice be stated that last year there was little cause of complaint in this direction. Several gaps were filled in the sequence of the earlier Italian masters; a series of delightful cabinet pictures by an admirable Flemish painter were acquired; and lastly, the selection purchased at the sale of the Hamilton collection was in every way praiseworthy, both from the number and intrinsic excellence of the works themselves. We would fain hope that the liberality of last year indicates the inauguration of a more enlightened policy in the future, and that instead of the miserably inadequate sum annually allotted to the Gallery—a pittance, too, hampered by the most absurd restrictions—it will henceforth receive what is necessary to retrieve past shortcomings, and make it a collection of which the country may be proud.

None of the Hamilton pictures excited more interest and discussion than the one entitled in the catalogue, 'The Story of Myrrha,' and attributed to Giorgione. Dr. Waagen, and after him Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, had stated the subject to be 'Hippomenes and Atalanta;' but there can be little doubt that in this instance the sale catalogue was correct. In the background are represented various episodes unquestionably referring to the fable of Myrrha as related by Ovid. She is seen fleeing from her father, who pursues her with a drawn sword; she is on her knees praying the gods to remove her alike from the living and the dead. Her transformation into the myrrh-tree, and the birth of Adonis, furnish the subject for another group: these are on the right-hand side of the picture. On the left is to be distinguished the death of Adonis, and Venus changing his blood into the anemone. Hence it naturally follows the two figures of the principal group are Venus and Adonis. The introduction of the figure of Cupid in the act of striking is suggested by the poem, and the group in the clouds may be intended to represent Cupid accidentally wounding his mother. One could wish that it were as easy to fix the attribution of the picture as to determine its subject. Of course, it may at once be stated that it embodies many of the qualities associated with the name of Giorgione. The same qualities are also to be found in undoubtedly genuine works of at least one other great Venetian artist, Titian; *per contra*, it does not possess the manipulative and other technical qualities present in what are generally accepted to be authentic pictures by Giorgione. There are strong similarities of treatment between it and the 'Sacred and Profane Love,' of the Borghese Gallery, assigned to Titian; indeed, the affinities are remarkable: there is the same type of form and features, the same treatment of landscape, similar juxtaposition of colours appear in both, the small figures in the background have the same masterly decision and rapidity of touch, and we even find similar details, as the introduction of the two white rabbits. Accepting the 'Sacred and Profane Love' to be by Titian, it may also be possible that the National Gallery picture is by his fellow-pupil and rival, when it is remembered that Ridolfi states, there was a period in their careers during which their pictures were so much alike that it was not easy to distinguish the hands of the respective masters. It may be remarked, that there is a passage in Ridolfi's life of Giorgione describing certain fables painted by him, which may refer to the present picture. To discuss fairly this question would involve the analyzation of many pictures of the Venetian school, and would require more space than can be allotted to the present article. Whoever the painter, it is unquestionably a splendid addition to our Gallery. This delicious pastoral, this vision of a golden age, of a land bathed in perpetual sunshine, is indeed a solace and light to toilers in our smoke-begrimed metropolis. In its poetic imagery and joyous colours will be found the truest medicine for jaded brains and tired eyes. The radiance of its golden sunshine will be reflected on the minds of many whose lives are hard and monotonous, and by so much will it elevate and cheer their lot. Its memory alone will be an abiding source of enjoyment. These are the gifts of Art to humanity, and that they should be made accessible to all is one, and not the least, of the offices of the National Gallery.

Philip IV. of Spain. By Velazquez.

We must leave for a future article a notice of the three remaining pictures of which engravings are here given, but cannot conclude without calling attention to the admirable character of the woodcut illustrations, engraved by Mr. James D. Cooper. Few, except those familiar with the art, can realise the difficulties he has had to contend with, and it argues well for the continued excellence of a style of engraving in which English artists have always been pre-eminent, that he has so successfully surmounted them, and produced work of which our school may well be proud.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE substance of the following address was delivered by me at the Social Science Congress recently held at Nottingham. In the short time at my disposal I endeavoured to show the causes that, in my judgment, help, or hinder the progress of the Fine Arts, the means to be adopted to widen their scope, and, if possible, to heighten their aim, and also to indicate the best methods of spreading their influence amongst the people.

"The Fine Arts are trumpet-tongued, and the mere mention of them stirs up within us a jostling crowd of emotions and memories inextricably connected with civilised man. All the eloquence that has thrilled our souls or fired our ambition; all the painting that has entranced us by its splendour of colour, and subtlety of composition; all the sculpture that has fascinated us by its perfection of form; all the poetry that has enchanted our ear by its melody and rhythm, and enthralled our minds by its beauty or passion; all the music that has stirred our blood or softly cradled our tired spirit; all the anguish and rapture, the tears and laughter that have been called forth in us by the drama; all the architecture that has awed us by its vastness and its shade, or charmed us by its dignity or grace—all point back to the Fine Arts. At the sound of these magic words, the "Fine Arts," our imagination hurries us to Athens, and we thread our way amidst the faultless temples of Ictinus and Callicrates, see the sculptured triumphs of Phidias, hear the persuasive words of Pericles stilling the multitude; we listen to Socrates in the hour of the siesta, his apron and chisel laid aside while he is arguing with the young bloods; we make one of a crowd round a declaimer reciting Homer, or witness a drama of Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides. Or it takes us to Rome, where the hawk-eyed Cæsar of imperial soul, in his white robe, walks pensively in the Forum, pondering on the decay of the Republic and the chances of his future triumphs; to Antony, revelling and swaggering; to Cicero, entrancing the Forum or the Senate. Or to later times, when Agrippa is building the Pantheon and Virgil is at his books, while Horace, on his stool at the treasury, is painfully casting up his ledger, not without letting his thoughts occasionally wander to the banquet he is going to at the palace, and the servile ode he is so carefully polishing, in the hope that his fiery republicanism may be condoned by the crafty tyrant; to that Rome where Livia plotted and Tiberius scowled, and where the lovely Julia charmed her crowd of lovers with her perfect dressing and her witty jests. Or to that Athens of modern times, Florence, where Giotto was building, sculpturing, and painting, and the grim Dante, deeply pondering the affairs of state or high poetry in some secluded by-street, had his gown wantonly smeared with the muddy boots of some gorgeously dressed young noble who trotted past, and who learned too late that poets of Dante's calibre are awkward subjects for practical jokes.

We can hardly picture to ourselves the present civilisation without the Fine Arts. Every emotion of the past, every past form of beauty, every past melody would be gone. How truly does Horace say, "Brave men lived before Agamemnon, but they had no inspired poet to hand down their deeds." Without the Fine Arts all our present forms of beauty, all our noble struggles, all our passionate impulses would pass away into space.

Fortunately for us we have inspired poets, who have given to us some of the same gifts as their mighty predecessors, "Odes, and jewels five words long, that on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time sparkle for ever." We have admirable painters, who are striving to rival the giants of the Renaissance; we have sculptors who chisel for us with exquisite perfection the features of beauty or the lines channelled on the brow by thought, struggle, or command; we have both written and spoken eloquence. We have exquisite musicians, and admirable composers. Our architecture is improving, and architecture has been called "petrified music;" and we have acting.

Probably all my readers cultivate, or at least are interested in, one or more of the Fine Arts, but what is now mainly wanted is that each person should endeavour to cultivate a taste for *all* the Fine Arts, so as at least to be an intelligent admirer of their excellence; first, for the sake of his own culture; secondly, for the public advantage, in choosing only worthy works; and thirdly, for the encouragement of the artist, so that he may receive his meed of praise.

The Greeks found that those who practised the five exercises were finer men than those who even excelled at one. We train every boy and girl in gymnastics, to give them the perfect use of their bodies; we try to train their intellect so that every faculty may have full play; if we systematically trained the will, we should try and exercise every moral force, and we want equally to train the emotions and the sense of beauty.

The Fine Arts have been, if they are not still hindered, by asceticism. If it be our duty to shut our eyes and ears to everything beautiful, and not only to avoid, but even hate and loathe it, then we must necessarily cause the death of the Fine Arts; but I believe that, except at special times, really times of war, when we are fighting for some high principle, and must "scorn delights and live laborious days," it is not only not our duty to shut our eyes to the beautiful, but it is a

positive disregard of one of the most important lessons Nature offers for our learning.

It seems to me that Nature silently points out that the contemplation of beauty in form, colour, and sound, is the true recreation of man; that if he will but partake of this banquet which she spreads without cost, and almost everywhere, for him, he will be both happier and more noble. She seems to me to say, Set yourself to unfathom my laws by patient and laborious effort, and I will give you health and riches, power and understanding; I will fill your mind with thankfulness and wonder, my forces shall be your slaves, and they shall toil for you—you shall have every bodily want supplied, you shall have delicious things to eat and drink, you shall even find cures for sicknesses produced by your ignorance or by accident; and if you would have delight, look at the sunshine, at the sea and sky, at the rivers and mountains, at the trees and flowers, enjoy the perfumes, listen to the birds and the waters. Nay, I will do even more for you; I will inspire those whose hearts throb with emotion at the sounds and sights of beauty, to fix for your enjoyment the fleeting beauties of the hour, and I will inspire them to create things which are more in unison with your apprehension than my own works.

The Fine Arts have, again, been neglected through the astounding discoveries in natural science, and the development of the applied arts. No fairy story, no vision of the poets ever realised the marvels that have passed before the eyes of the few last generations. We have caught the lightning and weighed the sun, put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes; no Jin nor Marid ever did the work that the steam engine has done for us; statists tell us in how short a time Lancashire can weave calico enough to wrap up our globe; and machinery has been brought to such perfection that it can bring stupendous force to act on a given point, or rival the work of the deftest and most skilful fingers: let me instance Nasmyth's steam hammer for the one, and the lace machinery of Nottingham as an example of the other. If a little gold or a few diamonds, found near the surface, will cause the emigration of the inhabitants of half a continent, eager to be rich with little labour, what has been the rush of mankind to make use of the new powers and new machinery which have created more wealth than a hundred gold or diamond fields!

How could mankind, in this struggle for power and gold, attend to those things which the casual observer would call the smaller amenities of life? It is like asking a man, amidst the clang, the smoke, and the madness of battle, to admire the landscape. But remember this, if when trade, manufactures, and commerce flourish, you love and encourage the Arts, when all these have passed away those remnants of Art and those memories of it will make your country or your town still famous; pilgrims will come to it from all civilised countries, and even in money it will nobly pay back its indebtedness. But how can the desire for beautiful objects of utility be encouraged when each wondrous machine is more hideous than the last, and each marvellous structure of the engineers is an eyesore or a nightmare? Probably it is only through the contemplation of beauty or elegance in objects in daily use that we get to desire grace or beauty in the grand constructive arts.

Now, as to the encouragement of the Fine Arts. The poet tells us that the poet is born and not made. But this is equally true of all the master spirits of the Fine Arts, nay, of those in every department of human greatness. We cannot, like the bees, make a queen bee out of any common worker by better air, better food, and more attention. We know that great poets at least only come after events which have stirred the emotions of a whole nation to their utmost depths: after great and successful wars for independence, after social convulsions. But this alone is not enough; the budding poet must have to his hand the masterpieces of his art to study. See how Dante is always pouring forth his praises to Virgil for being his master and his guide, and Horace is urging the study of Homer and the Greek poets. Had Dante never read Virgil, we may well imagine that he would have been but one of the ballad-makers whose works are now being unearthed for us by scholars.

There must, too, be a general passion for such a work, and a desire to honour the poet; he must have rivals in the art, to sharpen his desire for perfection, and such ease and leisure as may make the task not impossible.

And yet perhaps the poet is more independent of circumstances than the artist of any other art: his language is ready-made for him, his mind may serve both for a tablet and a storehouse, paper and ink are both cheap and common, and books "with the spoils of time" are widely spread; or else we might say that Burns was in the position of "some mute inglorious Milton." But these natural facilities are by no means available for the possible painter, sculptor, architect, musician, or actor. Many a shepherd lad who has drawn one of his sheep on a bit of slate has not, like Giotto, met with a Cimabue to carry him off to the very centre of Art, to keep him, and to teach him; good examples of contemporary Art must be spread broadcast over the country, and masterpieces of former times, at no impossible distances; and for the poor student there must be opportunities of support as well as of instruction. The old monasteries supplied much of the machinery now wanting. A peasant lad could be taught in the school, and, if promising, could be kept and passed on from monastery to monastery till he became a pope, a cardinal, a bishop, or till he was fit to act as a minister of state or to become a great artist.

If heaven sends us the seed, we must at least see that it is not destroyed—that it has proper soil and water, sunshine and shelter, and some fostering care.

In addition to this, to get the full power from the artist, he must be admired and honoured. When Cimabue painted his Madonna it was carried in procession through the streets of Florence. When Ghiberti executed the gates of the Baptistery every honour was lavished on him by the Government, and they paid him for his work over thirty thousand gold florins, besides finding all the materials. In our days Alfred Stevens, who executed the Wellington Monument, the finest monument of the day, was utterly neglected, and so pinched for money that he had to devote his own earnings to supply the deficiency. And what was his reward? The Government threatened to imprison him for exceeding the estimate.

We will now try to ascertain what were the actual occurrences which assisted the great artistic efforts of the past.

Heaven blessed the Greeks and the Italians with a piercing intellect, and with artistic invention, but accident gave them scope for the exercise of their powers. After the Persian War Athens had to be rebuilt; the temples and statues of the gods had to be remade; the nation's triumphs and thanksgivings had to be recorded by painting and sculpture, by poetry and music, and various lessons had to be enforced by the drama. When each Italian town had won its freedom, this had to be commemorated by a town-hall and a bell-tower. The bell-

tower was the sign of freedom, and people who had won their freedom soon wanted to show the results of their successful industry; and above all the Church had to show its new energy, imparted by the teachings of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St. Francis, and it, too, allied itself with the Arts, and was their greatest patron. In the North the nations had got new knowledge and new impulses from the East, gained during the Crusades, and the Church was as busy here as in Italy. In trying to find a roof that would neither burn nor fall, the marvellous, cloud-piercing style, the Gothic, got evolved, the most wonderfully scientific and inventive use of stone the world has yet seen.

It is only under enthusiasm that man attains his full height; and the only enthusiasms that have hitherto had a great hold on mankind are the religious, the patriotic, and the benevolent, though, perhaps, we are on the eve of a scientific one. Though religions have naturally made the future their goal, they have not been insensible to the advantages of enlisting on their side all the arts and sciences that were not in conflict with them.

At one time all that existed of the Drama was in their service; but since the Church has severed this connection, it seems strange that the State should not take it up. When properly conducted the drama has the greatest influence on manners and morals, and the State is concerned with the present life. In the hands of great and finished actors, it is certainly the most striking and impressive of all the Fine Arts, though, like the lightning, "'tis gone ere you can mark its place;" we not only may hear the most sublime eloquence or poetry, but with the proper accent, expression, and gesture of the person represented, and, though they be but minor accessories, with all the surroundings of scenery, all the gorgeousness of pomp, and with all the power of music in the interludes. The Comédie Française is subsidised by the French Government, and it is, without doubt, the finest company in Europe; but it is a dramatic school as well as an acting company, and educates the nascent dramatic talent of the nation. Were our Government to offer the same inducement, probably all our good actors now scattered about could be gathered into one company and work together, and we might have the more impressive pieces of the past played with effect; and surely our own age is not so barren of imposing incident, deep emotion, and fiery passion, nor of dramatic genius, that writers could not be found to embody them in worthy words. But then the writers must at least have bread and honour.

How can we widen the scope of the Fine Arts?

In many of the Fine Arts their scope is much restricted. How narrow is that of painting, though at the present moment it may be said to be one of the most favoured Arts in England. Yet there is scarcely a public building that is permanently adorned with paintings of the more striking events of our history; barely a fine historic mosaic; and, as far as I know, not one outside a building. The town of Antwerp has one of the rooms of the old Town-hall superbly enriched with pictures by the late Baron Leys, illustrating important events in its history; yet there are fewer inhabitants in Antwerp than in Nottingham.

As for sculpture, it can scarcely be said to have any scope at all, except in portrait busts and statues.

The highest triumph in the imitative arts is to attain imaginative perfection of certain types. Now, man at his best, and under the most favourable circumstances, rarely comes up to our idea of bodily perfection; the pursuits, the surroundings, and the accidents of life have left some parts of his frame undeveloped and caused other parts to be overgrown.

It was the discovery that ideal perfection must be sought that gave the crowning glory to the painting and sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, and this lesson was learnt by the aggregation of many Greek and Greco-Roman statues, bas-reliefs, coins, and gems, which showed the Italian artists that the Greek perfection of beauty was imaginative. And yet the Greeks had almost everything that could tend to the perfection of man's form: and everything, too, was done to promote beauty.

Now, if we cannot expect our sculptors to attain the perfection of the nude figures of the Greeks, still the whole range of sacred and profane history is open to us for sculptured illustrations. Every town of Italy is full of sculptured friezes, every church of sculptured pulpits, fonts, tombs, doors, and tablets. We do not expect to find sculpture on the poor man's cottage, but we might hope that even a modest house might be adorned with one little bit of this lovely art. Civilised man should have more feeling for dignity than to live in a house that is but a sort of aggregation of dog kennels, and would be scorned by a savage. I confess that the imitation Gothic now so rapidly passing away has had something to answer for. Though the real Gothic reached the highest pitch of inventive and scientific construction in stone, and embodied the taste and skill of its age, modern Gothic is but the reproduction of the taste of a semi-barbarous time, and cannot bear comparison with the refined productions of the best modern painters and sculptors. Hence painting and sculpture are excluded from the most attractive and dignified positions.

About music, that

> "Gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes"—

I will say but one word, and for this most cogent reason, that I am absolutely ignorant of the laws of its composition; but I would beg all of you to reverse Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son, "If you love music, don't fiddle yourself, but hire a fiddler." All of us must have some indoor recreation, and the time will come to most men when failing eyesight makes reading irksome, and music is said to be the only fine art people will practise purely for their own delight: how much sweeter would it be to most of us if we could delight ourselves with the concord of sweet sounds than be driven unwillingly to whist or billiards!

How can we heighten the aim of all the Fine Arts?

The answer is simple but complete: let every one heighten his own aim, and the thing is done. You are the public, from whose hands the artists are to receive sympathy, reward, and honour. If you are ignorant, vulgar, and commonplace, you can only delight in what is crude, vulgar, and commonplace too; if you are learned, refined, and high-minded, you will ask for work exhibiting knowledge, refinement, and a noble ideal. Recollect the truth of the line in some peasant ballad of Italy, "Poverty does not destroy high feeling."

Horace's maxim, that if you want your hearers to weep you must weep yourself, is true of every Art. It is the intense feeling of a passionate nature expressed by the subtlety of skill that makes all true and noble Art:—

> "'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
> And partly 'twas a bashful art,
> That I might rather feel than see
> The swelling of her heart."

In painting, this master chord of nature is sometimes

touched, and then, though the beholder may be ignorant of the technical merit of painting, he is forcibly impressed. Few people have ever looked at Francia's Madonna mourning over the dead Christ, in the National Gallery, without tears coming into their eyes. Sir Edwin Landseer knew, loved, and honoured dogs, and his 'Chief Mourner' is one of the most popular pictures of modern times, not in England alone, but amongst all civilised nations: you may see engravings of it in the shops of every capital in Europe. But, as a rule, both in painting and sculpture we must look upon anything that is the mere petrifying of a momentary emotion or movement as nothing but a feat of skill; beauty and calmness, dignity and composition, are much higher and more proper qualities, as the same action or the same expression is ever with us. The great Italian painters, when they painted a martyrdom, avoided the physical agony and dwelt on the seraphic calm and resignation of the saint, who was already tasting the delights of paradise. We look for gorgeousness and exquisiteness of colour in painting as its peculiar attribute, and we also look for perfection of form and grace, and subtlety of composition, in sculpture and painting. If we want the expression of passion and violent action we look for it in the drama.

When we deal with genius in one line of achievement we may, perhaps, make an approximate scale, but we have no means of comparing different classes of genius with one another. To discover a natural law or the application of one, to invent a machine, to solve a great engineering problem, may require as much genius as to paint a picture, carve a statue, write a poem, or compose an oratorio; so I shall not attempt to exalt the great architects above the great men in the other Fine Arts, but, at any rate, I know more about the difficulties of architecture than about those of any other Fine Art.

A building has to be made convenient for its purpose, and to be securely built—both difficult arts, though, perhaps, not Fine Arts. It must be imposing, dignified, or graceful, before we admit it to be architectural, and yet the difficulties may be almost insuperable. The heights and sizes of the rooms must be arranged for the special purposes required, and each room must be properly lit, staircases must be provided, and all these necessities so arranged that the whole outside may be brought into one architectural composition; and besides this, one other hampering condition is always present — the question of cost. To take high rank the building must plainly declare its object; it must at all events not be mistaken for a class to which it does not belong, and, moreover, it must be in accordance with the tastes of the age. But what if the age have no taste, and only asks for a brick wall with holes in it — what is to be done then? You may point to many a fine front as a contradiction, but be sure that, however fine that front may be, if there be a back that only the owner sees, it is a plain brick wall with holes in it. If it were done for the owner's delight, he would be more anxious for the part he sees to be beautiful, than the part he rarely or never sees.

A real love for anything is the beginning of culture, and is a stimulus to the creative artist, but a pretended love is merely a blighting curse. To love plainness is the honest confession of insensibility; to love dignified or elegant simplicity is to love the very highest form of Art. I would fain see every man who can afford it having his own house built to meet his own requirements, both of arrangement and beauty, and not living like a soldier-crab in the left-off shell of some one else; and that he should at least have something put on it that is interesting to him, and have this done by a good sculptor or a good painter—an episode of his life, a family tradition, or something that he loves, be it but a dog, a cat, a sparrow, or a flower.

There is one thing we may all desire, and which applies not only to architcture, but to all the Fine Arts, viz. to have Art schools in all the large towns, not drawing schools only, but the Art itself flavoured by the genius of the place, as the French sometimes say in praise of one of their wines, "It has a smack of its native soil." We do not want everything to have the London flavour. In Italy we have the Tuscan, Umbrian, Venetian, Lombard, and Bolognese schools, nay, even the Florentine and the Sienese. And why should we not have the schools of Nottingham and Liverpool, York and Manchester? Separate schools would cause a generous rivalry which would not be without its effect.

There are two theories of government at each end of the scale—one in which government does everything and possesses everything, down to the penny steamboats and the apple-stalls; the other which confines it to external and internal police, and the enforcement of contracts; and I think, as a rule, our prayer should be that of the French merchants, "Let us alone." Still, there are certain things to be done and certain contributions to be made by all for the good of all, and this the Government alone can enforce.

Every government should at least desire to have the people free, virtuous, and healthy; courageous, industrious, and happy. But we want more; we want every one of our people to be raised by the exercise and enjoyment of all his higher faculties, and for the sake of the nation we want all our human raw material to be worked up. When we use the word "free" as applied to costly things, we know that nothing is free but light and air, and few of us can get our due allowance of these; what we mean is, that they must be bought by national co-operation, every man paying his quota, and every one getting his full enjoyment. So I say we want free parks and gardens, free lending and reference libraries, free picture galleries and museums, and—I suppose the musicians will say—free music. And that these may be used and enjoyed by the bulk of the nation they must be open on the one day in the week when the people are free from toil. And, I would add, fine contemporary buildings and monuments enriched by the sculptor and painter. Such things stimulate emulation more than any number of triumphs of bygone days, and can be seen Sundays and week-days alike.

The Government does something for architecture when it picks out the best architect for a public building, and it did something once for painting and sculpture when it had the frescoes and statues at the Houses of Parliament executed; but, as far as I know, it has never done anything for poetry, for music, or for the drama. It must be a great incentive to excellence to have a poem declaimed, an oratorio played, or a drama acted before the assembled people, and with all the excellence and appropriate surroundings that a nation only can afford.

We have colonies and dependencies in Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, and nothing is more wanted than a means by which all these branches of the English race may be knit together. Our one national holiday, the Derby Day, is devoted to horses alone. Is it too much to suppose that we might have combined with it for one week, and with the betting-ring suppressed, a festival to celebrate the highest achievements of men? If the ancient Greeks could do it, why could not the English of to-day?"

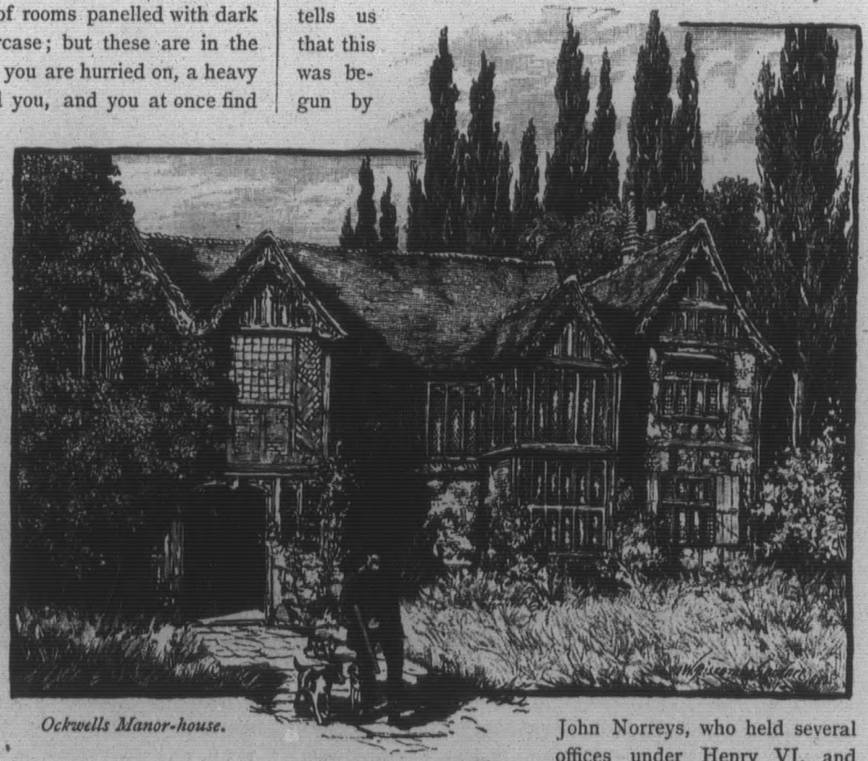
GEORGE AITCHISON, A.R.A.

AN OLD MANOR-HOUSE AND HOSPITAL.

AN old manor-house in the midst of orchards and wide-stretching meadows, which looks as if it ought to have a history, and has little or none—which has not known restoration, and never will know it, having passed the stage at which restoration is possible, and being destined, evidently, to fall away into ruin in peace, and with only such simple mending and patching as have sufficed, since its palmy days, to keep part of it habitable—a manor-house with charms like these is worth a short journey from London to see. Ockwells—or, as some have it, Ockholt—two miles from Bray, in Berkshire, is by no means unknown to antiquaries and artists, but its continuance in its present state is so precarious, and its present state is so picturesque, that I think some notes, pictorial and descriptive, may be of interest to readers of *The Art Journal*.

The first sight of Ockwells does not promise much, unless, perhaps, it is a thrilling ghost story. You go through a gate, which looks as if it were only opened about once a month, and then through a neglected and dismal-looking front garden to the door of what seems an ordinary, though rather antique, farm-house, very much overgrown with somewhat sombre trees. Admission to see the interior, with the exception of certain rooms, is readily granted. You enter, and the conviction that this house must have a ghost story of its own deepens and strengthens each step you take. Through half-open doors you catch glimpses of rooms panelled with dark oak, and also of a fine old staircase; but these are in the inhabited part of the house, and you are hurried on, a heavy oak door is ruthlessly shut behind you, and you at once find yourself in that part of the building which has been almost too completely left alone. It is a perfect Paradise of non-interference, only there is a painful sense that next time you come everything you admire now may have disappeared. A corridor, of which the upper part of the whole of one side is glazed, leads to the great dining-hall and porch; but kitchens and rooms of various kinds open out of it as you go, all lying waste, desolate, and altogether disused.

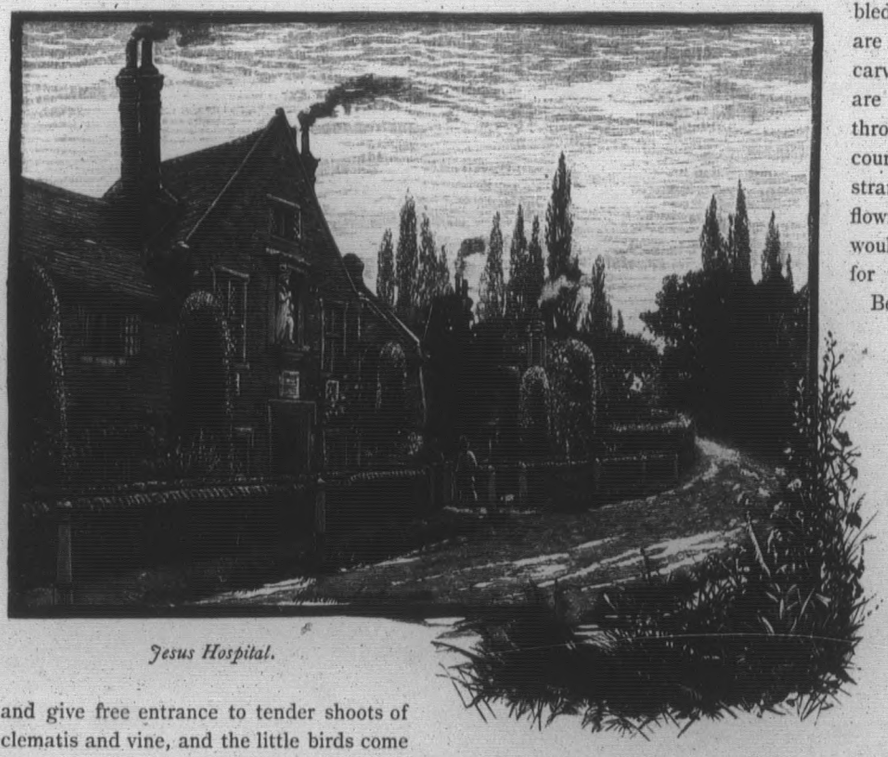
Ockwells is thus described by Mr. Hudson Turner, in Parker's "Domestic Architecture," where, by-the-bye, an illustration of the front of the building may be found: "Ockwells House, fifteenth century. This is now converted into a farm-house, and in a dilapidated state, but it is a nearly perfect timber house of the time of Henry VII., with remarkably rich barge-boards to the dormer-windows of the front. The hall remains with its roof and bay-window, and all one side of the room is one large panelled window, the lower part of which is bricked up: part of this window has been altered in Elizabethan work. The small court-yard is surrounded by buildings of which the hall forms one side, and has a double wooden cloister, one over the other." It seems very presumptuous to venture to differ in opinion from such a learned antiquary as Mr. Hudson Turner, but it is difficult to believe that there was ever much more glass in this window than there is now; if there was, all privacy would be gone. The bay-window was once entirely filled with stained glass, coloured fac-similes of which are given in Lysons' "Magna Britannia." The upper part consisted of coats of arms, amongst which were those of King Henry VI. or VII. and his wife, the former with antelopes as supporters; those of the Abbey of Abingdon, and many others. The arms, however, most frequently repeated were, as is but natural, those of the Norreys family, the builders and first owners of the manor-house at Ockwells. Their motto, "Ffeythfully Serve," forms the principal decoration of the lower part of one window. The founder of the Norreys family probably did serve faithfully, though in a somewhat humble capacity. Richard de Norreys, cook to Queen Eleanor, wife of King Henry III., received from that monarch a grant of the manor of Ockholt in 1267. The house now in existence was, of course, not that of the first owner. Lysons tells us that this was begun by John Norreys, who held several offices under Henry VI. and Edward IV., but that he did not live to complete it. Fuller remarks that "the lands in Berkshire are skittish, and often cast their owners," but the descendants of Richard Norreys, cook, kept possession of Ockwells for centuries. One



Ockwells Manor-house.

of them, Sir William Norreys, commanded the King's army at Stoke, and died in 1507.

A brass in Bray Church, which represents one of the family, William Norreys, of Fifield in Bray, Usher of the Parliament House, and of the noble Order of the Garter, &c., &c., kneeling with six stalwart sons behind him, and his wife kneeling face to face with him, with six goodly daughters behind her, "to make the balance true," helps us to understand how it was that heirs were not wanting to the Norreys family. An inscription beneath this brass tells us of the various offices William Norreys held by the gift of Queen Mary, and how well he served her and her sister Elizabeth, and how he was "ever of honest behaviour and good reputation, favouring the virtuous, pleasuring many, and hurting none." The stained glass has all disappeared. We were told that it had been taken away to decorate a modern house at Taplow. The floor is gone in many parts, so is the front of the musicians' gallery, the roof is plastered over, the windows are broken



Jesus Hospital.

and give free entrance to tender shoots of clematis and vine, and the little birds come and go at will. The walls alone are left, bare of everything but a little panelling, two or three bits of armour, which no one has thought it worth while to remove, an ancient saddle and a pair of jack-boots. These two or three pieces of old-world apparel hang just as they have probably been hanging for a century or more. None of them appear to have had a touch of preservative interference bestowed on them. It is tantalising to see them hanging there, and yet know nothing of the history of the men who wore them. There is a tradition that Charles Brandon, brother-in-law of King Henry VIII., lived here; another that Ockwells was a shooting-box belonging to James I.; and to come down to later times and a more insignificant person, there is a story in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that a farmer of the name of Day, who lived here, was knighted by Queen Anne for his extreme politeness in opening gates for her. The ceremony was informal. He was made to kneel down by a gate which he had just opened, a sword was borrowed, and the Queen bade him rise up Sir Thomas Day. Joseph Nash has done his best to resuscitate some of the former inhabitants of Ockwells for our edification. He has reproduced the great hall, with some knightly owner and his family sitting on a dais, listening to the strains of a wandering minstrel. He has also sketched the beautiful corridor and its doorways, and the court-yard, with a bridal party just issuing forth from the porch, but the figures do not look as if they belonged to the place. We turn, by preference, to the hall as it is. The upper story is even more desolate than the lower. It is hardly safe to climb the rickety old ladder which, shrouded in total darkness, is now the only way of getting there. Floors, ceilings, windows, and walls are all far gone in ruin, and one or two pieces of old furniture are rotting away in utter obscurity. The expedition up-stairs was not worth the trouble it cost us.

The finest view of Ockwells is from the long corridor which connects the farm-house and hall, looking towards what once upon a time was the principal entrance. Not a portal is straight, but they have tumbled out of shape so picturesquely, and are decorated with such pretty bits of carving, and the lights and shades are so rich and telling, and the view through the porch into the deserted court-yard is so charming, that it is strange that figure painters have not flown here to make use of it; they would certainly find good suggestions for the background of a Sleeping Beauty picture. It is from the court-yard—so to call a grass-grown space surrounded by nondescript buildings of all kinds—that the house itself is seen at its best. The three gables, with their richly carved grey barge-boards and woodwork, and fine old windows, stand up beautiful and dignified in their quiet decay. There is nothing here to flout them. Decay shows most in what Mr. Hudson Turner calls "the double wooden cloister." There is one doorway so broken with age, that it is only held together by some firmly knotted branches of ivy. What a desert of a garden we enter when we have passed through! The primeval curse lies heavy on it; it brings forth thorns and thistles, and these shelter rank growths of weeds, and yet through all these hindering impediments, great clumps of blazing crimson lilies force their way upwards, and flourish just as if they were placed in the very circumstances most favourable to their existence; and luxuriant bushes of the large single crimson rose, and of the white one, which grows in clusters of a dozen on one stalk, blossom and die unheeded. Yet a little while, and all will be gone—that is the thought which still constantly recurs to the mind, and still more frequently outside the house, for it is covered here, there, and everywhere, with iron bars set upright, or laid along, or twisted into the shape of the letter S, for the better support of the building.

Ockwells is not by any means the only interesting place in the parish of Bray. A walk of a couple of miles takes us first

through Braywick, and then, by a most romantic by-path, to Bray itself, its church, and Jesus Hospital. No one can go to Bray, even for the first time, and feel himself a stranger to the place. Our dear old friend the vicar, so famed in song, has made it familiar ground to us. It was the love of his life. We look to see what were the natural objects on which his eyes rested, what the aspect of the place he found it so impossible to quit, and we find abundant room for sympathy. After all he has not lived in vain; he has provided us with an excellent song, and Berkshire with a proverb of its own. Fuller sought in vain for any other peculiar to the county. He tells us, "In proverbs I met with but one in this county, and that is, 'The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still.'"

The vivacious vicar, here living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar, being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, "Not so," said he, "for I always keep my principle, which is this, to live and die the Vicar of Bray." Such many nowadays, who, though they cannot turn the wind, will turn their mills, and set them so that wheresoever it bloweth, their grist shall certainly be ground.

The vicarage—not, of course, the self-same building in which dwelt the worthy vicar of the tender temper, but one built on its site—stands pleasantly within its own large high-walled garden. The church, which must have been a fine one before it was restored and filled with so many brightly shining, well-glazed tiles, and well-kept articles of burnished brass, is close at hand, and so is "the flexious Thames,"

Bray Churchyard.

as Fuller somewhat stiffly denominates that stream, which is fondly and familiarly spoken of by Londoners as "our river." A very picturesque old lych gate leads from the churchyard to the village. It forms the subject of one of our illustrations, and is partly of brick and partly of timber. Two rooms are built over the gateway, which are reached by a charming open staircase, which runs round one corner of the house, and from which you see pretty views of the church, churchyard, and cottage gardens—a delightful change from the customary dark staircase. On one of the timbers below is, or was, the date 1448, in archaic figures. The cottage to the right has, I regret to say, been recently pulled down, to the great injury of the view.

Jesus Hospital is, however, the main point of interest in Bray, now that the church has been renovated. It is not only interesting in itself, but also from having supplied Frederick Walker with a subject for an Academy picture in 1872, and a large water-colour for the Old Water-Colour Society the year after. Many other artists less known than Frederick Walker have pitched their easels and set up their great white umbrellas before Jesus Hospital; indeed, it is difficult to go near it on a summer's day without seeing one of the fraternity hard at work. It lies just outside the village, and is a pleasant and most picturesque survival of days of which ere long there will be few outward and visible signs. It possesses no very striking architectural features, but has a character of its own, which is so marked that the most indifferent passer-by cannot fail to observe that it is part and parcel of a world which is none of ours. And yet all that there is to see is a long low building of fine old dark-red brick, standing by the roadside, and only divided from it by a narrow strip of garden,

in which are stiffly ranged at least a dozen tall yew-trees, clipped into close-shaven columns. A gabled gateway in the centre leads into a quadrangle surrounded by almshouses of the same red brick; from the dusty road outside, where the unhappy artist is toiling in the sun, with five or six children eagerly watching each touch of his brush, we can just get a peep at one of them, with a tangle of roses and lilies before it, and see the broad gravel walk which leads straight across the quadrangle to the chapel. Above the doorway through which we are looking is a large white figure of the founder, bending forward as if to welcome all who enter, and anxious to take as much interest in a world from which he is for ever parted as is permitted to him. This, with its background of dark-red gable and delicious glimpse of garden beyond, is what the artist had seized upon to paint—happy man, if he can but seize it truly. The artist of other days has, we should imagine, given us in this life-sized figure an excellent portrait of the founder. The face looks lifelike, but has something foreign about it, and is not of our time. It is of a type which has gone out of fashion, together with the peaked beard, ruff, and other garments in vogue in the days of Charles I. On each side of the figure is a coat of arms, and beneath it is an inscription which tells us that Jesus Hospital was "founded in the year 1627, of the sole foundac'on of William Goddard, Esq., wherein he hath Provided for fortie poore People for ever, and left it to the sole care and Government of the right Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, of the Citty of London, of which Company he was a Freeman."

Here, in this tranquil and pleasant place, forty poor persons over fifty years of age are therefore housed when misfortunes overtake them, and their own efforts to gain a living prove unavailing. Thirty-six of these are chosen from the parish of Bray, but none are eligible who have not been householders there for twenty years. The other pensioners are appointed by the Fishmongers' Company, and, according to Ashmole, fare better than the refugees from Bray. The former receive twelve shillings a week if married, and seven if single; the latter only two shillings a week. All, however, have wood and coals free, and one gown or coat, or the value of the said garment, each year. All, too, may have their wives with them if already married, but none must marry on the strength of his income from the charity, except by the special consent of the governors. Furthermore, the husband is held responsible for the conduct of his wife; her misdemeanours are reckoned as his misdemeanours, and if she transgresses against the rules he must bear the penalty. The good things of the place seem very equally divided. The houses are all alike, one comfortable room, with a garret, makes up the sum of the accommodation provided; but the room is cheerful, and has two windows, each of which, back and front, looks into a garden, and of both these gardens each pensioner has a portion—a fortieth part of the quadrangle being assigned to him as a flower-garden, and he has a large piece at the back for fruit and vegetables. This turning the quadrangle into an allotment-garden must add immensely to the happiness of the almsmen. Their flowers grow with little trouble, for they have a sky above them which is comparatively smokeless, and they are sheltered on all sides from cutting winds by the self-same walls which shelter the poor old men themselves. When we were last there we chanced on one of the most beautiful days of the whole season—a golden day, which made even an almshouse almost a palace, and a group of allotment gardens a charming pleasure-ground. The occupant of one of the little houses showed us over it, full of a happy sense of proprietorship. Especially did he enjoy the possession of a large wooden coal-box, which did duty as an occasional table, but could actually contain as much as a ton and a half of coals. We sympathized in his satisfaction with this and other articles of his plenishing, but we were looking with delight at his small latticed window, half shaded by curtains which to us poor Londoners were almost painful, they were so white, and at the brilliant sunlit leaves which were gently waving against his window-panes, through which were seen a most regal-looking group of annunciation lilies. All the flowers grown in these gardens were of the good old kind, which we much fear are on the point of being vulgarised—so far as flowers can be vulgarised — by becoming once more fashionable. It was delightful to see the dwarf crimson single rose, which blossoms so lavishly, looks so gay, and smells so delicious; and still more delightful to see the York and Lancaster, which has been allowed to become so rare. As its name imports, it is a mixture of the white rose and the red, each colour blending freakishly with the other, with utter disregard of any equality of proportion. The cabbage ro[illegible] too, which seems sweeter than any other, was there, and [illegible] perfume hung about the air, though even its sweetness was sometimes overpowered by the still more delicious scent of ripe red strawberries. The pump is thought a mean object, and the sight of it is carefully shut out by high and thick screens of clipped yew. Frederick Walker, whose 'Harbour of Refuge' was painted from the inside of the quadrangle, has reproduced many of the features of the place with tolerable fidelity, but even he has been ashamed of the humble pump. He has painted one of the high clipped fences which hide it from our sight, but the pump itself is banished for the sake of a tall stone figure on a lofty pedestal, round which runs a seat, on which he has placed a number of the pensioners of the place, whose characteristic oddities he has been quick to recognise and press into his service. The very ambitious-looking stone terrace and flight of steps, which play rather too important a part in the composition in his pictures, are not to be found at Bray. The lawn, too, has been introduced, perhaps, to find employment for the stalwart mower, who, to our mind, is a blot on the picture. The ivy-covered chapel, with its high-pitched roof and weathercock, is faithfully given, but the long row of poplars which rises up behind it, has been left out. He has set before us the perfect evening of a perfect day, an evening so bright and balmy that it has lured forth even the almost bed-ridden inmates of the harbour of refuge to enjoy the air outside. These figures are beautifully drawn and painted, but one of them seems quite out of harmony with the sentiment of the place. An aged and broken-down woman, who can scarcely totter out into the sunshine for a while, even when supported by the strong arm of the girl who accompanies her, is feebly treading the steps which lead down to the garden. The girl by her side is in all the strength of youth and pride of beauty, but she so loathes the sorry drudgery of her daily life, that she is unable to bring herself to utter one kind or encouraging word to the poor old creature whose days are all but ended. Surely the presence of this heartless and scornful maiden is a jarring element in any picture of the peaceful refuge provided two centuries ago to lessen the sufferings of forlorn old age.

MARGARET HUNT.

THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

PAINTED BY BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. ENGRAVED BY J.C. ARMYTAGE.

LONDON. J.S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

INSENSIBILITY OF POETS TO THE POWER OF ARCHITECTURE.

OR poets, of all people in the world, to be accused of a want of sympathy, may seem at first sight as monstrous as to call in question the wisdom of Bacon, the valour of Nelson, or the "e-ru-di-ti-on" of Dominie Sampson himself; and yet we may, without doing much violence to the truth, extend the thought expressed in the familiar line, "Fears of the brave and follies of the wise," to include the insensibility of poets, at least so far as one form of Art is concerned.

The poet, we are told, is of imagination all compact; he is not only the interpreter of nature, but he is, *par excellence*, the seer; credited by all with the possession of a keener insight and finer sympathies than fall to the lot of his fellow-mortals. His mind is, above all things, receptive, responsive to every wave of feeling, and prompt to answer every call upon his intellect or his affections. He discerns resemblances and detects differences which escape the duller sense of mankind at large, and he penetrates with a deeper scrutiny the hidden secrets and subtle harmonies of the universe. He is the eloquent expression of the highest action, thought, and culture of his time, and reflects its sentiments, feelings, and passions.

In primitive ages his song is of gods and heroes; and his verse is warlike or amatory, cynical or voluptuous, as the manners change.

In the golden days of Art we should turn instinctively to the poets for an appreciation of its efforts, and expect to find in their verses a sympathetic record of its aspirations and its triumphs.

The art of music has indeed inspired their lays, and to its resistless charms the poets bring a willing tribute of admiration.

The art of architecture, in its grandest manifestations, is calculated, no less than that of music, to impress the imagination. As a creative art, it possesses in a measure the attributes of the works of Nature herself. But, strange to say, in presence of its loftiest efforts the poets are silent.

To take an instance. The life of Dante covers the period which is, by universal consent, held to mark the crowning glory of Gothic Art. The public occasion of his sorrows enables us to trace his career with greater certainty than that of any poet of equal renown. We find him as an exile traversing nearly the whole of Europe at a time when the art of building was at its greatest activity, and its architects were reaping a rich reward in the accomplishment of their dearest hopes. We follow him to Pisa, Bologna, Padua, Paris, Oxford, Venice, and Rome; to that noblest of Italian cities, Verona, and finally to his last refuge at Ravenna, under the friendly care of a wealthy and discriminating patron of Art and learning. He could not but have been conversant with the Art of an age which, after that of Pericles, perhaps, has had no competitor in the history of the world. He was the contemporary of Cimabue, the friend of the young Giotto; and, although he did not live to see that glorious Campanile, decked like a royal bride, rise from the midst of the Florence which was so dear to him, he must have often watched the soaring walls of that cathedral which Arnolfo was bid to make as beautiful as the art of man could devise. He was filled with the dawning love of ancient learning and ancient Art, and he knew what that Art and that learning had accomplished in both Greece and Italy.

The "Divine Comedy" was undertaken in the maturity of his powers, when his mind was stored by a long and unusually varied experience of men and cities. Surely, then, we might look to that work for some evidence of his sense of the power of noble architecture, more especially as its grandest achievements were in the service and for the glory of the Church of which he was a devoted adherent. What hint of this feeling is to be found in his works? Absolutely none. There are casual references to castles and towers—demanded by the progress of the drama—but such references are conventional and cold. Although dealing with the supernatural, his description of architecture, when it comes in his way, is as frigid and formal as an auctioneer's catalogue. The castle which guards the entrance to Pandemonium and all its terrors is dismissed with the single adjective "magnificent." It is begirt with seven lofty walls, and entered, as a matter of necessity, through seven gates; and that is all we are told of this infernal stronghold. The very gate of hell with him is nothing but "a lofty portal arch," a description which would be quite as applicable to the entrance to the mews in the Regent's Park.

Neither the melancholy grandeur of the Roman Colosseum, nor the brilliant beauties of St. Mark's, nor the serener loveliness of a Gothic minster, could quicken his pulse or disturb his composure. Their charms awoke no echo in that impassive bosom.

If this imperfect sympathy with one form of Art is to be explained in the case of Dante by the absorbing nature of a deep personal sorrow, the same cause cannot be adduced for the apathy of his great rival.

The death of Dante is almost coincident in point of time with the birth of Chaucer; and it is not without a sense of relief one turns from the presence of that mournful shade "with sad averted eye," to welcome the merry "elvish"

glance of his jocund follower in the realms of song. He enters upon the scene with the exuberant gaiety of youth and health—a gaiety which endured unimpaired to the latest day of a long life.

Open to every joyous influence; to the "glad green" of the tender spring leafage, the grateful shade of the forest path, the beauty of ladies, the chivalry of knights; the pied meadow of green and white is a paradise of which he never wearies, and his whole heart is with the song of lark or linnet. We feel the breath of spring upon our cheek, the wholesome airs of fresh country life, and we learn to love his honest English heart—so sensitive to every call of honour—prompt to rebuke the strong, protect the weak; mourning with more than womanly tenderness over the sorrows and gloom of life, and loudest in the laugh at its many follies. His wit pierces through all abuses, clerical and lay; but plays with tolerant lightness about the mere foibles and weaknesses of mankind. His genius touches upon everything in turn, and transmutes all by the alchemy of his mind into the purest poetic gold. All things but one.

He lived under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and has not a word to say about its impressive beauty; he was even employed both at Westminster and Windsor in a quasi-architectural capacity; and, so far as we can gather, he looked upon both offices as a bore. Only happy in the fields or with his books, poring over "Virgil" or "Stace," or his master, "that hight Dante"—

> "And as for me, though that I can but lite
> On bookes for to read I me delite,
> And in my heart have hem in reverence
> So heartily that *there is game none*
> *That fro' my bookes maketh me to gone.*
> * * * * * *
> But if the *flowres* ginnen for to spring,
> Farewell my bookes and my devotion."

He was a traveller, and acquainted with Genoa, Paris, and other famous cities. But of the minsters, churches, cathedrals, palaces, which he met with—perfect in their fresh beauty, and priceless, as we conceive them to be, in point of Art—he has not a word. If we had no other evidence than that which his works afford, we could form no idea at all of the abundance of magnificent structures—ecclesiastical and civil—which in the latter half of the fourteenth century covered the face of mediæval Europe.

It almost takes one's breath away to reflect that Chaucer's death was nearly in the same year as that of the great bishop architect, William of Wykeham, of happy memory, with whom and whose works our poet must have been well acquainted; both of which, however, failed to elicit from him even a passing reference.

For a century and a half after his death no poet of the first magnitude had arisen, until we meet with the courtly Spenser—the poets' poet. He has much to say about castles and mediæval architecture, enchanted and otherwise; but if he wishes to make his castle impressive, he builds it of brass or covers it with beaten gold. The pillars which support his halls are of solid gold, hung round with festoons of precious stones; and this picture is repeated on every occasion, like the stock scenery in a minor theatre. There is nothing in his works, so far as I can remember, to show that he was sensible of the simple charms of mediæval Art, or that he was touched in presence of its highest excellence.

The poet of all time, who sounded all the depths of life, and laid bare the inmost working of the human heart, lived in the daily presence of an unexampled legacy of glorious architectural works. The spoliation to which they had fallen a prey only added a sadness to their charms, and the desecrated fane and empty shrine were fit themes to touch his heart and fire his pen. Around him those palatial evidences of a suddenly enriched nobility were rising on every side, costly and elaborate as the wit of man could make them.

In spite of the ticklish political and religious ground on which all were then treading, it would have been competent to that amazing genius to hit off in a few pregnant lines the distinctive beauties of that priceless Art which surrounded him without awaking either religious or political animosities. If the sentiment had been there its expression would surely have followed.

But English architecture is, perhaps, the only human work which is left untouched by the greatest of English poets. If introduced at all, it is merely as a necessary stage property, or as an indication of the *locale* of a particular scene.

This callousness of poets who lived in the midst of the greatest architecture the world has seen, is in strange contrast to the feeling for it disclosed by the verse of Milton, who lived when architecture as an art may be said to have almost died out, when its greatest triumphs were despoiled and neglected, and when the public sentiment was hostile to the native art from its connection with a discredited political system and an unpopular faith. The multitude of appreciative references to architecture which are found in Milton's works are too trite for quotation, but they show how powerful was the sway which this art exercised over his imagination; the hard, literal, unsympathetic references to architecture in the "Divine Comedy" are in strange contrast to the idealised pictures which are amongst the highest reaches of Milton's genius.

The modern poets are scarcely in point, for the architecture which moves them owes nearly all its power to the adventitious charms of Time. It is the Ruin, not the *Art*, which inspires their song.

Byron has some scattered references to the art, though somewhat of a melo-dramatic cast; but himself and his personal affairs so completely occupy all his thoughts, that one cannot help suspecting that his raptures are artificial, and due to the exigences of his work rather than to genuine feeling.

Wordsworth could hardly write a poetical record of a continental journey without touching upon architecture; but there is but little ardour in his lines, and he uses architecture as a peg upon which to hang his political and social disquisitions.

Scott had a real love for the romantic side of mediæval Art, and has drawn for us many a Border Castle in a manner which will be precious to our posterity when the last stronghold of feudalism shall have crumbled into dust. And Tennyson has here and there an incomparable line revealing a keen sense of the power and majesty of the oldest and greatest of the Arts.

That the average mind is amenable to the charms of noble architecture every holiday tourist is a witness. The cathedral, the castle, the manor-house, of what else do the guide-books talk? Every one in a strange town first explores its cathedral, and this never fails to exercise a spell over the dullest imagination. The great works of our mediæval ancestors are a source of never-ending wonder and delight. Only the poets are cold under their influence, and when all beholders are rapt with admiration, they whose function it is to give expression to man's deepest feelings are mute.

E. INGRESS BELL.

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

IN 1877 the collection of pictures and sculptures purchased under this bequest, which we propose during the coming months to reproduce, was commenced with funds placed at the disposal of the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the will of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor and Royal Academician, who died in 1841.

Before giving details of the bequest, it may be interesting to recall the chief incidents in the life of one whose munificence is likely to have a strong influence on British Art of the present and future.

Francis Chantrey was born a little more than a hundred years ago—April 7th, 1781, is the exact date—at Jordanthorpe Norton, in North Derbyshire, not far from Sheffield. He learned his letters at home, and when he went to school it was recorded by his teacher that he began to read on April 16th, 1787, to write in January, 1788, and "to cypher" in October, 1792, leaving school in July, 1797. Chantrey was then sent to a grocery store, but, disliking it, he persuaded his mother to apprentice him to one Ramsay, a wood-carver, gilder, and printseller, in Sheffield. On September 19th, 1797, he was accordingly indentured to serve seven years for £10.

It appears that he only served three years with Ramsay, and that, having turned his attention to modelling in clay, he went to Dublin, then to Edinburgh, and lastly, early in 1802, to London. A bust of J. R. Smith, which he sent to the Royal Academy, was much admired by Nollekens, the then popular sculptor, who said, "It is a splendid work; let the man be known; remove one of my busts, and put this in its place." Here was the turning-point in Chantrey's career, and his works, having once received attention, were of sufficient merit to "need no bush." Commissions came quickly to the young artist, and in 1808 included one to execute four colossal busts of Nelson, Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan, for Greenwich Hospital; it is said, however, that it was not until three years later, when he produced a bust of Horne Tooke, that he felt confident of succeeding as a sculptor. His progress was now rapid; he received from eighty to one hundred guineas for busts. A few years later he charged from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty guineas; and in 1822, after George IV. sat to him, his terms were raised to two hundred guineas.

The Royal Academy elected Chantrey an Associate in 1816, and a full member in 1818. In 1819 he visited Italy, and formed friendships with the famous sculptors of his time, Canova and Thorwaldsen. Chantrey was also on specially intimate terms with Turner and Constable. In a letter, dated October 13th, 1828, to George Jones, R.A., Turner asks Jones to "tell that fat fellow, Chantrey, that I did think of him at Carrara, and of the thousands he had made out of those marble craigs, which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves everything which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara." Chantrey indeed appears to have been a very lovable man, with numbers of friends, and scarcely any detractors; and when, on November 19th, 1829, whilst out shooting, he killed a hare and a rabbit at *one* shot, his friends thought so much of the feat and the man, that a number of them, the cleverest men of the day, wrote epigrams on the incident, and published them in a delightful book called "Winged Words."

As a sculptor, Chantrey's reputation will rest on his monumental works, which are scattered throughout this country, India, and the United States. The most famous and finest is his 'Sleeping Children' in Lichfield Cathedral, erected by Mr. W. Robinson, in memory of his two children. The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange is also by him. Chantrey used to say with reference to his lack of classical education, "I do not study the ancients, but I study where the ancients studied—Nature." If there is any fault to be found with his works, it is a lack of noble conception and a too strict adherence to conventionality. His busts, however, are always excellent, and the likeness correct; and Jones, his biographer, justly says, "The fleshy, pulpy appearance he gave to the marble seems almost miraculous; when the heads of his busts were raised with dignity, the throats large and well turned, the shoulders ample, or made to appear so, likeness was preserved and natural defect obviated."

Chantrey was knighted by her Majesty in 1837. He was a great sufferer from disease of the heart, to which he succumbed on November 25th, 1841. He was buried in a decorated vault constructed by himself at Norton, and he bequeathed £200 a year to the clergyman of the place for various charitable purposes, and to look after his tomb. He had no children, nor near relations, so he left the bulk of his money to be employed for the benefit of Art.

Chantrey's will, written on December 31st, 1840, first gives directions that his friend and assistant, Allan Cunningham, should be entrusted with the carrying on of such works as

required completion at his decease.* It then proceeds with minute directions as to the disposal of his estate, but leaving everything in his wife's possession until her second marriage or death. Lady Chantrey was not married again, and, dying in 1876, the following provisions then came into force. "The estate," says the will, "shall be devoted to the encouragement of British Fine Art in painting and sculpture, and the trustees shall pay over the interest, yearly, to the President and Trustees for the time being of the Association of Eminent Artists now known as and constituting the Royal Academy of Arts in London, or to the President and Treasurer of any other society which, in the event of the title 'Royal' being withdrawn by the Crown, or of the Royal Academy being dissolved, or its denomination altered, may be formed by the persons who may be the last members of the Royal Academy, whatever may be the denomination assumed by the said last members." It is further said, "the monies shall be laid out by the President and Council . . . . when, and as they shall think it expedient, in the purchase of works of Fine Art, of the highest merit, in sculpture and painting that can be obtained, either already executed, or which may hereafter be executed by artists of any nation, provided such an artist shall have actually resided in Great Britain during the execution and completion of such work." The prices, moreover, are "to be liberal," and "not to be paid for sympathy." It is not necessary that the year's interest should all be spent in one season, but the funds are not to be permitted to accumulate more than five years. It is also provided that the purchases under the bequest shall be exhibited to the public at least one month after the acquirement of the work, either at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, or elsewhere. Chantrey's will then says, "And it is my wish and instruction that the works of Art so purchased as aforesaid, shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British Fine Art in painting and sculpture, executed within the shores of Great Britain, in the confident expectation that whensoever the collection shall become, or be considered of sufficient importance, the Government or the country will provide a suitable and proper building, or accommodation for their preservation and exhibition, as the property of the nation free of all charges to my estate."

By these provisions it will be seen that it was Chantrey's design to provide funds for the formation of a thoroughly representative Gallery of British Art, not necessarily newly-executed works, though from the fact that the prices are "to be liberal," and "not given for sympathy," it is to be presumed Chantrey considered that the artist or his family were to be dealt with. Although we have no official authority for the presumption, this appears to have been the manner in which the funds have been employed, for only one work of a deceased artist, that of 'Christ Crowned with Thorns,' by William Hilton, R.A., who died in 1839, has been purchased. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that as years go on the Chantrey Gallery will become more and more important and popular, until Sir Francis' last wish is carried out, and a special building allotted to his ever-increasing collection, when it will be looked on as the representative exhibition of Modern British work in Painting and Sculpture.

The series which we have obtained permission to engrave—from the President and Council of the Royal Academy, as well as from the respective artists—commences appropriately with a piece of sculpture. Chantrey, as a sculptor, rightly placed his art on a par with the sister art of painting, and we feel sure he would have agreed with us that the statue we reproduce is a favourable example of the sculptor's Art of the present time.

'A MOMENT OF PERIL.'

This statue was executed in bronze by Thomas Brock, an artist still without the pale of the Academy, but justly recognised by the presiding body of that Institution in the purchase of this work. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1881, and was acquired under the Chantrey Fund at that time. Our engraving is by H. C. Balding.

The incident is a striking one. An Indian on horseback has been suddenly attacked by a large snake, which seizes the horse by one of its fore legs, and crushes the limb until the horse falls back on its haunches. The Indian raises his spear to endeavour to slay the deadly enemy, and his calmness in the 'Moment of Peril' bodes ill for his assailant.

* Cunningham, however, only lived until November 5th, 1842, and the work was carried on by Henry Weekes, afterwards a Royal Academician.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'QUIET PETS.' Etched by C. O. Murray, after L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. We shall refer to this charming plate in our notice of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work at the Grosvenor Gallery, which we hope to publish next month. Meanwhile we may point out the wonderful accuracy with which Mr. Murray has given the feeling of Mr. Alma-Tadema's peculiar method of painting, and mention that the painter has expressed his highest satisfaction with the etcher's work.

'THE FOX AND THE GEESE.' Engraved by J. C. Armytage, after Briton Riviere, R.A. A subject of this kind needs no explanation. The slyness of the old fox and the fatal curiosity of the geese are evident to every one, and appeal as much—or perhaps more—to the untutored as to the learned in Art. The original picture was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1869, and was then bought from Mr. Riviere for the South Kensington Museum, where it is now exhibited. We have to thank Mr. Riviere and the authorities at South Kensington Museum for their courtesy in lending the picture for engraving.

'A MOMENT OF PERIL,' by Thomas Brock, is mentioned at the end of the article above on the Chantrey bequest.

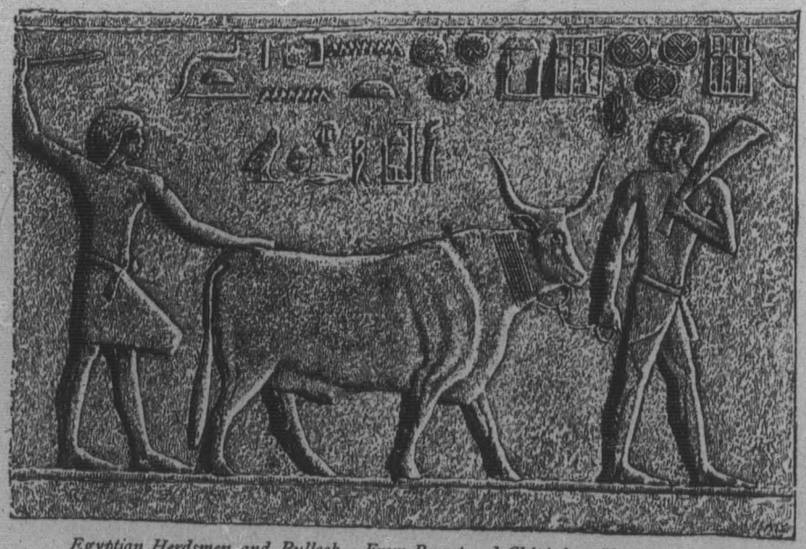
A MOMENT OF PERIL

ENGRAVED BY H C BALDING FROM THE STATUE BY THOMAS BROCK

MOVEMENT IN THE PLASTIC ARTS.*

SOME surprising feats of instantaneous photography have lately called fresh attention to a subject which has frequently been matter of argument and controversy between artists, art critics, and scientists; namely, to those movements of men and the lower animals which constitute locomotion. Every now and again some picture has been painted, and exhibited at Burlington House or elsewhere, into which its author has introduced a running man or a galloping horse, upon which critics, scientific writers, and even veterinary surgeons, have fastened with one accord. The most recent controversy of the kind was that which raged round the walking horse in Miss E. Thompson's famous 'Roll Call.' The opinions which found their way into print on that occasion were as remarkable for their variety as for the decision with which they were expressed. Authors of voluminous works upon the horse could not agree upon such a simple point as whether, in a slow walk, he ever has three feet upon the ground at once or not. The weight of authority seemed, however, to be against the artist, and some of her defenders abandoned the attempt to justify her work from the realistic point of view. And yet from that point of view alone, perhaps, was it beyond criticism. A photograph lies before us in which a walking horse is shown exactly in the position chosen for the colonel's charger in the 'Roll Call.' The hind feet of the horse are both upon the ground, the off foot behind the other, while the near fore leg, the only one suspended, is thrust out in front. The photographs which have solved this and many more complicated questions as to animal locomotion, were taken by Mr. Eadweard Muybridge, of San Francisco, by the help of an elaborate system of twenty-four cameras with electric shutters, a running-path laid with india-rubber, and various screens for the purpose of combining as much light with as little dust as possible. The numerous series of twenty-four consecutive photographs which were thus obtained, each photograph being due to an exposure of an infinitesimal part of a second, show that in a horse's walk the footfalls are more regular in their succession than was usually supposed, and have finally disposed of the often-repeated assertion that he never has three feet on the ground at once in the gait in question. The fact is that a walking horse always has at least two feet upon the ground, and that four times during each stride—by which we mean the interval between two repetitions of one attitude—he is supported upon three feet simultaneously. Speaking generally, we may say the result of Mr. Muybridge's investigations has been to show that, both in the more rapid gaits, which we shall hereafter consider, and in the walk, the four legs of every quadruped contribute their several shares to its propulsion *in turn*, and that there is much less simultaneity in their movements than our unaided eye might lead us to think. If our woodcuts (which are after photographs of a walking horse, kindly lent to us by Mr. Muybridge for reproduction) be carefully examined, it will be seen that the feet finish their successive acts of progression at intervals, each of which is exactly equivalent to one-fourth of the time, or space, occupied by the complete stroke of any one foot. The order in which the feet touch the ground is as follows:—near fore foot, off hind foot, off fore foot, near hind foot; *da capo*. The cuts are placed in the order in which the attitudes occur, and show the horse's legs at the moment when they are most difficult to follow with the eye. In the illustration which we borrow from Flaxman's 'Æschylus,' the true action may be traced in spite of the complication imported by the number of limbs.

Walking Horse, from instantaneous photographs by E. Muybridge.



Egyptian Herdsmen and Bullock. From Perrot and Chipiez's "History of Art in Ancient Egypt" (Messrs. Chapman and Hall).

The movements of men are of course much less difficult to follow than those of four-footed animals, but, even in their

* The word *plastic* is here used in its widest sense, and includes every art in which the actual form of objects is imitated.

case, discussions have arisen as to the respective parts played by the fore and the hind parts of the foot in locomotion, and as to the position of the body during a fast run. Mr. Muybridge's photographs prove, first, that whether a man be walking slowly or running at racing speed, he always alights

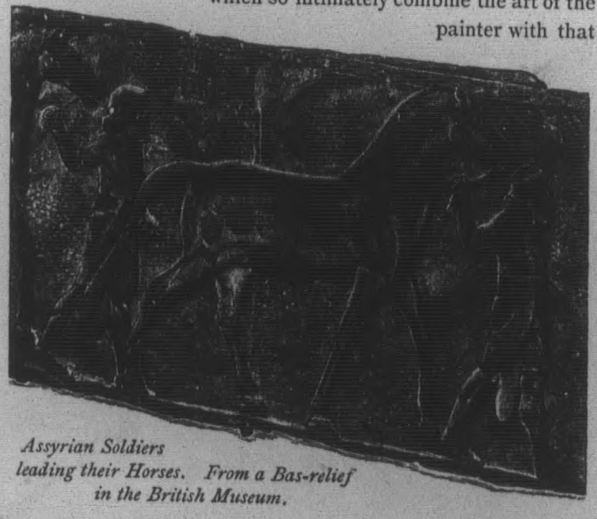
Design by Flaxman for the Illustration of the Agamemnon of Æschylus.

upon his heel; secondly, that his body is kept as upright as possible, and that the greater the speed and the more experienced the runner, the more rigidly is this latter rule obeyed. Many athletes and observers had previously believed that in the case supposed the ball of the foot touched the ground before the heel, and that the centre of gravity was thrown well forward over the toes. Countless works of Art might be named in which this idea finds expression; it will here suffice to quote a recent conspicuous instance in Mr. Poynter's picture of 'Atalanta's Race,' in which the figure of Hippomenes rests upon the ball of his foot, and is thrust forward at an angle of about fifty degrees with the ground.

The foregoing facts having been ascertained, we have now to consider how far the painter or sculptor should allow his practice to be governed by them; and here it will be useful to draw attention to the manner in which those ancient peoples, whose Art was purely imitative and comparatively free from convention, rendered the movements of men and the slower movements of four-footed animals.

Those ancient peoples were the Egyptians and the inhabitants of the early Asiatic empires, whose artists approached nature with a single-minded sincerity that became impossible in later and more complex civilisations. In Greek Art and its immediate offshoots men and animals are seldom shown in the act of simple progression. In the whole of the Parthenon frieze there is hardly a horse whose attitude can be referred to one of the ordinary paces of that animal. But in the monuments of Egypt and Assyria it is otherwise. In those of Egypt the horse was of comparatively late introduction. He does not seem to have been domesticated in the country until long after the imitative sincerity of the early dynasties had disappeared, and he is therefore portrayed with a want of truth, both in shape and action, which is in strong contrast with the fidelity shown in the reproductions of oxen, donkeys, and men, in the early bas-reliefs. The woodcut on the previous page, from a sepulchral relief now in the Boulak Museum, will show how great that fidelity was in everything but the succession of the footfalls. Our illustration below is taken from an Assyrian bas-relief in the British Museum. In knowledge of form it shows a decided advance upon Memphite Art, while the action of the horse would be absolutely correct were its near hind foot rather more ready to leave the ground than it is; though we must not lose sight of the possibility that this slight deviation from the truth as ascertained for us by Mr. Muybridge, may be due to the slope of the ground. The action of the men in this relief could hardly be improved. The poise of their bodies, the movement of their legs and feet, the attitudes of their arms and the expression of their heads, are all alike excellent. The artist has even succeeded in expressing their different degrees of responsibility. The first man, by a subtle suggestion of watchfulness in the carriage of his head, and a certain want of ease in his body, proclaims that he is directing the march, while the relaxed muscles of the second show that he is but following his leader.

In the whole range of Egyptian Art, as displayed in the numerous elaborate works devoted to it, I have found but one or two subordinate figures which can with certainty be said to represent running men, and they belong to the Ramessid period—a period in which sculpture had long fallen away from its early sincerity. In these few cases the attitudes chosen are almost identical with that of Mr. Poynter's 'Hippomenes.' A rapid walk is, on the other hand, common, and in one or two instances Egyptian sculptors seem to have attempted, by the length of the stride and the exaggerated swing of the arms, to suggest a pace equal to that of a modern walking race.* In all these works the foot is either placed flat upon the ground or with its fore part slightly raised. The mistake of making a figure land upon the toes is never committed, while the true upright carriage of the trunk is always insisted upon. The early artists of Egypt—men who lived and died between three and four thousand years before our era—seem to have been particularly alive to the part played, in locomotion and in the exertion of force generally, by the distribution of weight. The poise of their figures is admirable, especially in those works in low relief which so intimately combine the art of the painter with that



Assyrian Soldiers leading their Horses. From a Bas-relief in the British Museum.

of the sculptor. A remarkable instance of this is to be seen in a mural slab dating from the fifth dynasty, which has been removed from a tomb at Sakkarah to the Boulak Museum.

* See Prisse d'Avennes, "Histoire de l'Art Egyptien," vol. ii., plate 17.

A papyrus boat is being propelled along the shallow waters of a canal by two men with punt poles, and a third with a paddle.* The latter makes use of his knee as a lever, and his companions throw their weight upon their poles, with an energy and truth which could not be surpassed by the most scientific modern draughtsman. Similar powers of observation and expression are implied by those sepulchral statues from the early dynasties which represent men and women busy over domestic and agricultural operations. The famous collection of early Egyptian sculptures which was sent from Boulak to the last Paris Exhibition contained a kneeling figure of a woman rolling dough with a pin, in which the weight of her body was used to supplement the strength of her nervous arm in the most life-like and skilful fashion; and that was but one statue among many all equally true.

The Asiatic empires have left us no illustrations of domestic life such as those of their Egyptian predecessors. Their sculptors and decorators confined themselves to what used to be called "High Art;" battles, combats, royal hunts, and incidents more or less connected with them, were the staple of their productions. We may judge, however, from the bas-relief here reproduced, and many others like it, that they were gifted with powers of observation that would have enabled them to rival the achievements of the Memphite sculptors had they come under the same influences.

Colleoni. Bronze Group, by Verrocchio and Leopardi.†

The truth of observation which is found in the Art of these ancient people to an extent out of all proportion with their other plastic acquirements, is, of course, to be explained by the freshness of their eyes, by the fact that they were free from the conventionality which springs up when artists are able to go for information to the works of their ancestors rather than to nature. Their Art was purely imitative and objective, and their perceptions were not affected, like those of our modern realists, by the existence all about them of works carried out on a different principle. They were as yet free from the necessity under which a modern artist finds himself of giving a pictorial value to his work over and above its imitative truth. Composition, chiaroscuro, arabesque, were things undreamt of in their philosophy. For them a walking horse was merely a walking horse. He was not, as he afterwards became in the Art of Greece, a part of the rider upon his back, and of an elaborate arrangement of lines and masses besides. They were not required to give dramatic force to their work as a whole, to imbue every line and colour of a picture, every contour of a statue, with some subtle indication of the dominant idea. Their task was thus simpler than that of a modern painter or sculptor in at least two ways. In the first place, it drew upon only one set of faculties, those of observation and imitation; and, in the second, it did not compel the results accumulated by the use of those faculties to be modified in accordance with requirements that had nothing to do with their exercise.

For artists working under such a system as this, anything which could help them to grasp the actual scientific fact would be of immense value, and there can be little doubt that had the early Egyptian possessed such an aid as the photographs which afford a text for these articles, he would have made delighted use of them. But it hardly follows that men whose Art is governed by infinitely more complex conditions should seize upon them in equally naïve fashion. In such comparatively simple matters as the slower paces of quadrupeds and the locomotion of men and women, matters which—with a little practice and an absence of *parti-pris*—the unassisted human eye is quite able to grasp for itself, there can be no doubt that painters and sculptors should make their practice coincide with actual fact, whenever imitation or illustration are their main objects, leaving out of account the means taken to bring the truth home to them in the first instance. We have failed, however, to find a single example of a running man portrayed in any one of the successive attitudes—to use the only available phrase—through which, as our own eyes will tell us, his action carries him; but so far as a walking horse is concerned, we need not go beyond that equestrian group which is by common consent the finest in the world, the 'Colleoni' of Verrocchio and Leopardi, to see that truth of action is not inconsistent with the fullest artistic expression. We do not mean to say that the Venetian bronze reproduces the action of a walking horse with all the exactness of an instantaneous photograph, but if our last woodcut be compared with our first, and allowance made for that "high action" which is as dear to the sculptor as to the London coachman, it will be seen that the two positions are practically identical, the attitude of the statue being, however, a minute fraction of a second later than the one photographed. But in those rapid movements which are quite beyond the grasp of the human eye, or rather of the human eye and brain taken as one, the proper course of the painter or sculptor is by no means so clear. And this raises a difficult question, which must be reserved for future treatment.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

* See Perrot and Chipiez, "History of Art in Ancient Egypt," vol. i., fig. 23.
† Fortnum's "Handbook on Bronze" (Chapman and Hall).

The Sleeping Beauty. From "Household Stories."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

From "Household Stories."

THE President of the Royal Scottish Academy recently stated, in an address delivered at the opening of a Fine Art Institution, that no greater evidence could be adduced of the increased attention which was being directed towards Art than that afforded by the brilliantly illustrated picture books which are now being issued in such large numbers for the use of the nursery. He went farther, and claimed for their refining influence the foremost place and the most permanent factor in moulding the future tastes of the nation.

There are collectors of everything nowadays, and the nursery books of our grandfathers are searched for and amassed by a few persons with as much avidity, and with almost as much difficulty, as a set of uncut Shakespeare quartos. For, owing either to the small number of copies upon which the publisher of the first editions ventured, or to careless usage by those into whose hands they passed, Children's Books of a

From "The Looking-Glass for the Mind."

century ago are now come to be rarities, and a small fortune would have to be dispensed in forming a complete collection of original editions of the works which catered to the amusement of a gentleman's child at that time.

As an example, we have now before us "The Looking-Glass," published in 1805. Of this work, which is said to be an autobiography of Mulready, there are supposed to be only three perfect copies in existence.

Each book in a bijou library of this date would be notable for the following peculiarities:—

1. The moral precepts which it inculcated.
2. The indifferent workmanship displayed in the cuts which illustrated it.
3. The amount of wear and tear which it had undergone.
4. The smallness of its size.

In all these respects it would vary from its descendants.

No doubt the considerable difference between the literary contents of a book of a hundred years since and one of to-day is not altogether of the publisher's making. The folk for

Alfred and Dorinda, from "The Looking-Glass for the Mind."

whom he caters have undergone a change; and if one is to judge by the literary food which they require, the change has not been for the better. Mr. Ruskin, who has addressed himself even to this subject, considers that a loss of simplicity and of the sense of beauty has arisen, owing to the child's education being now carried on in schools and drawing-rooms, instead of in fields and woods. Certainly at the present time, books which aim at inculcating moral precepts are in the minority, and the largest circulation is attained

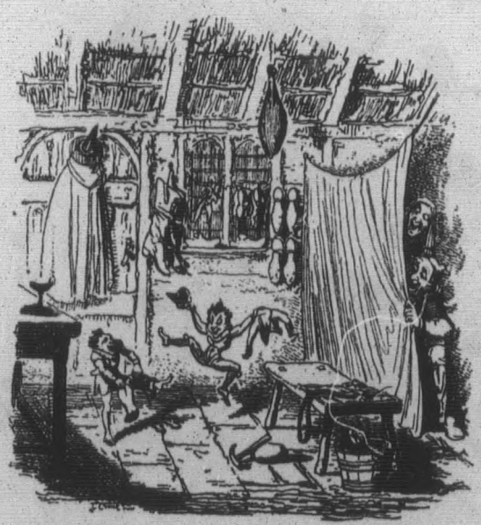
Fred, Kate, and the Parson, by Walter Crane.

by works whose sole object appears to be the delineation of rows of children in antiquated costumes, and the expenditure of a vast amount of ingenuity in the production of a series of fashion plates. Notable amongst these are the feeble copyists of Kate Greenaway's quaint style. Ugliness, cruelty,

exaggeration, pettinesses of character, and rhapsodies on dress form the chief topics of both letterpress and illustrations. Of course, we do not need to return to the old paths where

The Two Elves, from "Household Stories."

prudishness and rigid morality was taught to excess, as for instance, in "The Looking-Glass for the Mind," from which we cull two woodcuts. In this little book, which was first published in 1792, and went through many editions, the preface is careful to bring into prominent note that in that "elegant collection of the most delightful little stories, virtue is constantly represented as the fountain of happiness, and vice as the source of every evil; that nothing extravagant or romantic will be found therein; neither enchanted castles, nor supernatural agents, but such scenes are contributed as come within the reach of the observations of young people in common life." Still parents cannot be too often reminded of the fact that next to the impressions which children derive from the influence of their surroundings, and specially from those persons who are most intimately brought into connection with them, there is probably nothing which is so easily



The Two Elves, from "German Popular Stories."

absorbed into their nature, or, we must admit, so eagerly sought after, as monstrosities of any kind.

As regards the execution of the illustrations which now adorn the pages of children's books, and those which formerly did so, there can hardly be two opinions. Their merits have naturally not been entirely progressive during the past century. For instance, the illustrations to "The Looking-Glass for the Mind" were fair specimens of the best work that was then procurable; but within a dozen years Thomas Bewick, the brother of the engraver of the wood-cuts just mentioned, executed work for children's books which will hold its own for suitability with any that has ever been produced. After this, it is true, there came a fall in the quality, until, in 1823, "German Popular Stories," illustrated by George Cruikshank, was published, the original etchings in which, according to Mr. Ruskin, were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt. That good old book, and the honest work that adorns it, has been a joy to many of us: we shall have to refer to it again later on.

After this there was another lull for nearly half a century, until "Alice in Wonderland" took the world by storm. This work—the happiest combination of author and artist that has ever appeared—became as much the favourite of the parents as the children; and thence has probably grown the habit which is seriously affecting the children's books of to-day, namely, the endeavour to adapt them to the taste of old and young, which usually results in their interesting neither.

The Frog Prince, by Walter Crane.

Moderation in size appears to us almost indispensable to the enjoyment of a book by a child, but the majority of the books lately issued are cumbersome enough for a grown-up person; how much more to a little one who cannot carry them on its knee, and is consequently made to sit uncomfortably at a table during the inspection of its treasure.

The last great difference between the books of the past and those of to-day is their number, and the care which is taken of them. In former days, fortunate was the nursery which half-a-dozen new books reached in the course of a year. Now, what with weekly illustrated papers, monthly magazines, birthday and Christmas books, a constant succession pours in, with the result that the pictures only are glanced at, and the letterpress skimmed, by the time a fresh relay arrives to supplant their fellows. This is indeed to be deprecated. Mr. Ruskin considers that it is of the greatest importance early to secure a habit of contemplation in a child; that it is a grave error to multiply unnecessarily, or to illustrate with extravagant richness, the incidents presented to a child's imagination; that nothing is worse for his future career than the fostering of a habit of confirmed careless tenure of his subjects; but that he should be urged to the practice of dwelling long upon, and carefully thinking out, grasping and possessing the facts, whether fairy story or what not.

The Three Ravens, by Walter Crane.

Having thus rapidly glanced at the characteristics of

children's books, we pass on to a short survey of a few of those which our children are enjoying this Christmas.

First comes a fresh translation of Grimm's "Household Stories" (Macmillan & Co.). The translation may be more correct than that with which we were familiar in our youth, but we cannot pardon Miss Crane's depriving us of our old friends Chanticleer and Partlett, and giving us in their stead such prosaic persons as "the cock and the hen." In the illustrations we have a specimen of the tendency just mentioned of artists to cater more to the tastes of grown-up than young folks. No doubt in Mr. Crane's case he could not help it—his ideas are so moulded into, and saturated with the rules which govern decorative art, that he cannot bring his fancies into being, save in conformity with them. At the same time all this work cannot be evolved without a great deal of labour, and it appears to be absolutely thrown away on children's books. Why, as will be seen from the specimens here given, it requires an education in the decorative art of all time, certainly with ornamentation of the Italian, German, Renaissance, and Japanese schools, to enjoy the delightfully varied and beautiful designs which, as head and tail-pieces, abound throughout the book! We are enabled to give several of these, but have only space to dwell in detail upon one, namely, "The Elves." In Cruikshank's etching in the original "German Popular Stories," (a reproduction of which we are enabled to give through the courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus), having neither a knowledge of, nor a mind attuned to, the delights of decorative art, or in fact of composition, what the artist sought to depict was, first, the delight of the elves at finding the clothes made for them; secondly, the pleasure of the old people at the way in which their gift is being received: and thus the scene would naturally group itself in the mind of any child reader—or grown-up reader for that matter. But such a rendering would be impossible to a person of Mr. Crane's temperament and education. He must first think of the composition, and so we find the shoemaker and his wife, the elves, the curtains, and even the tools and the ends of the bench, all balancing one another and forming a mass of improbabilities. Both artists have succeeded admirably in their way, but Mr. Crane's is an appeal to grown-up folks, old George Cruikshank's to all the world.

Zélie and Hector, from "Hector."

But few books have, without the artist originally meaning it, pleased both young and old, so much as Randolph Caldecott's Picture Books. Of course, each year's addition to the series cannot be expected to eclipse "The Jovial Huntsman," or "The Mad Dog." Still, "Hey, Diddle, Diddle," and "Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?" (Routledge), are this year again without compeers in this particular line. We are glad to see that this artist's "Bracebridge Hall" and "Old Christmas" are being republished in a cheap sixpenny edition. They are quite children's books.

We next pass to a group of books of which the authors' names are a sufficient guarantee of their sterling quality. They consist of Mr. Molesworth's "Rosy" (Macmillan & Co.), Mary Peard's "Princess Alethea" (G. Bell and Sons), and Flora Shaw's "Hector" (G. Bell and Sons). These may be taken as models of what a child in its "teens" should enjoy. They are illustrated by Walter Crane, J. D. Watson, and W. J. Hennessy. What an interval separates these illustrations from the quaint adornments of "The Looking-Glass for the Mind!" In the one we give, for instance, from "Hector," our interest is at once aroused, and we long to know more of the story of the little French girl who is so intent on her companion's work. Whereas all that our illustration from the older work intends to convey is the pleasure of a father in observing that his daughter Dorinda presses her clothes on each side, and his son Alfred keeps the skirt of his coat under his arm, lest they should hurt the flowers.

If we are to judge by popularity in one's own nursery, "Our Little Ones" (Griffith and Farran) must have few compeers. Like many others, its original place of publication is the United States. And in common with its fellows, it evidently has been compiled regardless of cost. We know of nothing in England which can at all compare with another American magazine, *St. Nicholas*, for the excellency of its illustrations. The only drawback to the general introduction of these books into English families is that the letterpress cannot be recommended until its orthography and grammar are revised to suit the English market. As an instance taken at random—in the song of "The Six Ducks" we find it related that "some *dove* to the bottom."

Attempts are from time to time made by the editors of magazines for the young to enlist their sympathies in the cause of charity, humanity, or science. No doubt, in some cases, the enterprise is tinged with a hope that it may assist in attracting subscribers to the magazine as well as to the fund. Still, the result is oftentimes remarkable. For instance, the members of the *Little Folks* Humane Society now num-

ber more than twenty thousand; £1,600 has been raised by the *Boy's Own Magazine* towards the equipment of two Life Boats, and £400 to the foundation of a "Cot" in the London Hospital; the *St. Nicholas* Agassiz Association, for the study of natural objects, has two hundred and fifty branches.

Summer, from Kate Greenaway's Almanack.

It is matter of regret that whilst so great an advance has taken place in the class of books which, owing to their subject and cost, only appeal to the wealthier classes, that portion of literary food which is supplied to the middle and lower section of society lags far behind. In the speech to which we referred at the opening of this paper, Sir William Douglas said that familiarity with beautiful—not necessarily expensive—objects would instruct better than a thousand schools. There certainly appears no reason why the portrayal of simplicity and beauty should not always be the guiding motives in the editing of children's books. Their persuasive influence should certainly carry with them a pecuniary reward.

That such education is needed is evident to all. Very powerful testimony is adduced in an article in the November number of *The Nineteenth Century*, where, after dwelling on the lack of reverence for the past, the present, or the future prevalent amongst the working classes, Dr. Jessopp goes on to say, "In modern Art there is an all-pervading paganism that seems to make its votaries cynical and selfish. It is curious to notice the kind of criticism indulged in by mechanics, whom one meets at our exhibitions of modern pictures at Liverpool and elsewhere. There is no *love* in it. The men are for ever on the alert to find out something wrong, to detect faults, and no more."

The Elves, by Walter Crane.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.

No. I.—GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' WORK.

THE following paper is the first of a series in which it is proposed to illustrate important examples of workmanship which have been produced in Great Britain and on the Continent during the year just completed. In such an undertaking the conductors of *The Art Journal* have certain special difficulties to encounter. When great international exhibitions are held in London or Paris, not only are specimens of every kind of Art set before the visitor, but they are the production of every state and capital on the globe, and accordingly every nation is represented on the juries that are called together to pronounce upon their merits. Jurors see and discuss in the presence of each other. The reason each one gives for his decision must be such as will bear question and argument; and the final decisions and reports have the sanction of many voices, and deservedly carry a weight to which the judgment of single critics, however sound, can scarcely lay claim. In ordinary years we have no means of gathering useful or beautiful objects of many kinds together. With the exception of paintings and sculpture, few works of Art can be seen by the general public. They are made for special orders, and are wanted almost as soon as the makers can send them home.

No. 1.—Silver Cup. Messrs. Elkington and Co.

The remarks, therefore, that will be offered in these papers, and the illustrations that will be engraved, while they are intended to call attention to the progress of those arts or handicrafts of which it is the object of this Journal to treat, make no pretence to completeness. It would be the vainest of ambitions to aim at a comparison with those careful and elaborate (if sometimes

ponderous) reports to which allusion has been made. We have not the guidance of European juries, and our notices of the Advance made in any one manufacture must, at the outset, be but partial, according as individual artists or firms are kind enough to second an effort which will, we trust, be entirely to their advantage. We may hope in future years to extend our range of view, and to bring a more varied entertainment before our readers. But as we are now beginners we must, in the nature of things, crave the indulgence of the public for incompleteness such as, under the circumstances, could not be avoided.

With these remarks we invite attention to the year's progress in the most beautiful and costly of manufactures, that of the gold and silver smith. There have been times when painters and sculptors of the highest mark—of whom an array of illustrious names might be quoted—served an apprenticeship, as a matter of course, to the craft of the goldsmith. Sacred vessels and personal ornaments were so commonly made in gold, set off with enamel or precious stones, that the demand for jewels or vessels that would bear constant use and examination was wide enough to give employment to all available talent. But nowadays, so far as Great Britain is concerned, with the exception of gold boxes for civic diplomas and addresses, complimentary snuff-boxes and the like, the skill of our goldsmiths is devoted to jewellery for ladies.

No. 2.—Stockbridge Race Cup, 1882. *Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.*

Those who desire to see the most delicate and elaborate productions of the goldsmith and jeweller proper, in which precious stones are of secondary importance, should study the revivals of antique jewellery and of the work of Benvenuto Cellini, to be seen on the counters of Signor Giuliano, in Piccadilly. Among the year's productions we notice a number of bracelets, pendants, brooches, and other jewels of the Cellini kind. These objects are not made up with baroque pearls into mermaids and monsters, like so many sixteenth-century jewels, effective, but too big and heavy for modern use. Those we have seen are of various shapes, set with pearls, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, tourmalines, and with zercons of many colours. These stones are generally cut brilliant shape; a few are "en cabochon"—"tallow cut" (*i.e.* not in facets)—having less light, but a charming liquid beauty about them, like drops of golden dew. Round these stones are grouped strap and foliage work, radiated and intertwined with admirable taste; covered on the upper surfaces with translucent and opaque enamels, which are figured over with surprising delicacy. Then, again, the chains of many of his lockets are made up of fine links, alternating with little stems coated with translucent enamel. Such jewellery is not dependent on costly stones for its beauty: it is purchasable for moderate prices (no small merit) and it is the proper work of the finest goldsmith's art.

A golden casket made by Mr. J. W. Benson has, within the past year, been given, with an address, to the King of the Netherlands, by the City of London. It is an oblong coffer with salient corner pieces, surmounted by Cupids; stands on a spreading moulded base, and a female figure representing London is seated on the lid. Heraldry and miniature portraits in enamel, foliage and other ornament of architectonic character, complete the decorations of this costly casket. The salient parts seem to us too architectonic, and the foliage too heavy and florid, for an object so small and precious.

We pass now to the productions of the silversmith. Modern goldsmiths, of course, work in both metals, but as the largest and more imposing of their productions are made of silver, we may here review plate as a distinct branch of the craft. Indeed, from very ancient times the silversmiths of England have enjoyed a high and well-deserved reputation. The old corporation plate and the noble table services of silver preserved in old English families, bear ample testimony to the skill of silversmiths in all periods of our history. Several pieces made during the past year have passed under our observation. The most imposing are the groups of small sculpture, known as "race cups." The Stockbridge prize (Messrs. Hunt and Roskell) is an equestrian group, representing the judicial combat of the two champions of King Athelstane and Olave, the Danish invader. The men and horses are skilfully modelled, the armour and accoutrements are fairly correct; the horse trappings show, perhaps, too much of the fringes and tassels of the age of Francis I. The aim of the artist is a picturesque rather than a statuesque and monumental treatment, and loses effect in consequence. The coats, manes, and tails of the horses are

elaborated with the tool, so as to show a surface of hair, and the whole composition is kept in *white* silver.

Another prize piece of the same makers is in the form of a mediæval shield, built up of various parts, made for the Brimsmead competition at Wimbledon. The shield is surrounded by a raised border of architectonic character, and divided by a massive cross (at the head of which is an ancient bard harping, in high relief) into five panels, each containing, in low relief, a representation of a battle, beginning with the invasion of Cæsar. A laurel crown, ribbons, and other accessories are added to the centre and the borders. The artist is Mr. Swaffield Brown. The bas-reliefs are delicately modelled, with picturesque crowds of combatants in the background. It reminds us of the shield of the "Paradise Lost," by Vechte (South Kensington Museum), in which minute and redundant foliage and other accessories detract from the simplicity of much meritorious composition. There are details which sculptors would often do well to omit in representing processions, crowds, or battles; or, when necessary parts of their composition, such as the forests and fortresses on the Trajan columns, to indicate them rather by one or two types or hints than by completeness in detail. In this instance, too, the border of the shield appears as if added to form a frame to the bas-reliefs, instead of being, as it should be, an integral part of the general decoration of the shield itself.

A bas-relief, representing a scene from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Messrs. Elkington, is in better keeping. This bas-relief, by Mr. Morel Ledeuil, is set in a frame of damascened steel, which is intended for nothing more than

No. 3.—Bas-relief in Silver. Messrs. Elkington and Co.

a border to the sculpture. The piece (illustration No. 3) has been made as a wedding present for the Duke of Albany.

A fine cup (illustration No. 1), measuring 18 inches across, has been modelled by the same artist for Messrs. Elkington. It stands on a foot beaten up with gadroon and other ornament; has two lion handles and a broad belt representing classical deities hammered up round the body of the cup. The groups are well treated, and the artist seems to have studied both ancient Greco-Roman metal work and the Renaissance sculptures of Goujon and other artists of the age of Francis I.

A yacht cup, also by Messrs. Elkington, is made in the shape of a plain ox horn, trumpet-mouthed, ringed round at intervals by rope mouldings, and having a representation of the race itself chased round a belt under the lip. A sailor, in solid silver, seated on a capstan, surmounts the hollow of the horn, and the general surface is finely engraved with Japanese patterns in many varieties, brought together in patches: they are elaborate, but far from pleasing in effect, unless it is that they keep the metal white in appearance.

We notice a few pieces of small table plate by the same firm—saltcellars. One set are little bowls of light metal beaten up by hand in simple patterns with a rounded tool, and supported by scroll legs; admirable for the purpose for which they are made.

The Silversmiths' Company in Regent Street have executed (illustration No. 5) adaptations of old Louis Seize metal work for candlesticks, dessert dishes, and other table plate. A cup

of damascened work, made for the Queen by Mr. Batsche, a Viennese, was exhibited in the last Royal Academy. The process of damascening means the chasing of patterns on iron or steel, and then hammering pure gold wire into the lines so made. The soft gold attaches itself to the rough edges and cavities of the harder metal. It is best practised in our day in Spain. The art is well understood in India, where it is worked on sword hilts and personal ornaments. The body of this cup is plain, with a baluster leg, and heraldic and other devices worked round the body. The lid is surmounted by a St. George, taken from Pistrucci's design on the Georgian sovereign.

An oval bowl of massive silver, boldly divided by salient centre and high scroll ends, represents a sum of money won by a horse named Tristan. This piece, executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, retains the character of the old plate of the time of King George III. It is simple, well balanced in its various parts, and worthily represents the traditions of Storr and Mortimer, Rundell and Bridge, and other upholders of the best traditions of the past.

We would gladly—we wish we could—add to these notices some account of the art of the enameller, whether in opaque colours, pictorial on copper, after Raymond and other Limoges artists; or translucent, over engraved and bas-relief metal work. Alas! this art, though not dead (since examples are produced in France), is yet to be revived amongst our-

No. 4.—Damascened Cup. Mr. Batsche.

selves. It would be a further satisfaction to be able to enlarge more than we have done on modern table plate. On the whole, how little of it now deserves our praise; yet what immense quantities are produced every year. Forgeries of old pieces are continually being foisted on the credulous fancier, it is true; but, considering the admirable designs of the plate of a century and a half ago—the effective combination of embossed, cast, wrought, and polished silver which such numberless old pieces exhibit—it seems as strange as it is unfortunate that our silversmiths cannot throw themselves into the spirit of these old designs. They are composed on motives simple enough, so quaint yet so graceful, so well calculated to give effect to the splendour of the material, yet so admirably suited to the uses which various pieces were made to serve.

In conclusion, we refer with thankfulness to such names of artists as have been given to us. But considering the costly corporation and subscription testimonials that are yearly given away, why should not the highest sculptural talent of the day be called more frequently into play? Flaxman worked for Rundell and Bridge (as he did for Wedgwood); Chantrey for the same goldsmiths. We remember some few years since an admirable clay model for a salver in course of preparation by E. J. Poynter, R.A. It was to have been executed by Messrs. Elkington, but we have not heard of its completion. We should rejoice to be able to say that the employment of our best sculptors, painters,

No. 5.—Electroplated Centre-piece. Silversmiths' Company.

and modellers had become a general practice with our great goldsmiths and silversmiths, instead of being, as we fear it is at present, the exceptional wisdom of the few.

I am asked to state that an article on the Year's Advance in French Manufactures of a similar character will appear next month.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BOTH as painter and poet, Rossetti has been, to the public, like an unknown tongue; to many he has vaguely appealed through artistic hieroglyphics; but to a select few he has written and painted gospels. The public are now learning his name, the many are commencing to understand the hieroglyphics of his dual art, and the select few who knew enough to prophesy upon, are noting with a prophet's satisfaction how Rossetti is being pedestalled among the immortals. But we of to-day are not far enough removed from Rossetti and his surroundings, and from ourselves and ours, to see him precisely as years hence he will be seen in relation to others. May there not at this hour be born, to the honour of Art, a child who will make all other men as children?

We have to bear in mind, both in censure and in praise, that Rossetti was divided between two arts. Michael Angelo, however, was divided between three, and as greatness is claimed for Rossetti, he must now, as in the future, be pitted against greatness, and thus find his relative level. In the perception of his pictures, more than in the perception of most modern ones, we have an instance of seeing what you take with you in your eyes to see. So it has come about that men of feeling and capacity have been moved by his power. They have talked about it, written about it, spread the revelations gently abroad, until many people, though they never beheld his work, had a conception of his greatness. In this and other ways Rossetti has been one of the most powerful, though one of the most retiring, influences in modern Art. The nobler, too, because he laboured quietly, almost in secret, conscious of fame, decorations, and riches on the outer side of his own door in Cheyne Walk, and only requiring concessions from him to do him honour. The more exacting was this self-denial of honours because his devotion was not rendered in a recluse beyond allurements, but on the frontier of the metropolis itself, in the daily presence, if he would but look from his window, of its river, bridges, people and boats—all so many reminders that near to hand there was a city, and in it the verdict of the world. What probably kept him aloof was not so much a dread of that verdict, as a careless indifference, and a conviction that his audience would not be equal to him. He was willing to abide the time when, in due season, an audience would come, dwell upon his works, and disseminate their influence.

That audience has come, and is still coming. It has been coming contemporaneously with Rossetti himself, for every humble emphasis of Art upon the public has been preparing through lower stages a perception for a higher one. There are now sensibilities alert awaiting his beauty and poetry, which fifteen, or even ten years ago, would have been too dim to answer the call as it can be answered to-day. Even satire has put perception on the alert, by simply rousing a desire to see what has been kept back; the stage has contributed elaborate advertisements by drawing attention to a movement of which Rossetti, along with others, was at the early core; even the romantic reality of the burial of Rossetti's poems has played upon the fancy.

And what is it in Rossetti's pictorial Art that awaits and is awaited? It would seem to be a new beauty imbued with a new seriousness. In reality it is an old beauty worked out with an old sincerity of motive and application. He has touched old themes, but infused a later spirit into them, as Shakespeare touched old stories until they became tragedies and comedies.

Rossetti has portrayed womanly beauties under old influences, but, compared with the preponderating type painted in recent years, his is spiritual and ideal. Not the embodiment of a bewitching fancy such as Shelley can suggest; but pathos, emotion, and retrospective dreaming made corporeal. It is not only the face, but the heart and soul having a portrait painted; it is a triple portrait that depicts each and all. In Rossetti's faces the eyes are more the windows of the soul than any eyes looking out of any faces of modern Art.

With all his unique grasp of certain technique, his power as a colourist and a grouper of figures, this expression of the abstract emotion surviving the more vigorous outer emotion that has passed away, this portrayal of the feeling related to the past, present, and the future, may be regarded as Rossetti's most distinctive greatness as an artist. He is unquestionably great as a colourist, especially great as a manipulator of crayon, and great as an occasional grouper of figures—but many other artists are relatively fine in these qualities, whilst they do not attempt, or where they attempt they do not succeed, in the measure that he succeeds in the portrayal of what would seem to be beyond form and colour: the deeper and calmer current of a soul's conflict. Though this indicates Rossetti's greatness, it also defines Rossetti's limit. This spiritual emotion is indefinite. Like one strain of music, it will play itself into the moods of a crowd. As in the case of Hamlet, so here: people might disagree over the definition of the exact thought or feeling portrayed. It may be contended on behalf of Rossetti that to the extent that he expresses all emotion, and not an emotion, to that extent is he universal and truly great. The contention might have been beyond dispute had he executed a single work to stand for all and everything; but when we see drawing after drawing repeating this accommodating abstract emotion; when even in his grouping each single figure is similarly self-absorbed, and contributes more to itself (and that indefinitely) than to the theme under cover of which all are brought together—then we reflect, and surmise that his resources for expression were limited. He refined this predominating phase of vague emotion to a phenomenal perfection, and its presence suggests that he repeated a trick which practice had made one of the easiest for him to perform. In this way is his mastery great, whilst at the same time it is limited.

Wealth and intensity of imagination are largely claimed for Rossetti. In his poems rightly so, for he can there follow it up with graphic detail; but his pictures display an indefinite idealism akin to his indefinite emotion, rather than an imagination fixed and explicit. Indeed, his very ideality apparently stood in the way of a logical local portrayal of his imagination. He could imagine, for example, a countryman going to market, and entering London at dawn, and finding his strayed

daughter still more astray in the streets of Babylon; but his idealism did not give us a rustic with the country sunshine and breezes in every lineament, but a being of exalted thoughts and civilisations above the guiding of a modern horse and cart towards Covent Garden. This tendency to idealise, together with his super-subtlety, piling thought upon thought, and thought within thought; and his artistic fastidiousness which could not endure him to sacrifice what may be termed a compound effect to heighten a simple one, would seem to be a key to the mysticism of Rossetti's work either by brush or pen.

The poetic bias was so strong in him that the simpler phases of nature were not allowed to force themselves into utterance. The prose of life disappeared or dissolved into invisibility in the superfine compound of his pictures and poems. He thus reversed the operation of such as Wordsworth and even Coleridge, in whose natures the common incidents of rural and domestic life became crystallised, and clarified into serene transparency. It was not so with Rossetti. Nor, on the other hand, did poetry seem to send him back to nature with a new rapture. There may be boldness in the remark, but his work leaves the impression that he recoiled—not harshly, but still recoiled—from nature. Rossetti, of course, saw nature, bu he did not fix his eye earnestly upon her. He sought poetry and beauty by consulting the traditions within him. Those traditions were transmitted to him by his father, a poet who did go to nature direct, and who also studied her second-hand through the dreaming eye-witness, Dante. Equipped with this innate vision, Rossetti's in turn viewed nature herself, but more particularly he also viewed her second-hand through Shakespeare and Dante. The result is his works are mystical, far-off, lacking the vitality of even idealised portraiture when caught direct—yea, as though memory, musing and elaborating memory, had become a man, and painted and wrote. His abundant symbolism symbolizes this very fact. As he did not go to nature direct, so he does not deal with us direct. In place of decisive expression in a face, he has at times secreted the attributes of a character or its emotion, in a bird, shell, or a flower. What to others, unlearned, may be simple lilies, roses, or ivy-leaves at the picture's brim, were to him replete with poetic and artistic significance. This learned manner can be traced back to the period when these symbols were active signs for thought, when people could read them as we now read the sign of the cross; but to-day they are well-nigh obsolete, and stand on the age like anachronisms. Rossetti may have indulged in them for their abstract poetic significance, or for their artistic beauty, or as aids to composition. They may not have been obsolete or anachronisms to him, and still less in his mind may they have been related to the inscribed labels placed in the mouths of figures in old Gothic paintings, lest the public should mistake the precise character intended. Nevertheless, this occult symbolism, taken in conjunction with his sameness and vagueness, in expression does hint a lack of the power of dramatic portraiture in Rossetti the artist. Most poetry is more or less built up with symbolism, but both the virtues and the faults of his symbolism are to be found in its subtlety and remoteness.

We have referred to his limited power of individual expression, to his ideality giving his imagination too much wing, and to his symbolism; let us now consider his executive power. That power was masterly in its confines. He could manipulate oil, water-colour, and crayon so deftly, make the mediums so subordinate to the themes, that they lost their individuality. After his spell oil was as delicate as water-colour, and water-colour as rich as oil, and crayon a wonderfully soft co-mingling of both, like the haze on a damask rose. But his execution, another word for speech, was after all confined. He repeated his methods and figures as he repeated emotions and ideas. He lacked, in fact, the commanding grandeur of the old giants, who wielded and wrought upon canvas and wall the dramatic element of groups, as an orator arouses and moulds the emotion of throngs.

We must not forget the struggle through which Rossetti passed to reach his ultimate power. In the early work we can see a revolt against the prevalent commonplace, an effort to force Art into a new, but after all an old direction; but we also see that he was then only learning to draw. The works of this period suggest the childishness of old woodcuts, when conception was young and tools obstinate; when the spirit yearned for materialisation, but did not know the alphabet of its speech. That struggle to do, and yet do something new, brought about crudities and angularities which threatened to become as conventional as the commonplace he wanted to transcend. Some of his followers have played upon these first exercises as though they were ultimate excellences, and produced and reproduced them, as a child will reproduce through subsequent lines of formal caligraphy the error which lurks in the first. Rossetti molted the strange feathers that drew attention to the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. He also, like others, departed from its first principles, as we depart from the big, yet little, political ideals of our youth; and yet at the close he stood in a unique position of unconventional mastery and power. As one of his works would stand out in any general collection, so he stands out from the Art generalities of the age. With all his vagueness, limitations, and super-subtlety—yea, indeed, by the aid of these—his work exists as a presence in an age of business and science to insist upon a leaven of the old romance of poetry and beauty. The more he becomes known, the more his influence will tend towards further efforts in poetic subjects. This may mean a thousand failures for every single success; still Art, as Art, will have entered a higher circle. As to Rossetti's moral influence (and we have to remember that the brotherhood at first avowed moral purposes), it will be confined to the beauty he has expressed, to that indefinite sway which beauty exercises towards the higher tendencies of life.

The public may be congratulated upon the opportunity they now have to study that beauty, for the Royal Academy, which Rossetti virtually ignored, does not ignore him, but opens its portals to a collection of his works, in generous acknowledgment of what a man can do without Academic favours, if his work be a passion in his heart and a fate in his life.

Rossetti taught us lessons in Art. He also taught a lesson in human nature, namely, that even for Proserpines and exquisite sonnets and ballads, nature will not swerve. To him life was not so much worth living, as Art was worth doing; but when life and its laws had been ignored for some time, they retaliated upon his Art (for in this fact rests some of its limit), and at last upon himself, and fame with an increasing voice came when Rossetti had no ear for it, when he was too intent upon the fact that he was gradually being called away.

WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

THIS Journal—devoted to all the arts—cannot close its record of the year's labour without a tribute of admiration for the great architectural work which, at last happily completed, has been fittingly inaugurated by royalty on December 4th.

At some future time we hope to treat the subject at length, and with suitable illustrations of its many beauties. Our present business is not criticism in the ordinary acceptation of the word. The sadness which surrounds the memory of a great architect, cut off in sight of the crowning glory of a life's work, would in any case at such a moment as this stay our hand. We address ourselves to the more congenial task of urging for his work a claim to high artistic excellence.

"What do you think of the new Law Courts?" is one of the questions of the hour, and one which is for the most part neatly parried. People do not, in fact, *think* about such subjects at all. They catch at some floating phrase—pro or con—and repeat it mechanically; if witty, and, above all, spiced with ill-nature, it has a sure passport to popularity. They suspend their judgment until one way or other an opinion is evolved, and as it gains strength they adopt it. This attitude of suspended judgment is an unconscious testimony in favour of the artist. The end of all great Art is to appeal to the imagination. But for its success there must be some imagination to appeal to. Music is lost upon a man who has "no ear." We are not an imaginative people. If a building is regular and symmetrical in plan and elevation, mechanically balanced in every feature, and of precise and finished workmanship, adapted, in short, to the meanest capacity, its success with the public is immediate and assured. Every one can appreciate a "neat" façade. The narrowest mind is wide enough to accommodate all that is presented to it. But before such a work of Art as the new Law Courts mediocrity is bewildered. That it is a work of Art is demonstrable. It has all the necessary characteristics. Of all the sources of appeal to the imaginative faculties of man, none is so powerful or so sure as the skilful use of language. And this supreme quality will, upon examination, be found to lie in its power of suggesting images without defining them; in the presentation of a succession of figures, which are expressed but in part.

This quality is present in all great Art, the element of expectation, of uncertainty, a region in which the fancy may expatiate at will. It is not in the power of man to make a rectangular hall, enclosed by four walls, as poetic and impressive as a mediæval cathedral, with its chiaroscuro of dim aisles and recesses, unnumbered outlets for the excursions of the fancy. Compare Westminster Hall with Westminster Abbey, and it will be seen that there is an essential difference between them; that the mere plan of each, apart from all questions of the artistic treatment of the superstructure, gives an incalculable advantage to the latter in its appeal to the mind of the spectator. The same rule holds good with the exterior; a formal front which the mind can grasp instantaneously, which shows all it has to show at a glance, is nowhere beside one which at every remove exhibits some new and unsuspected combination of beautiful features, all carefully adjusted by Art to their place in the ever-shifting group; every detail in the great scheme yielding its share of variety, interest, and beauty. These are the qualities in which the building under notice is pre-eminent, and which secure it consideration as a work of Art. It exhibits to an unusual extent the imaginative or poetic side of architecture, and there are few buildings, ancient or modern, which offer so many effective combinations for the admiration of all who are sensible of picturesque beauty. One of its main characteristics is the studied proportion of all its members.

This command of pleasing proportion is a note of the author's works; it was a faculty which never deserted him. In presence of the "Venetian Gothic" movement, which brought in the stumpy column and large capital mania, he never swerved from the pursuit of that severe and simple elegance of proportion which distinguished all his works. And over them all he wove a web of the most delicate detail of a distinctly original and attractive kind. The mouldings and traceries of his works always declared their authorship, if other indications were at fault; and there was about them all a certain quality which can only be defined by the epithet sweetness. His work, moreover, had that great quality of all good Art, inasmuch as it was distinctly original. He had the closest acquaintance with every detail of the mediæval architecture of Western Europe, and had, so to speak, saturated himself with the spirit of the old architects. Yet he never blindly repeated their work. Labouring consistently for the resuscitation and development of our traditional and national styles, he succeeded in imparting to all he designed a distinct individuality, the impress of his vigorous mind; and thus, while working in the language of an earlier day, his conceptions are, in every sense, unmistakably original—original in the sense in which Milton's poems, though expressed in Latin, were original. His last work not only shows, in its general grouping and the adjustment and proportion of its leading features, the hand of a practised artist, but its success as a practical work is, in spite of some alleged minor defects, amazing, when one considers the enormous difficulty of accommodating to the satisfaction of all concerned a multitude of conflicting and sometimes incompatible requirements; and the refinement and beauty of its innumerable details, traceries, ironwork, carving, all of which were designed the full size, and many of which were modelled, by his own hand, leave one lost in wonder at the power and versatility of his genius; at a degree of artistic skill which is scarcely ever attained, and almost never, as in his case, in combination with business capacity of the very highest order.

It is grievous to reflect upon the premature termination of a career, which had been one long effort in the cause of Art, in sight of attainment of his dearest hopes. This much-maligned century will leave behind it an Art record which will in after times be generously appraised. St. George's Hall, the Houses of Parliament, the Manchester Town Hall, the new Natural History Museum, not to extend the catalogue, are buildings of which any age might be proud. The public ear is ringing with the acclaims which have fitly greeted the return of victorious heroes—laurel-crowned; but "Peace hath her victories no less than war;" and this, the latest of our public buildings, will hereafter take rank as not the least among the achievements which mark the happy reign of Queen Victoria.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS AT THE SMALLER GALLERIES.

IT is a decided gain to the interest of the minor London exhibitions that the fashion has grown of collecting works connected with each other by something more than a common medium, such as oil or water colour. Subdivision is one of the most striking conditions of modern life, and upon its judiciousness or injudiciousness depends much of the pleasure and profit of the contemporary world. A collection of a few of the recent pictures, notes, sketches, and impressions of the most variable city of Venice, is perhaps the happiest of all its forms which have occurred to exhibitors this winter; for it concentrates attention upon the characteristic varieties of artistic interpretation, where they show to most significant effect. Venice is, in fact, a Cleopatra of cities; custom cannot stale her infinite variety; she is like the lady in Coventry Patmore's idyl, who rewards her constant lord with "variety which men who change can never know." And not only does Venice vary according to her own moods of weather and light, but she seems to alter according to the bent of her artist's fancy. The Venice of Canaletto, for instance, is assuredly very unlike the Venice of Turner; we hope, therefore, that some day an historical collection of Venice pictures may be made to include the works of these great and dissimilar deceased artists.

The exhibition held by The Fine Art Society in New Bond Street deals only with modern works, Mr. John Bunney's pictures alone being due to a hand which labours no longer. A word must be given first of all to this faithful painter's portraits of the façade of St. Mark's, of the Salute, of the Ducal Palace, and of a score of the salient buildings the outlines of which the world knows by heart. Portraits they are in the full force of the term, painted in no way for the display of the painter, but altogether for the love of his subject—so much so, in fact, that his self-effacement was complete. To note down for perpetual remembrance the fast-vanishing beauties and glories of the Adriatic city seemed to him the next best thing to saving them from the demolisher and the restorer, and in these minute and constant labours he was only just in time. The demolisher and the restorer came close upon his heels, and already there are Venetian façades, mosaics, and carvings which have no existence except in the details of his accurate portraits. If Mr. Bunney's work keeps his personality out of sight, there is plenty of individual character in the Venice pictures of Mr. MacWhirter, Miss Montalba, and Mr. Van Haanen. The luminosity with which Mr. MacWhirter has so often treated the seas of the north is well displayed in the waters that reflect the Venetian sunsets. Miss Montalba's lovely flashes of sea and water light are all her own; and the young Dutch artist, whose studies of the Venetian populace have won him such an emphatic reputation, exhibits his graceful realism in the group who stand watching the first dip of a child in the waters of the canal. Mr. Woods contributes a very artistic and delicate treatment of an indisputably vulgar subject; and Mr. Arthur Severn's rather slight but noble drawings—lacking in glow but grand in aim and feeling—are perhaps an advance on anything he has before exhibited. But the brilliant success achieved by M. Roussoff would alone have made the little Venice exhibition memorable. His church interiors especially are treated with science, mastery, and unobtrusive perfection of detail, and peopled with figures studied with an exquisite intelligence. No more learned and fresh water-colour work was ever produced with less display of dexterity.

A rather lower average of merit to what we are accustomed in the pleasant room of the French Gallery, Pall Mall, is atoned for by the salient merit of such works as Professor Müller's 'Guardian of the Sacred Well,' in which the painter's great completeness of execution is strikingly displayed; M. Julien Dupré's 'In the Fields, Brittany,' full of light, but perhaps not entirely satisfactory in that difficult matter, the painting of hay; Mr. C. M. Webb's honestly and truthfully painted 'Genuine Aldine;' 'A Partial Critic,' by Mr. T. E. Duverger; M. W. Velten's admirable 'Horse Fair,' and the flat sunshine and clever tone of M. A. Fink's 'Burden and Heat of the Day.' Mme. H. Browne's hard 'Alsace' is hardly worthy of one of the best pupils of M. Bonnat.

The Dudley Gallery has been called the nursery of young reputations. But reputations do not remain for ever young, and the nursery is in time deserted for statelier halls. So it happens that there is to be an exodus from the Dudley of the great body of artists who have presided over its fortunes in past years. The Egyptian Hall is to be deserted in favour of its new neighbour with the noble front, and the rather ridiculous heads, the Piccadilly Arts Gallery. Yet the family of Art in England was never less in danger of being extinct than it is at this moment. Generations follow generations, and over their nurseries the silence of death or of desertion can never hang. For the Dudley Gallery there is still, therefore, a mission, if only it will be true to it. The winter exhibition of cabinet pictures—the last to be held under the present auspices—includes many charming examples in both landscape and figures, among which we may mention 'A Bachelor,' by James E. Christie; 'A Summer Pastime,' by A. Ludovici, jun.; 'Hyacinth Bells in Spring,' by R. Catterson Smith; 'Rowing for the Port,' and 'The Morning Catch,' by C. Napier Hemy; 'On the Brent,' by E. J. Lambert; 'A Norfolk River,' by R. W. Radcliffe; W. Hatherell's 'Sketch at Burnham;' 'The White Calves,' and 'Does it Rain?' by Bertha Newcombe; and, above all, 'A Peasant Girl,' by George Clausen, to which the place of honour was deservedly assigned.

Peasant life is illustrated also in the most prominent picture at the gallery of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, 'Le Père Jacques,' by J. Bastien Lepage—an old woodcutter and a young child. It is the glory of this painter, as it is also the glory of Josef Israëls, who exhibited at the neighbouring gallery of Mr. MacLean, that he can invest the tritest subjects with freshness of pathos and of charm, all by the magic spell of sincerity. Mr. Millais's 'Pomona'—one of his series of child-pictures after the manner of Sir Joshua—is an element of novelty at the first-named of these two Haymarket galleries, which are apt to be devoted too largely to pictures with which the Art-loving public is familiar; and the Art-loving public, like the old Athenians, are for ever seeking after some new thing. Within a stone's-throw of these pictures, Mr. Martin Colnaghi gathered together in the Guardi and Continental Gallery, a collection of pictures—mostly foreign—among which are notable, for different reasons, 'Une Musicienne Vénitienne,' by Herman Phillips; 'Vivisection,' by Hamilton McLure; and works by Troyon, Domingo, and Baron Leys.

THE ART SALES OF 1882.

THE greatest Art Sale of 1882—or indeed of the century—the Hamilton Palace Collection, has already received due recognition in our columns (see pages 246, 273); and in noticing the other sales of the past season we have space only to mention the works which obtained high prices. From the list appended it appears that no less than twenty pictures were sold for over a thousand pounds each, and of these nine are the work of living artists.

The highest price was obtained for Mr. E. Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' which was sold to Mr. Thomas Holloway for £6,615, an amount exactly similar to that paid by the same gentleman in May, last year, for Landseer's 'Man Proposes,' which had hitherto been the largest sum ever paid for a modern picture. The Long picture, however, had the copyright attached, and had not been engraved. The second highest price was secured for Meissonier's 'Napoleon I. at the Campaign of Paris'—belonging to Mr. Ruskin—the enormous sum of £6,090 being paid for a canvas measuring only 12¼ by 9¼ inches; it has passed into the collection of Defoer Bey, of Paris.

Where not otherwise stated the work is a picture in oils.

FEBRUARY 25TH. LATE J. HENDERSON.

Hunt, W.	Black Grapes, *Water Colour*	£210
Guardi, F.	Grand Canal, Venice	404
Do.	Entrance to Grand Canal	210
Do.	Piazza di San Marco	204
Müller, W.	A View of Tivoli	262
Snyders, F.	The Larder Invaded	236
Van der Capella	A Frozen River Scene	257

MARCH 4TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Ansdell, R.	El Puento Viejo, Granada	£304
Creswick, T.	A River Scene	498
Hardy, F. D.	The Wedding Breakfast	535
Horsley, J. C.	Le Jour des Morts	483
Verboeckhoven, E.	The Fond Mother	320
Ward, E. M.	Judge Jeffreys and Baxter	399

MARCH 10TH AND 11TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Collier, T.	Blythburgh Common, *Water*	£320
Hunt, W.	Pine, Melon, and Grapes, *Water*	236
Turner, J. M. W.	St. Agatha's Abbey, *Water*	472
Do.	St. Mawes, Cornwall, *Water*	220
Alma-Tadema, L.	Sortant de l'Eglise	441
Bouguereau, A. W.	Charity	388
Callcott, Sir A. W.	A River Scene	2,152
Do	Smugglers Alarmed	577
Claude	A Herdsman and a Woman	425
Clays, P. J.	A Calm in the Scheldt	315
Cooke, E. W.	Ruins at Philæ	336
Davis, H. W. B.	Sunrise at Boulogne	325
Orchardson, W. Q.	The Challenge	504
Ziem, F.	Vue de Venise	325

MARCH 18TH. G. R. BURNETT.

Billet, Pierre	Landscape	£472
Do.	Laveuses à Yport	525
Gregory, E. J.	Dawn	430
Hook, J. C.	Gathering Sea-weed	913
Do.	Home with the Tide	1,333
Do.	Sailor's Wedding Party	1,060
Müller, W.	View in Wales	572

MARCH 23RD TO 25TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Dawson, H.	Fir-trees, Thorpe Place, *Water*	£231
Do.	Ancient City	556
Do.	Arundel Castle, Sunset	336
Do.	Dover Castle	399
Do.	Durham Cathedral, Sunset	1,050
Do.	Guardship Saluting	577

MARCH 31ST. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Cox, D.	Richmond, York, *Water Colour*	£210
Do.	Flying the Kite, *Water*	256
Do.	Haddon Hall, *Water*	215
Do.	Beaumaris, *Water*	236
De Wint	Putney Bridge, *Water*	761
Do.	Saltwood Castle, Kent, *Water*	315
Fielding, C.	Loch Tay, *Water*	252
Do.	Highland Lake Scene, *Water*	252
Gilbert, Sir J.	Richard II. & Bolingbroke, *Water*	409
Hook, J. C.	Evening at Larice	346

APRIL 22ND. J. S. FORBES.

Clays, P. J.	Outward Bound	£404
Corot, J.	Evening	362
Do.	Landscape with Figures	336
Daubigny	Sunset on the Oise	360
Israels, J.	Out of Darkness into Light	1,102
Do.	Convalescent	577
Leys, Baron	Coming from Church	362
Munkacsy	The Seasons (Four)	509
Do.	Picking Lint, War Time	1,207
Do.	Washerwomen	315
Sadée, T.	Crossing the Heath	372
Schreyer	Arabs Hunting	330
Tidemand	Norwegian Wedding	682
Van Marcke	Cattle	446
Do.	Cattle at Pasture	424

APRIL 29TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Haghe, L.	Oudenarde, *Water*	£260
Cooke, E. W.	Venice	378
Creswick, T.	Glengariff, Cork	320
Dawson, H.	Banks of the Trent	420
Hook, J. C.	"Whose Bread is on the Waters"	372
MacWhirter, J.	The Lord of the Glen	351

MAY 6TH. COL. ARBUTHNOT.

Green, C.	"Here they Come," *Water*	£330
Gow, A. C.	Requisionists, *Water*	252
Do.	Jacobite Rendezvous, *Water*	325
Meissonier, E.	Corporal of the Guard, *Water*	514
Alma-Tadema, L.	Musician, *Water*	262
Collier, T.	Richmond, York, *Water*	304
Foster, B.	Primrose Gatherers, *Water*	231
Domingo	Interior of Cabaret	325
Hook, J. C.	Little Blue Bay	966
Israels, J.	The Convalescent	798
Do.	The First Sail	330
Linnell, J.	Returning from Corn-field	798
Madrazo	The Grisette	325
Millais, J. E.	Effie Deans	892
Nicoll, E.	Both Puzzled	357
Van Dyck	King Charles I.	2,200

MAY 13TH. LATE E. HERMON.

Calderon, P. H.	Cloisters at Arles	£446
Cooke, E. W.	Dutch Beurtman Aground	535
Cox, D.	Changing Pastures	1,470
Do.	Carrying Vetches	535
Do.	Going to the Hay-field	1,035
Faed, T.	Taking Rest	745
Frith, W. P.	Altisidora	504
Graham, P.	Highland Spate	787
Do.	Deep Seas	798
Holl, F.	Committed for Trial	808
Holland, J.	Gesuiti Chiesa	241
Do.	Barbarigo Palace	320
Hunter, C.	Store for the Cabin	336
Landseer, Sir E.	Poachers Deer-stalking	840
Do.	Old Brutus	420
Long, E.	Babylonian Marriage Market	6,615
Do.	Suppliants	4,305
Do.	Billeting in Cadiz	525
MacWhirter, J.	Spindrift	315
Millais, J. E.	My Ruinous Walk	945
Do.	Getting Better	850
Morris, P. R.	The Bathers Disturbed	325

Müller, W.	Gillingham Church	£614
Pettie, J.	A State Secret	1,050
Phillip, J.	Church Porch	3,937
Do.	Highland Lassie Reading	945
Poole, P. F.	Wayfarers	430
Schampheleer, E. De	On the Dort	378
Troyon, C.	Near Trouville	420
Turner, J. M. W.	Cicero at Tusculum	1,890
Ward, E. M.	Louis XVI.	325

MAY 20TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Ansdell, R.	Return from Deer-stalking	£346
Frith, W. P.	Race for Wealth (sketches)	693
Hook, J. C.	Coral Fisher, Amalfi	1,155
Linnell, J.	Milking Time	325
Do.	Over the Hill	640
Do.	The Harvest Waggon	588
Lee, F. R.	View in Devonshire (cattle by T. S. Cooper)	383
Phillip, J.	Al Duena	703
Stone, M.	Married for Love	514
Van Marcke	Brittany Cattle	430
Turner, J. M. W.	Geneva, *Water Colours*	871

MAY 27TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Claude	Juno, Io, and Argus	451
Gainsborough, T.	Miss Tyler, Bath	693
Gainsborough	Miss Cholmley	£1,123
Rembrandt	Nativity and Adoration	315
Teniers, D.	La Fumeuse	420

JUNE 3RD. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Dawson	King's Mills, Donington	£609
Meissonier	Napoleon I. in the Campaign of Paris	6,090
Müller, W.	View of Tivoli	357

JULY 22ND. MR. RUSKIN AND OTHERS.

Turner, J. M. W.	Eggleston Abbey, *Water Colour*	£787
Do.	Farnley Avenue ,,	682
Do.	Farnley Stream ,,	472
Do.	Fluelen, Lake Lucerne ,,	1,491
Do.	Harlech Castle ,,	325
Do.	Leeds ,,	346
Do.	Scene in Savoy ,,	1,207
Do.	Village of Heysham ,,	787

JULY 22ND. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Beavis, R.	Autumn Ploughing	£441
Müller, W.	View of Tivoli (peasants, etc.)	420
Romney, G.	Miss Benedetta Ramus	1,386
Do.	Miss Ramus (Noailles)	420

THE ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

AMIDST the rapid strides made by the Colonies of Australia, during the last decade, their progress in Art matters is not the least noticeable. Sydney, the capital of the mother colony, now boasts of an Art Gallery, which, although in its infancy, contains many valuable and important works. This was opened in 1880, and owes its origin to a private society, known as the New South Wales Academy of Art, founded in Sydney about ten years previously, with the object of promoting a taste for Art in the community. In 1875 Messrs. Montefiore and Du Faur took upon themselves the personal responsibility of leasing a hall for the use of the society. This gave a fresh impetus to the movement, inasmuch as it enabled the council to open classes, utilising a valuable collection of casts and models imported expressly for the purpose. It was not until three years after its formation that the Academy received a recognition from the State in the shape of £500, which was devoted to the purchase of a few water-colour drawings, forming the commencement of the national collection. In 1875 this was increased to £1,000, which sum was voted annually until 1879, during which year the first Australian International Exhibition was held in Sydney. The Government of the day, readily responding to the representations made by the trustees as to the desirable opportunity which presented itself of selecting suitable works for the gallery from amongst those sent for exhibition, placed £5,000 on the estimates for the year, this sum being cheerfully voted by Parliament, and has since been made an annual grant. The chief objects for which the Academy of Art was originated having been accomplished, and a society having been formed in the especial interests of local artists, the Academy now merged into the Art Gallery. How much the gallery is appreciated is best attested by the fact of its having been visited since its opening by over 250,000 persons, and there can be no doubt that it is exercising considerable influence on the Art taste of the community. As soon as suitable professors can be obtained the trustees purpose opening classes for students in design, painting, and modelling, on a somewhat similar basis to those of South Kensington.

The total value of the collection now amounts to about £30,000, comprising sixty-three oil paintings, fifty-three water-colour drawings; autotypes, drawings in black-and-white, etc., of the value of £450; sculptures of the value of £6,000; and other Art works in metal, ceramic ware, etc., of the value of £2,000; independently of presentations by the German, French, and Japanese Governments, and by private individuals.

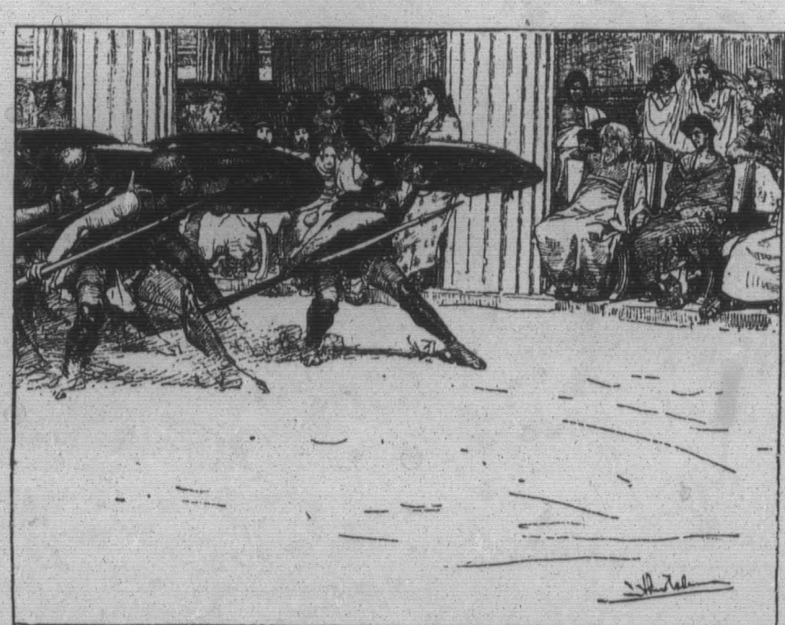
The latest additions to the gallery include De Neuville's celebrated picture, 'The Defence of Rorke's Drift,' Sir F. Leighton's 'Wedded,' and Topham's 'Renunciation of the Vanities,' 1881. The gallery also contains works by T. S. Cooper, A. Elmore, F. Goodall, A. C. Gow, H. S. Marks, J. E. Hodgson, C. B. Birch, K. Halswelle, Seymour Lucas, C. Hunter, E. Hayes, G. Cole, C. Cattermole, W. Callow, G. H. Corbould, Bruce Joy, and Marshall Wood; also by Portaels, Landelle, Dubufe, Baron, Robie, and other foreign artists. These have been selected with great judgment by Messrs. N. Chevalier and C. M. Smith, the London committee. The Black-and-White Court contains a set of Barry's etchings, and a collection of drawings and etchings by the best continental artists.

A brief telegram announces that the Sydney Exhibition building, erected at a cost of £500,000, was totally destroyed by fire on September 22nd.

BLACKBERRY GATHERERS.

THE WORKS OF LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

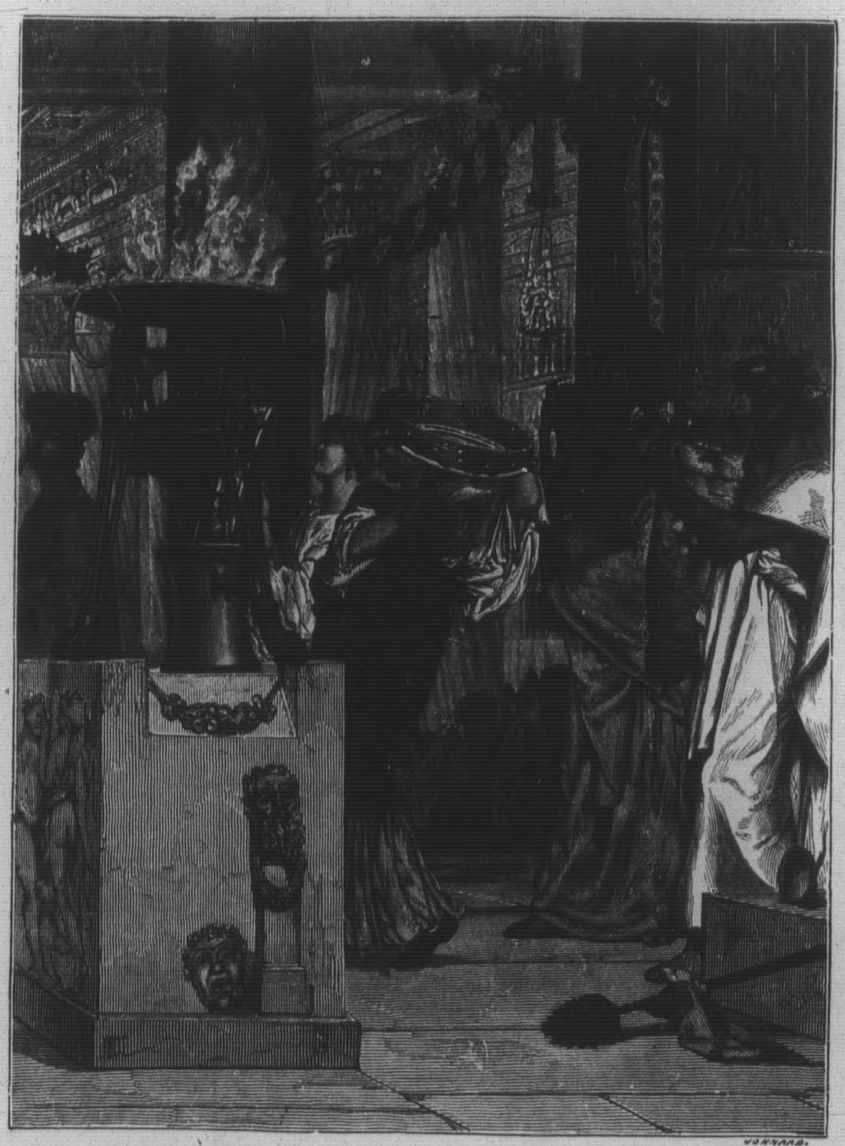
THE bright painter whom everybody admires—the public for his triumphs of technique, and his brothers for the legitimate means by which those triumphs are compassed—is what he is through that combination of nationality, training, and taste which his life and art present to us. A like fact may be predicated of every one, but in Mr. Alma-Tadema's case the influences which have formed his work may be seen in operation, and the valuable contradictoriness of circumstance may be traced and appreciated. The Dutch painter, trained by Baron Leys, possessed by love for Imperial Rome, and working in the midst of the lesser Renaissance of our day, could not have been precisely what he is but for these special traditions and conditions. The famous Art of his country gave him the inestimable merit of completeness; the example of his master gave him—besides all more positive gifts—a mediævalism to revolt against (and such revolts are invaluable in the formation of a true temperament); and the little Renaissance with which his career synchronises has set him free from those distractions, those clamorous public demands and expectations, which might at any other time have tempted him from the subjects and studies of his particular choice. He might not have had the mental liberty to be precisely what he is if the time had been less propitious to that later classical spirit which for him has so powerful a fascination. But whether the influences surrounding him have been propitious influences prospering his art positively, or contradictory ones prospering it negatively, this painter's personality has never hesitated in its artistic self-assertion. The general and almost complete collection of his works exhibited this winter at the Grosvenor Gallery shows, among other things, how short was the time of his tentative labour, how quickly he found his own ground, and how rapidly he perfected his manner in the freedom of perfectly sympathetic motives.



Pyrrhic Dance. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Probably the principal intention of Mr. Alma-Tadema's Art consists in a denial of adventitious literary interest. That denial is tantamount to a declaration that painting should appeal to the eye and to the intelligence rather than to the emotions and the intellect. It is true that in his earlier years his subjects were occasionally distinctly illustrative of incidents depending for their value upon literary interest; 'Clotilde at the Tomb of her Grandchildren,' for instance, needs a title for explanation and comment. It is also true that he makes literature serve his more mature Art, for he chooses to paint that past of which, without literature, we should know so little. But 'Clotilde' belongs to his comparatively tentative days; and making literature serve Art is a different thing from making Art serve literature, as is done by those who paint a story which words could tell better, and which words have already told. It is very probable that the English, who love literary interest in all arts, and who like some kind of emotional meaning in pictures, would have considered his work somewhat cold, and lacking in the story-telling interest, had not this lack been compensated for by the fact that the technical excellence of his Art is precisely of the kind which outsiders—of all degrees of intelligence—can understand and enjoy. There are some technical merits to which the public will always be indifferent; the "valeurs," "relations," or "paragoni," of which we have heard a great deal in all languages of late, will seldom be interesting, and not often even comprehensible, to those who have not given more than the usual passing attention to the graphic arts; certain beauties of tone, too, and a certain security or solidity of draughtsmanship gain little popular recognition. But the reproduction of surfaces, the completeness of execution which gives almost illusory effects of texture, will always command a delighted admiration. That these fascinating achievements are due to

scientific principles of Art, and especially to those "values" for which non-painters care so little, does not enter into the matter. It is generally supposed that completeness of execution is the result of labour added to labour, and such minute patience is sure of warm sympathisers. To our mind Mr. Tadema is fortunate, inasmuch as he practises, without any sacrifice of science, a *kind* of excellence which is readily intelligible; for the sympathy—even the unlearned sympathy—of the many is a cheering thing which few true artists would be indifferent about possessing. He is, then, the popular unliterary and unemotional artist of a literary and mildly emotional public, and the exceptional position testifies to his power.



Portion of the "Vintage Festival." By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's pupilage was apparently everything which that important state should be in an artist's life. He evidently used the continental system of instruction in the manner which best insures the fulfilling of its merits and the avoidance of its dangers. Dangers there are; for while the English school system undoubtedly leaves too little of a master's impression upon the student's mind, which is abandoned to the distractions of various counsels and consequently to the too large liberty of independence of them all, the foreign studio system, on the other hand, is not unlikely to result in the production of something analogous to the *quadri di scuola* of Italy. But with a strong individuality in the student, that system works to perfection. Such a student is receptive of all that nourishes his Art and removes the unnecessary difficulties which a master can dispel with a word, but which would be subjects of experiment and loss of time to an unguided learner; but he rejects all that can warp the character and personality of his own work. Or at least if he does not reject it at the moment, while he is still doubtful as to his own possible developments, it falls from him easily in the after years when his character is formed; and meantime he is preserved from rushing prematurely into a "style." Mr. Alma-Tadema's first studies took place in that Academy of Antwerp which has since helped to form some of the most promising talents now in England. He had evidently lost no time, for the earliest picture in the Grosvenor Gallery is an autograph portrait of the artist, painted in 1852, when he must have been some sixteen years of age. It is a straightforward picture, painted with pains and youthful ingenuousness. The next date, 1858, is attached to the single-figure subject of Clotilde kneeling at her grandchildren's tomb. This work seems to be less characteristic than perhaps anything else on the walls, but to the works of the next two or three years a keen interest attaches. Imitative they undoubtedly are, but they display a quality of imitation and receptiveness which is evidently the prelude to a decisive and sincere originality. A courageous step onwards into more individual art is made after this, although the beauty of De Hooghe is lost in the ambitious composition of the 'Education of the Grandchildren of Clotilde.' The grey-haired queen is watching the boys at their athletics. The ecclesiastics at her side express a silent protest on behalf of their books of learning, which are at a discount; one of them holds a basket of flowers, in which the grim lady and the muscular little ones have no interest whatever. Altogether the story is somewhat too insistently told; but tact comes with older art and the picture is young. In nothing perhaps is its immaturity more apparent than in the drawing of the ruddy ecclesiastic standing full-face on the proper left of the queen. The drawing of the features, and especially of the eyes, must strike the artist in his maturity with the not unpleasing contrasts of progress. Another still more curious and interesting picture belonging to the tentative period is 'Gonthram Bose,' a Visigothic skirmishing scene in

which action is carried to a point of audacity as regards foreshortening and poses; motion, however, is not so well rendered, and the work stands as the most determined early attempt at movement made by an artist who is, above most of his contemporaries, the painter of repose. The more realistic work of a little later period (1866 and 1867) displays a strange failure in that quality of distinction in which Mr. Alma-Tadema certainly does not fail now. Something of a *bourgeois* motive has inspired the painting of 'My Studio' and 'Visit to the Studio;' there are signs of infinite care, but no signs of taste.

But however attractive is the confidential record which Mr. Alma-Tadema has allowed us to study, we must not linger too long in the ante-chamber of a master whose complete achievements are so many and so indicative of a deliberate choice and settlement in Art. The artist's antiquarian studies had led him, in the first years of his independent work, to paint Egyptian subjects. Thus the curious picture, 'Egyptians Two Thousand Years Ago,' is dated 1863, and several other representations of Egyptian life disputed with his short-lived mediævalism and with the incidents of his daily life for a share of the artist's thoughts. It was by degrees that he found in Rome the home of his art, and nothing is more interesting than the manner in which his execution perfected itself, as soon as that discovery was made, with before unexampled quickness. Just as the love of an author for his subject may be delicately gauged by the quality of his style in treating it, without any other expression of his feeling, so it is obviously with the artist who spends upon the empire and the imperial city the uttermost exquisiteness of his touch. For the Greek subjects are Roman in feeling, and we are inclined to make no serious distinctions between the pictures of Athens and those of Rome. With few exceptions all these delightful works are marked with the signs of the painter's habitual and decisive characteristics—joy, light, and beauty, without tenderness or pathos; somewhat unsympathetic human types; and an execution quite unmatched in its own *kind* of completeness—the Dutch completeness which is explicit, and not merely implicit (or implied), like that of some complete masters of the Spanish and modern French schools. Beginning with the earlier Roman pictures (in which it is difficult to recognise the hand so lately employed in the 'Studio Visit'), we enter upon the long variations of lovely work in sunshine, bronzes, marbles, flowers, and stuffs tinted with refined colours which the artist would seem to have created for himself before he used them. Mr. Tadema's marble has become a proverb, and the walls hung with a hundred and thirty of his pictures are lined with marble. The fascination of manipulative skill could hardly be shown in greater force than by these studies of surface, so learned, yet so intelligible in the kind of excellence at which they aim. Before pausing to consider some of these many masterpieces

A Roman Emperor. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

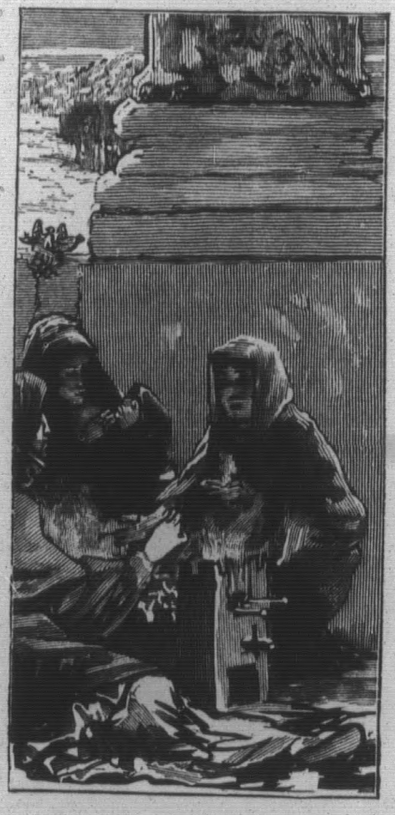
in detail it should be understood explicitly that the general lack of attraction in his figures is due to their complete denial of spirituality. Mr. Alma-Tadema has some spiritual passages of living air, spiritual blue skies and seas, and spiritual sunshine, but no spirituality and little intellect in the faces of the men and women of his world. This want—intended to increase the impression of joy—really lessens it, giving a hard and determined gaiety to the dances of his revellers (and let anything be predetermined rather than joy), and an egoism to their repose. This contributes to his failure in the attempt to give us the long picture of a world of joy; but that failure is owing also, of course, to our knowledge of his resolute suppression of the ghastly truths underlying "the grandeur that was Rome,"—of the tyrannies, the hopelessness, the defilement and despair. Has an artist a right to show us only the brightness and beauty of such a world of woe? When he paints death and murder — as he does so rarely—he paints it in the spirit of comedy, with infinite sensible charms of art. But the mockery of the soldiers and women who greet the 'Roman Emperor' seems to us a scarcely less sympathetic kind of gaiety than that of some of Mr. Alma-Tadema's merry-makers, who are merry-makers *de parti pris*.

Summer. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

This same 'Roman Emperor' is in its artistic merits a picture thoroughly representative of the artist's work, being full of beauty and colour of an inimitable kind, deep and minute in explicit finish, but by no means small in executive feeling. Amid mosaic and marble, gold, and tenderly-tinted draperies, the body of the murdered Caligula has lain all night, and all night the abject Claudius has been hidden behind the curtains, alive alone in the palace of murder; and as the soldiers return to make sure that no one had been overlooked in the stamping out of the Imperial family, coming upon the trembling prince skulking behind the terminal bust of his predecessor they hail him, by an inspiration of mockery, as their Emperor. The extreme and exquisite beauty of the accessories, mocks the degrading human tragedy which is going forward as effectually as does the ironical obeisance of the women, one of whom kisses her hand in cynical farewell to the dead Emperor's likeness, while the other bends to her new lord. On the whole, the picture convinces us that Mr. Alma-Tadema is right to avoid the horrible, as he does habitually.

Yet there is one instance—one only—in which this painter of *allégresse* has with a serious intention attempted tragedy. And, unexpectedly enough, this is understood to be the artist's own favourite work, and the one which he retains as his own possession. An Egyptian subject, it is treated with the principal of Egyptian qualities—repose. The last worst plague sent upon the oppressors of Israel is shown striking the beloved young first-born, a slender adolescent who lies across his mother's knees. She sits in her monumental grief, while slaves crouch near in the formal attitude of sorrow. The picture expresses silence, and the painter has avoided any demonstrative expression in the eyes of his sufferers. The colour is rich and low, and thus altogether an antithesis to the sweet brilliance of Mr. Alma-Tadema's habitual work.

And this brings us to one of his greatest merits as a colourist—the quality of colour-significance. Charming tints, and their charming collocation, do not suffice to give a painter the title of colourist. It is necessary that he should know how to make colour expressive. There may be nobility and seriousness and harmony in colour which is not absolutely beautiful—a fact abundantly proved by the works of the great Italian schools, for among these schools the Venetian alone can be considered a school of beautiful colour; moreover, colour may be significant by its kind of beauty. Lovely decorative tints would be out of place in an entombment or in a battle-piece, although the noble harmonies of Titian are infinitely expressive in the one, and the rich blacks and greys of Velazquez splendidly appropriate in the other. Colour should be always good, even if it cannot be always attractive or delightful, and its delights, when they are appropriate, are various. This latter truth could not be better expressed than in Mr. Alma-Tadema's charming quartett, 'The Seasons,' which we may mention in this connexion, though somewhat out of the chronological order. 'Spring' is fresh, and full of the blue bright light of the young season, 'Summer' glows in a golden tint, 'Autumn' has the colours of wine and vintage, and 'Winter' some exquisitely imagined greys and blues which represent cold without being in themselves cold colours; for a true colourist is never cold. In 'Summer' two Roman ladies are at the bath. Roses have been disleaved in handfuls and sprinkled over the surface of the water, and a crown of



Winter. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

roses is on the hair of the bather, who cools her cheek by the waving of an ostrich feather. Her companion sleeps upon the seat, with one foot raised. The chief peculiarity of this remarkable work is the combination of the crimson and pink of the roses with the almost hot gold that dominates in the scheme of colour.

In 'Quiet Pets,' of which we published an etching last month from the picture at present in the Grosvenor Gallery, we have another example of this colour series. In it a Roman lady feeds a couple of tortoises, the 'Quiet Pets' of many an Eastern household; and the characteristic accessories of marble and fur are duly displayed by the painter.

If we turn for a time from Mr. Alma-Tadema's quality of colour to his quality of action, we find that he seldom yields his love of repose except for rhythmic movements. He allows his figures to move in procession and in the dance—seldom otherwise. The 'Pyrrhic Dance' is one of the many dances he has chosen as his motives. The composition is exceedingly bold and striking, but quaint as are the figures of the soldier-dancers, the truer actions of the onlookers in repose constitute the most admirable part of the picture. Note the pose of the old man and the manner in which the younger grasps the border of his tightened toga. And akin to the dance is the processional movement of such pictures as the noble 'Vintage,' of which, in another connexion, we shall have more to say next month.

THE AIMS, STUDIES, AND PROGRESS OF JOHN LINNELL, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER.

THE following notes may be taken as supplementary to the biographical and critical memoranda on John Linnell I contributed to the *Art Journal* in August and September last, and they may be acceptable to those who linger before the artist's pictures in the Royal Academy exhibition of the present season.

The outcomings of studies pursued in the strenuous manner proper to a mind like Linnell's, and directed firmly in the lines already indicated, were of two or three different kinds. One of these was derived from serious studies of the antique, living model, and landscape in nature, and originally due to the influence and example of the able artists with whom he associated from childhood. Mulready was the chief of these friends and counsellors, and a man who, as a teacher, impressed Linnell with all possible admiration and affection. As Linnell averred to me, he was induced to profit by this guide's example in studies of Art, so that, during a considerable period, the two young men worked in company, if not on equal terms, and the junior painter gained much by this means. We have already seen how thoroughly he was grounded in the knowledge of form, having so vigorously pursued that subject, that not in draughtsmanship only in the schools of the Royal Academy and elsewhere, but even in modelling in the round and from the "life," he was so far accomplished as to be able to beat a very well-trained and earnest fellow-pupil, in his own field as a sculptor. In the formation of that remarkable quality of Linnell's Art, which, for lack of a better term, I have called his style—a term not commonly applied to design in landscape, but distinctly apt to the mode of Linnell—a very powerful element was early at work, and due to the stringent influence on his mind of the Elgin marbles. The bitter and, as it now appears, ridiculously supererogatory discussion of the merits of the Phidian sculptures was at its height during the period in question, and, like all the artists of capacity then living, our subject heartily recognised the transcendent importance of these antiques in respect to their dignity and beauty, and, above all, their value as unchallengeable types of style of the noblest order.

He had previously recognised the superiority of Varley's refinement in comparison with the commonness, not to say vulgarity, of Morland's primitive modes and motives in Art, to which, as already noticed, his attention had been turned at a very early stage of his career. Linnell's mind was, therefore, very happily prepared to receive the newer impressions, which were, of course, mental, and of the inventive sort; or rather, to adopt a term not then in vogue, and much abused in our own days, æsthetic, as well as technical and practical. It was fortunate for Linnell that the development of his powers occurred thus simultaneously in two parallel lines of progress. What with Phidias and Varley, to say nothing of the affection of Mulready for nature of a selected type, there was little danger of Linnell's nascent Art becoming merely realistic in the orthodox sense of that ill-used word. It was inevitable, however, that close and exact studies from nature in landscape would be pursued by him with all diligence, but it was out of the question that a mind such as his would rest content with unselected types, and forms taken from nature, without constant reference to beauty and simplicity as supplying the canon of his Art.

At Red Hill I have been allowed to see a very large number of drawings made during the advanced stages of this, the post-Academy period, of Linnell's studies. Drawings so numerous and elaborate as these, present a marvellous whole of labours of an arduous kind, and they embody complex and seemingly exhaustive practice in modelling fine details, and dealing with colours and tone, and searching foreshortening of triumphant success and exquisite precision. The subjects embrace nearly all the studies—I dare not call them sketches—that were made during the before-mentioned tour in Wales (1813) and elsewhere, as in Derbyshire (1814) and Windsor Forest (1815). The Welsh and Derbyshire subjects are mostly trees, hill-sides, vistas of roads, valleys, and rivers, meadows and rugged mountain-tops; likewise masses of detached rocks and mounds of earth, with glimpses of the distant sea between hills or from the summits of lofty plateaux. The Windsor Forest subjects attest changes and developments of style on the part of the artist. These are mostly studies made with the pencil and white chalk; they comprise various figures of men barking felled trees, masses of huge timber standing alone and erect in glades and sunlit meadows, and casting gigantic, well-defined shadows on the grass, underwood, and ferns at their feet. With these are many groups of agricultural labourers at work, and searching

memoranda of entire trees and separate foliage, severally executed. The examples produced about this time in the Isle of Wight are of similar character to the above, the details being of course appropriate to the landscape and agriculture of that part of the country, and thus contrasting with the above, as woodland avocations are contrasted with the labours of the field. The changes and developments to which I have alluded are exactly such as might be expected to accrue during the progress of such a student as Linnell. Delicate, fine, and highly finished are the earlier examples. Nothing could exceed their merits in these respects. They do not, however, aim at success of the objective sort. They are experiments and records of observations rather than attempts at the, so to say, enunciation of ideas and the evolution of thoughts. Thoughts, pathetic and poetic impressions, and comprehensive views of nature of the subjective order, abound in Linnell's works at a later time, so that, during the culmination of his art, these were never-failing elements in his pictures, and, however unostentatiously, they not less emphatically distinguished them. They are so thoroughly innate, so to say, that we recognise them without seeking for them.

In the examples from Windsor Forest, the second stage of Linnell's work suggests itself, but is not fully enunciated, and the formation of subjects, in the ordinary sense of this term, is defined by means of deer, groups of figures combined in their action, and adapted to the character of the landscapes. These are precious exercises in composition, while the effects, the disposition of the masses, and other additional features, attest the presence of dominating ideas binding all the parts of each work together as a whole. The technical treatment of the drawings is broader, simpler, more free and generalised than before. At the end of this period he had already become proficient in respect to style, that rarest of all the attainments of English landscape painters; in regard to which it is not too much to say that not even Turner surpassed our painter. Not more than ten of Linnell's fellow-delineators of nature have evinced so much as recognition of the existence of that style which is, to the critic's mind, an indispensable feature of Fine Art, without which landscape painting can hardly be called a Fine Art in the technical sense. The first, and for a long period the sole possessor, of style, among the landscape artists of our country, was J. R. Cozens, who died insane in 1799.

The essential characteristics of Linnell's works produced before 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' a work of 1818 (Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, No. 120), and a fine example deserving a high place in the Academy this year, are in accord with the studies indicated as pursued by the artist before the date in question, that is 1816, or thereabouts. We see style, poetry, pathos, a comprehensive and an assimilating quality in 'St. John Preaching,' qualities which were not well developed until that picture was produced. It is, in fact, the first of the class which includes Linnell's subsequently painted landscapes. Mr. Chance's little specimens, to which I have already referred, remind us of Mulready, prove the influence of that master on Linnell, and are much richer, purer, more solid, and more brilliant than any of Mulready's landscapes proper. They seem to have been painted with ground-up jewels, so soft and full is the lustre of their colouring, and they are illuminated like nature. They do not, however, excel in respect to subject and pathos; I therefore refer to them here as intermediate and transitional specimens, which are important on account of their beauty and typical nature, rather than because they illustrate the higher characteristics and genius of their author.

A great step was made with 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' and never retraced. This picture is not, I believe, the same as 'St. John Preaching,' which was at the British Institution in 1839. All the works of the same class possess not only the technical qualities here already named, but the very choice of material is part of the Art exercised for the benefit of the future. The sky subserves the land in mass, lighting, and local tints, the trees are in harmony with the lines of the earth, and both accord with the disposition of the masses of colour, so that the unity and homogeneity of the painting is perfect, and its simplicity an assured means of the expression and proper to the motive of the ruling sentiment of the design. This phase of Linnell's genius is beyond my present range, and it appears at its best in the stupendous splendour, grandly expressive and suggestive masses of light and colour in 'The Eve of the Deluge,' 'The Return of Ulysses,' 'The Disobedient Prophet,' 'The Last Gleam before the Storm,' 'The Timber Waggon,' the resplendent and profoundly pathetic 'Barley Harvest,' which is probably the crown of his work in this category, and a score more pictures produced at later dates than 1820.

A strong gleam of Linnell's genius was manifested when he added some of the figures to John Varley's very impressive and suggestive Gaspar Poussin-like design, 'The Burial of Saul,' which was exhibited by the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours in 1819, when both the artists were members of that body. Linnell not only inserted figures in this design, but he engraved the picture itself in mezzotint, and in both ways added to its dignity and charm. Among other works which Linnell mezzotinted, and were not his own productions, is Collins's well-known 'Feeding the Rabbits' (portraits of the children of Mr. Henry Rice), 1825, to which, as well as to another plate he produced after the same artist's 'Scene on the Brent,' he added much richness and depth of tones and tints, expression, and action.

It has been stated before that our subject not only painted many portraits of ladies and gentlemen, but that he engraved some of the number. Some of these plates are hardly known to the world in general; fine impressions such as remain in the hands of the family are very rare; mezzotints differing materially in merit and quality according to the order in which the impressions were taken from the plates. The portraits themselves were painted in a masculine style, with characteristic soundness, solidity, power in colouring, excellent draughtsmanship and other painter-like qualities. As likenesses they possess no merely effective attractions, but their power grows on the observer with all the force of verisimilitude, and their impression is correspondingly deep. Few who have seen the portrait of Carlyle have failed to take from it thorough impressions of the man himself. This fine likeness is now at Red Hill, and ought to be in the National Portrait Gallery.

Some of Linnell's early portraits were executed at prices which, without considering the amount of knowledge and length of time expended on either of the classes of examples, astonish us who are accustomed to read that popular artists in this line, to say nothing of masters like Mr. Millais and Mr. Alma-Tadema, receive for heads and half-lengths from four hundred to five hundred guineas each. Linnell's portraits of about 1817 were paid at the rate of from three to ten guineas a head; these examples include those produced, as before stated, at Newbury and Kingsclere, others were

painted in the City at similar prices. A capital portrait of the Countess of Errol was executed about this time, the price of which was twelve guineas.

However much we may regret that Linnell, bent on landscape-painting as he was, and entirely capable of achieving honour in the direction, should have been compelled during many years to toil at uncongenial tasks, there is one aspect of the circumstances which is not wholly gloomy or, to the world at large, unsatisfactory. At least he recorded to the life the aspects of not a few able men whose lineaments cannot but be subjects of inquiry by-and-by. Among his portraits are those of Sir H. Torrens and his family (1819), Colonel Maxwell, Lady Lyndhurst, Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., Lord King, Samuel Rogers, E. Sterling, Mr. Spring-Rice (Lord Monteagle), Whately (this Linnell engraved), Sir R. Peel, Lord Ingestre, Sir Francis and Lady Baring, General Espartero, W. Mulready, R.A., T. Phillips, R.A., Mr. Malthus, W. Collins, R.A., Lord Lansdowne, and a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen of inferior distinction. In fact Linnell, until about 1835, gained ample employment as a painter of portraits, as an engraver, and, during the earlier part of the preceding period, as a teacher of drawing and painting. His eminent and successful pupils are his sons and Mrs. Palmer, his eldest daughter, to one or more of whom we owe some admirable landscapes, capital engravings, and woodcuts.

The portrait studies of Linnell have not rivalled those of Mr. Watts in their personal and historical value, and the above selection of names of his sitters cannot equal that of the productions of the renowned Academician who has preserved for posterity veritable pictures of the Laureate, and Messrs. Browning, Morris, E. Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Joachim, Gladstone, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Guizot, Matthew Arnold, and Spottiswoode, as well as of Lords Shaftesbury, Lyndhurst, Lawrence, and Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Henry Taylor, and Sir A. Cockburn, and General Garibaldi. On the other hand, Linnell's skill in portraiture not only recorded the aspects of the above-named notabilities, but with loving emphasis depicted the features of Blake, in respect to which he was incomparably happy, because the world owes to him that magical likeness which was sympathetically engraved by Jeens as a frontispiece to the second volume of Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," 1880.*

Of Linnell's manner of engraving the likeness of Mr. John Martin, which is that of pure and firm line, I have already spoken; to consider it further may not be superfluous, by way of instituting a comparison between it and later works in the same group. Wrought with amazing precision, boldness, solidity, and finish, it reminds the spectator strongly of some of Donatello's fine sculptures, because every detail of the ever-varying contours is expressed with uncompromising faithfulness and crispness. Sculpturesque it is in nearly all respects, and reproduces with stringent accuracy and breadth all the elements proper to pure and simple form. Subtleties of tone, and fine co-relative balances of local tints, were reserved for later efforts. Most, if not all, the more recent portraits were mezzotinted by the artist, and they present qualities differing entirely from those of the Donatello-like plate of 1813. A note of mine, made after examination of the entire body of Linnell's works of this order, attests that he succeeded in this direction exactly as he painted; that is, with a crisp, firm, and broad touch, while richness and solidity were gained by gradations, and not by contrasts of tones. It follows from this manner of proceeding that there was no forcing of tints in these plates, and that no demonstrative qualities present themselves to challenge attention, but abundant softness obtains throughout, and a degree of luminosity occurs which is to be secured in mezzotinting by this process of delicate grading, and is attainable by no other means. Everybody who is familiar with modern [illegible] specially with current mezzotints, knows their chief shortcomings to be in the lightlessness of their prevailing tones, the defect of richness in their tints, and general monotony. Linnell's prints show the reverse qualities, and excel in brilliancy and softness, without any loss of breadth. In mezzotinting finish is obtainable by the production of multitudes of delicately-graded tones. Modern mezzotints seldom succeed in this respect, because the engraver is generally in too great a hurry to realise the profits of his commission to allow the needful time for studies such as Linnell's.

To return for a time to Linnell as a landscape painter, and in doing so, not to exceed the limit of time which has been set for this comment on his labours, let it be said that the 'St. John Preaching,' of 1839, captured the public fancy as effectively as the trained perceptions of cognoscenti had been impressed by earlier works. It was at the British Institution, together with 'A Spring Wood-Scene,' which was engraved by Mr. T. A. Prior in the *Art Journal* of 1851, and bought by Mr. Vernon, who bequeathed it to the nation, so that it remains in the National Gallery, and was for a long time almost the only example by a living painter in that collection. In the next year the 'Windmill' followed the 'Wood Scene' in the same path, was engraved by Mr. J. C. Bentley for the *Art Journal*, and is now at South Kensington. It embodies a composition as grand as that of a Rembrandt, with no inferiority of pathos and beauty. Although only 14 by 12½ inches, its style is so dignified and massive that the observer forgets its size altogether, while he is absorbed by the stupendous voluminousness of the advancing wreath of cumuli which dominates the view, projects its shadow far over the world, and adds a tremendous solemnity to the scene. It is quite as grand as the before-mentioned 'Eve of the Deluge,' which measures 84 by 53 inches. The force of impressions produced, irrespective of size, in such cases as this, supplies no unfair gauge of the inspiring energy and dignity of a work of Art.

The 'Eve of the Deluge' was, in 1847, sold to Mr. Gillott, the steel-pen maker of Birmingham, for £1,000, and appeared as No. 620 at the Academy in 1848, where, because it represented a new and intense conception of the impending catastrophe of the earth, it deepened the public impression in Linnell's honour. A still, brooding terror pervaded it, and was supported by the arrangement of the lines of the composition, the solemn coloration and magic chiaroscuro. It was sold, April 19, 1872, for 1,050 gs. 'The Last Gleam,'

* As several errors are current respecting the relationship of Blake and Linnell, it may be well to say that among the permanent results of this affectionate intimacy of the two artists was the accumulation in Linnell's hands of some of Blake's finest works—treasures which remain in the possession of the family of my subject, and are, in a very worldly sense, the fruits of the abundant kindness and honourable devotion of friend to friend. These include two copies of "The Songs of Innocence," diversely coloured by Blake himself alone, and a very large number of original designs illustrating the "Inferno" of Dante, the final labours of the artist-poet. Linnell's chief aid to Blake was in enabling him to proceed with the execution of the designs to the "Book of Job," besides twenty-one plates, the whole of transcendent quality and wealth of stupendous poetry. Linnell paid Blake £150 for this series of designs, at a time when few or no others would look at such works, and he could not afford to act as a patron of Art. Blake had the price in the way which suited him best, that is, by weekly instalments of £2 each, and by this means, so few were his wants, he lived in comfort.

which measures 51 by 36 inches, belonged to the same collector, who gave £250 for it; it was sold with his gallery, in 1872, for £2,500. 'The Woodlands,' 39 by 50 inches, realised on the same occasion, 2,625 gs.; 'Hampstead Heath,' 50 by 72 inches, produced 1,740 gs.; 'Barley Harvest,' 36 by 44 inches, fetched 1,630 gs. A little landscape, which Linnell painted in 1818, and called 'Bayswater in 1813,' 16 by 24 inches, he sold, with many more, "for a song" to Serjeant Thomas, a very important factor in the painter's career. When this comparative trifle was brought to the hammer with the Gillott Collection, it realised 300 gs., of which Linnell, of course, got nothing.* 'A River Scene, with Figures,' painted in 1826, 11½ by 16 inches, produced 300 gs.

It was evident that the tide of fortune had arrived at Linnell's mark when sums like these were obtained for pictures which had remained not only unsold, but unnoticed, and had accumulated on the artist's walls during many years. With the acceptance of the Vernon Gift by the nation, the turning of this tide may be said to have occurred. The stream made its way at first with comparative slowness, but the gift of 1847–1848 marked the movement which had been long waited for. One of the first to put his own good judgment to practical test was the above-named Serjeant Thomas, who foresaw the distinction in store for our painter, and made his appearance one day in the house, No. 36, Porchester Terrace, to which, in 1829, Linnell, having built it for himself, removed from Cirencester Place. Mr. Thomas, after some negotiations, bought nearly the whole of the landscapes for which the painter could not previously find purchasers. No doubt the Serjeant made a very fortunate speculation in this way, and reaped a well-deserved harvest. The man whose dealings with Linnell were thus fortunate for both parties, was in many respects remarkable. Entirely self-made, he had risen from the practice, in a small way, of a comparatively humble craft in the neighbourhood of the County Fire Office, Regent Street. Intelligent, energetic, adroit, and industrious, he followed a hint gathered from another, and in turns became a bookseller, book-reader, barrister, and serjeant-at-law. His good taste and courage enabled him to profit largely in buying and selling the pictures of other painters besides Linnell, and his house was crowded with pictures, studies, sketches, books, antiquities, and bric-à-brac of all sorts, so as to be a veritable museum of treasures and odds and ends of Art, antiquity, and letters.

Linnell remained in Porchester Terrace till 1851–1852, when, having previously found a charming site at Redstone Wood, near Red Hill, and built a house there, he made a penultimate remove, and settled in that place, erecting houses for his sons on various parts of the estate where, patriarch-like, he resided. In 1855 his 'Timber Waggon' was No. 372 at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, with 'The Disobedient Prophet' and three other pictures. The French appreciated the first work so highly that they, it is said, awarded to the artist a gold medal for landscape-painting. An accredited biography of my subject makes this statement, which is, however, not confirmed by the French official lists of medals awarded on this occasion. It is certain that the medal, if one was really destined for Linnell, never reached him. I have already stated that it was in 1821 Linnell—having ceased to belong to the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, when that body, by reverting to its original condition as a water-colour painting society, re-entered its old path—inscribed his name, according to the old rule, as a candidate for the Associateship of the Royal Academy. For one-and-twenty years his now illustrious name remained "down" among those of the candidates for the same distinction. It would be a difficult, an ungrateful, if not, at this distance of time, the man himself being dead, an impossible, task to relate how or why it happened that Linnell was passed over during this immense span of his life—it could not have been for lack of opportunities vouchsafed to the Academicians for electing him an A.R.A.*—until, in 1842, our master withdrew from the race, which had on one side, at least, become ignominious. When, in 1867, an alteration was made in the mode of electing A.R.A.'s, a member took it on himself to ask Linnell whether, if he were elected, he would accept the distinction he had once patiently waited for; there was only one answer to be expected, and this allowed some one else to be chosen. Linnell's own account of the transaction, and his reasons for the course he took, are to be seen in the *Athenæum*, June 18, 1867, page 759. In 1869 Linnell published a pamphlet, entitled "The Royal Academy, a National Institution," with postscripts, omitted by the writer when addressing the public through the critical journal, as well as the letter of the "Member," and an epistle by Mr. Cope, reprinted from the *Athenæum* of June 15, 1867, page 790.

It is far apart from my present purpose, and beyond the limits appropriated to the subject in the *Art Journal*, to give anything more than references to a third class of Linnell's productions. I mean his polemical tracts and discussions on religious and biblical subjects. Having not only very strong religious convictions and views which, if not peculiar, were profound and sincere, our painter had, so long ago as 1812, joined the communion of the Baptists, and, to a great extent, accepted during the whole of his life the dicta and convictions of that body. Whether gathering force of religious impulses led him to delineate religious subjects and choose biblical incidents for his paintings I cannot take it on myself to say. The 'John Preaching in the Wilderness' of 1818 indicated some of the lines of the artist's thoughts. At any rate, to one dealing with such subjects, study of the Scriptures was indispensable, and that study predicated searching examination of the texts themselves. The literary outcomings of these inquiries appeared in tracts published for the author, and severally entitled "Diatheekee, Covenant (not Testament) throughout the Book commonly called the New Testament," &c.; "The Lord's Day, an Examination of Rev. i. 20;" and "Burnt Offerings not in the Hebrew Bible."

For the materials of this sequence of notices I am mostly indebted to John Linnell himself, and, among the living, chiefly to his sons, especially Mr. William Linnell, who have helped me with unfailing kindness.

F. G. STEPHENS.

* So great an effect had the sale of these pictures on the minds of the income-tax authorities, that the artist's assessment was doubled by them, who, Heaven knew why, took it into their heads that Linnell got the profit of the enormous prices reported in the newspapers as realised by his works.

* The following A.R.A.'s were elected in this interval of time:—Sir J. Wyatville, G. Jones, W. Wilkins, C. R. Leslie, H. W. Pickersgill, W. Etty, Sir C. L. Eastlake, Sir E. H. Landseer, G. S. Newton, H. P. Briggs, C. Stanfield, Sir W. Allan, J. Gibson, C. R. Cockerell, J. P. Deering, T. Uwins, F. R. Lee, W. Wyon, D. Maclise, F. W. Witherington, S. A. Hart, P. Hardwick, D. Roberts, J. J. Chalon, Sir C. Barry, Sir W. C. Ross, J. P. Knight, C. Landseer, T. Webster, P. MacDowell, J. R. Herbert, R. Westmacott, Sir G. W. Gordon, T. Creswick, R. Redgrave, Sir F. Grant, S. Cousins, G. Clint, F. Danby, R. J. Lane, C. Turner, A. Geddes, R. Graves, G. Patten, and J. Hollins. Surely there were some persons in this company who might have waited to let Linnell go on the path of distinction—a place on which he cared to solicit until solicitation had become a farce.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—RECENT ACQUISITIONS.*

THE charming 'Head of a Young Man'† was in the sale catalogue attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; those, however, familiar with the works of that master at once recognised that any resemblance to his style was merely superficial. It is in reality a Venetian work of the school of Bellini, and may with probability be assigned to Gentile himself. It has his precision of drawing, noble simplicity of style and harmony of colour attained by the skilful juxtaposition of pure tints, as in the fresh blue of the sky, the warm flesh colour, and the transparent black of the dress and cap. The picture also is interesting from showing the influence of Mategna on Venetian Art, the firmness, accuracy, and largeness of drawing being among the qualities the younger Bellini learnt from their renowned brother-in-law. Both subject and painting admirably typify Venice and her Art in their vigorous prime, before luxury and pride had corrupted the one or enfeebled the other. The grave comeliness of the youth indicates a state of society when the ideals of life were dignified and refined; and in the same way the Art, with its joyous delight in fresh and vivid colours, displays also the self-restraint which is the surest sign of a progressive and advancing school.

The two panels containing allegorical figures by Mantegna‡ illustrate a phase of his art, of which the Gallery already possessed a specimen in 'The Triumph of Scipio,' but though more important in size and subject, the latter work can scarcely be considered so fine in execution as the recent acquisition. The figures represent Summer and Autumn, and

The Adoration of the Magi, ascribed to Botticelli. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

are painted in gold, shaded by brown, on a ground painted to imitate oriental marble. One of the strongest influences to be found in the Art of Mantegna is that of antique sculpture; here, by abjuring the colours of nature, it may be said to be directly imitative of sculpture, only the design and sentiment have the fifteenth-century Italian feeling, of which, fortunately, he could not divest himself. It is these combined influences, so strongly manifested in this brilliant example of his genius, which give such peculiar pungency to the genuine work of Mantegna. There is never any uncertainty in his stroke, his figures are all clear and sharp, the action always direct and spontaneous, and invariably arresting, by the novelty and originality of the conception. In the present instance there was no scope for dramatic action, yet how thoroughly suggestive are the actions of the two figures of the seasons they are intended to typify. It is only, however, some of their qualities which can be indicated by engraving. The exquisite manipulation, the subtle harmonies of gold and low-toned tints, and the wonderful realisation of intricate form must be studied and enjoyed in the picture itself.

* Continued from page 4.

† Engraved in the January number of *The Art Journal*, page 1.

‡ Engraved in the January number of *The Art Journal*, page 2.

The next work selected for engraving is the portrait by Velazquez. The subject will at once be recognised as 'Philip the Fourth, of Spain,'* whose bust portrait, by Velazquez, has long been one of the most masterly pieces of brush-work in the Gallery. Here too is to be found the same magnificent powers of representation, only the flesh painting is simpler, and the splendour of execution is lavished on the rich and picturesque costume. The dress is of chocolate colour, covered with elaborate embroidery in silver, and in the hands of Velazquez, it flashes and sparkles with the brilliancy of reality. So, too, all the details are masterpieces of execution; the gloves, the sword-hilt, the white satin sleeve, and the plumed hat are each studies in themselves. And with all this careful attention to detail, the unity and keeping of the whole is perfect. The work is an example of the master's second style, of the period of 'Las Lanzas,' in the Prado

The Last Supper, ascribed to Masaccio. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Museum, and anterior to the bust portrait of Philip, which belongs to the third period of the Art of Velazquez. This picture also is a valuable addition to the Gallery; valuable in itself, and because, out of the Madrid Museum, genuine works of the master are of extreme rarity.

Few of the pictures excited more speculation at the private view than the panel of the 'Last Supper' (engraved above) attributed in the catalogue to Masaccio. Of the easel works of this master there are probably not more than two or three extant; one in the Academy at Florence is genuine; Berlin has lately acquired a panel which may be from his hand; but the almost invariable note attached to the description of his works in the last edition of Vasari is:—"Di questa tavola non si sa più nulla." Therefore it required little knowledge of his style

* Engraved in the January number of *The Art Journal*, page 4.

to see at a glance that the present work could not be by his hand. The learning and classic feeling displayed in the elaborate architectural decoration of the background, show that it could not have been produced by the great frescante of the Brancacci chapel. These elements of the picture rather derived their inspiration from the painter of the San Cristiforo chapel at the Eremitani. The exquisitely-carved ornamentation, the variegated marbles, the sculptured bas-reliefs and gold illumination point emphatically to Mantegna, and a comparison of this panel with photographs from his work at Padua, Verona, and Florence would show their striking similarity. The figures, however, cannot be attributed to Mantegna, though his influence is perceptible in the character of the drapery, in the strong dramatic expression, and also in some of the harmonies and contrasts of colour. Still, neither the type of the physiognomies, the colour of the flesh, nor the drawing of the extremities can be considered Mantegnesque. The flesh tones especially pertain to the school of Ferrara, and the impression of Ferrarese origin is increased by certain affinities to the Flemish school of Van Eyck. Now we know that about the period when this picture must have been painted Roger Van der Weyden was, or had been, working at Ferrara, and it would have been impossible, for a strong personality like his, not to have exercised considerable influence over the Italian painters who came in contact with him; such influence, indeed, has been observed in the Ferrarese school generally, and is certainly perceptible in this instance. Thus from this source may be derived the exquisite limpidity of the execution and the delicate fusion of the tones. The breadth and transparency of the shadows are suggestive of the finest manipulation of the Dutch masters, while the figures, and especially the nobly conceived heads, though on such a minute scale, have all the grandeur and dignity of Italian Art. Here, again, the combination of diverse excellences gives a marked interest to the work: it piques our curiosity, while it compels our admiration for the splendid qualities of imagination and manipulation that have been concentrated within these few square inches of surface.

Another panel remarkable for its perfection of execution, is the 'Adoration of the Magi' (engraved on page 41), ascribed to Botticelli. This is one of the class of works that give distinction to a gallery, and go so far in imparting an air of preciousness to a collection. In this respect our National Gallery stands high, and it is especially in this direction we should make strenuous efforts to attain pre-eminence. The ascription of the 'Adoration of the Magi' to Botticelli will scarcely receive the assent of those who have studied Florentine painting. Rather will it be assigned to Filippino Lippi, whose name is now on the frame, and to whose art it betrays a striking similarity. At the same time it has much in common with that of Botticelli, the two painters being bred up in the same traditions, and commencing their careers in the same workshop. Filippino, with more naturalism and severer drawing, was not gifted with the fervent poetical imagination of his fellow-student. He excelled in clear daylight representation of nature, in accurate portrayal of the fine Florentine types, both male and female, more especially delighting in the presentation of the masculine and sculpturesque beauty of the Florentine youths. There is much of the flavour of Donatello and Verrocchio in his attendant pages and youthful cavaliers. And these qualities, strongly visible in his frescoes, are also obvious in the present work. The picture is moreover especially valuable as an example of Florentine tempera painting of the fifteenth century. It is a striking instance of the durability of the material, and being in fine preservation it shows all the sharp handling, the clear touch, and accurate modulation which may be attained in higher perfection by this process of painting than probably by any other.

HENRY WALLIS.

GEORGE MASON: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.—IDLE YOUTH.

GEORGE HEMING MASON was prolific beyond most of the fine painters of his time—not by the sum of work which he accomplished, but by the abiding results of that work. It would be delusive to measure a man's power too arbitrarily by the quantity, or even too accurately by the quality, of what he achieves; for work done may be more or less inanimate, while the influence of a genius implies vitality. And Mason's influence has been full of an unusual operativeness. I need say little of the imitative opuscules which owe their subject and manner to him. It is in less obvious ways that his power has extended. For instance, he has made certain vulgarities in landscape art impossible. They linger on, it is true, as survivals, because their authors are still "lagging superfluous," but as renewals or reversions they are assuredly impossible. This is only a negative good, but the positive benefits are great, and will be noted by-and-by. In gathering together, therefore, such records as Mason's widow and his friends have kept, and have most kindly given me for use in these papers, we are tracing up to its quiet and retired source a river of which the widely-spreading waters make a plain fruitful.

Nothing nowadays is so conventional as romance; and the biographer of George Mason may at first find his career rather too closely like that of the conventional artist of a story-book. Our days are realistic in taste, and the stock incidents are generally set aside, with the elementary passions, as belonging to the old old youth of the romantique revival. For instance, he was thwarted in his early aspirations and carefully educated for an uncongenial profession, these early discouragements being followed by gay starvation, Rome, the "Lepre," illness under the tender masculine care of fellow-artists, pictures sold for the price of a dinner, and then a great fame and an early death. All this, whether light or sad, sounds like the very banality of biography. But, in fact, true things told of a true man are never banalities. Such incidents in an artist's life have become insipidly conventional by

reason of their abuse in insincere fiction and fact—that is, cheap or labour-saving fiction of the ready-made kind, and facts about insincere persons. But just as we must not allow our English language to be spoilt in our ears by the insincere using of strong and beautiful words—a work to which a thousand pens are set day by day; so with typical lives—we must not allow the heart to be written out of them by facile pens. A typical life, led by a strong and distinct individuality, with all the characteristics, accidents, and incidents belonging to that strength and that distinctness, is surely more interesting than are the prosaic incompleteness, the vain capacities, the tatters of design, the mournful lack of form which too often attend the career of the human unit. Modern literature, especially in its present very delicate and exquisite American developments, occupies itself much with such incompleteness, its pathos and its suggestions—as, indeed, does the great French school which makes romanticism look trivial; but assuredly in such a career as Mason's may be found the union of the typical life with the character of the unit man. As a unit he must have been a study for the delighted observer of the unexpectedness, harmony, variety, and integrity of a thoroughly natural character; M. Gustave Droz or Mr. W. D. Howells could have no more attractive subject. And such a character leading a typical life is more perfect than it would be leading an ordinary fragmentary or accidental life. In a word, Mason combines the unit and the type, the lyrical and the epic.

The eyes which were thereafter to look so finely into English landscape under English sky first opened upon England. The suggestions which haunt a child's first hills and trees, the hints of poetry which are so exquisite, though vague, that the poems read in after life must disappoint them while they accentuate, enforce, and seem to fulfil them, were for him suggestions connected with English country and climate. Whatever the changes and phases of after years and later thought, something probably remains of such early unconsciously received impressions. First feelings are important, as first years are so long as to be equal, each of them, to a decade of riper years; and when Mason became so eminently a painter of England, he probably found the immortal childishness which lurks in every heart to be, in his case, an English childishness in all its irreplaceable early associations. Therefore his English work must have been, not an assumption, but a reversion to everything in nature which was deepest, earliest, and most fundamental in his thoughts.

Mason's father was George Miles Mason, M.A., of Oxford, first master of potteries and then country gentleman, and himself the son of a celebrated potter whose "ironware china" had once a great fame. Well educated and refined, he established himself for a life of leisure in an old family house, Gothicised according to the lights of the time, and thus summarily converted into an "Abbey." But the name Abbey implies a past, and it is happily or unhappily impossible to build the past into your Gothic; the present is absolutely, and the future in a great measure, at your mercy, to delight or to afflict, but the past is safe and out of reach; and Wetley Abbey was an abbey but in name. A love of mild architecture was more prevalent in that day than was such a love of painting as would sanction the deliberate adoption of Art as a profession, at least until something else had failed. It is easy and a little tempting to be voluble in contempt of such dark times; but the prejudice, whatever it was worth in itself, assuredly proved the means of keeping many pictures unpainted, to the gain of the world. Something of value has possibly been lost; but, on the other hand, much has been avoided which could not fail to be bad or mediocre. The Schoolmen, who by preference exercised their wits upon questions which can never have an answer, once debated whether Omniscience had before it the whole train of events which did not happen but which would have happened if things had been otherwise (the problem is unscientifically, but perhaps sufficiently, stated). Like other speculations of its time, this is a question which makes the reason reel; and however it may be with Omniscience, the limited intellect is always ill employed in the contemplation of the might-have-been. Nevertheless we will balance probabilities and not be too hard upon the fathers who a generation ago restrained their sons from the pursuit of Art. In George Mason's case the restraint was quickly evaded, even though he followed his father's wish, and became a student of surgery; but Mr. Ruskin, we know, likes artists to have been goldsmiths, and if goldsmiths, why not surgeons? Anything which educates the hand and refines the touch must be good for drawing: Mason's time of reluctant training, therefore, was probably not lost. Moreover, though he pursued his hospital work he painted and drew with a steady heart, keeping the hope that his true work might find him on some happy day to come.

The first completed picture of the young artist was painted when he was sixteen. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Mason. Little more than the interest of an autograph attaches to this schoolboyish and ingenuous work, with its staginess and its air of imitation romance. An eye determined to see some sign of genius and some promise of greatness might discover a certain warmth in the colouring, and in fact it is not such as would be produced by a boy who was an absolute barbarian in the matter of colour. Something of the manner of Cattermole seems to have entered into the young painter's reminiscences, but otherwise George Mason's first picture shows less rather than more of promise than might fairly be looked for. His subject was 'Gil Blas in the Cave of the Robbers,' and his family—brothers and sisters and all—were costumed and made to serve as models. Another early work dealt with one of the ghastly incidents of the mediæval plague-times. In the quasi-cheerful rebound of the human mind too much pressed down by grief or fear; a *viveur* of the period—the first attacked of the pestilence—has bidden his friends put him in a chair when he was dead, with the cards in his hand and a bumper of Burgundy at his side; "If I can I will return and play."

A strong taste, and still more a strong purpose, does not always further a boy's general education—unless, that is, the taste and the purpose be literary. For education in our day is strangely literary, almost exclusively literary, so that the artist may be excused for his impatience of its processes. His heart is not with school books, he rebels at the literary mental attitude which he is expected to take, and all his anxiety generally is that he may shorten the time, and get back to the study of those great and simple arts of seeing, which are more to him than the arts of reading and thinking. That it was so with Mason may be concluded from the fact that his learning was not exactly classical. But he supplemented it with a physical education of a singularly complete kind, and he who faded away in ruined health and strength, leaving the works of his genius touched with the weakness of disease, was in those early days the champion of his village as a quarter-of-a-mile runner, and a jumper, boxer, wrestler, hunter and sportsman, and the hero of a sheep-shearing and of a country fair. He can have had no illusions about the

English labourer nor about the English labourer's wife and daughter; he knew all about them and all about the beer under the influence of which a whole district was wont to be subdued at festival time. When in after years his art treated these people with a respectful idealisation in which there was no conventionality, he probably worked rather in the delicate intention of turning the suggestions of goodness and beauty into facts than in a spirit of simulation. He chooses to ignore in his pictures the humours of a free fight in the low-ceilinged room of a country inn—Wetley against a neighbouring village—legitimately enough. His young energies,

"The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,"

led him into the hearty hostilities of these encounters, but his artistic memory treasured chiefly the figures of the most innocent members of that rude community—the little girls who gathered blackberries, or tended geese, or sang the Evening Hymn about the confines of the belligerent villages. With regard to the innocent *rixe* above mentioned, and the taste which leads young men of education and of sensitive feeling to the cultivation of "low company," it may be said, in passing, that all men who are not finical through weak health or sulky refinement find an interest in what the shocked susceptibilities of their female relations feel to be "low company." Perhaps this society is sought merely in the pages of Dickens or Fielding, or more recklessly in those of Emile Zola; or the student of life contents himself with the intercourse of the stable and the kennel, where his advantages of birth are recognised while his scientific inferiority is understood; or again he has the manliness to run wild on equal terms with the heroes of the village-green, to measure himself with them by the standard of a common muscular humanity, and to share their beer. After all, "low company" is in the majority, and a healthy mind has probably always a sympathy with the numbers of his race. Rose-water cannot prevail throughout the whole experiences of masculine adolescence, and George Mason's wild oats were a breezy crop sown in the sun and rain upon country soil.

In spite of these pranks, however, the surgical studies went on in somewhat desultory fashion, and a little sketching and drawing—chiefly of animals. George Mason was articled to a surgeon at Birmingham, walked the hospital there, and gained a medal for attending cholera patients. His courage is doubtless the more admirable that his heart was not in the science of his work. But the day of his release came at last; a friend took the part of the misplaced young man, argued the father out of his heart's desire, and gained the final abandonment of the medical project. Then ensued a pleasant space of that idleness which genius can never forego without loss. Every one who has had the happiness of conceiving a good thought in art—and especially in literary art—knows that there is a pause before he turns his mind explicitly to the formulation of his idea. He keeps his secret and does nothing with it, but lets the little seed lie unplanted, because he knows it is alive, and that whenever it shall please him to give it earth and moisture, it will germinate. This is the happiest moment of artistic labour, for it allows the artist the sweetness at once of promise, of mystery, and of possession. What passes in the conscious heart of the artist before his day's work may take place also, with slower pauses, in the unconscious heart of the artist before his life's work.

At twenty-seven George Mason, accompanied by one of his brothers, paid his first visit to Italy. It was an amateur visit, the pleasure-tour of two gay and vigorous men, and the more important first impressions of Italy must have fallen upon that same mood of receptive growth and passive evolution, and must have been assimilated with that unconscious process which is perhaps the healthiest, and certainly the most youthful, form of digestion. Yet Mason kept his eyes open to all that interested, of necessity, an intelligent tourist; he kept a journal filled with notes upon the pictures and the natural effects which attracted him, with extracts from the books he read, and with scraps of his own verses. Reading for pleasure was mingled with all his idleness then and his labour thereafter. In Rome there was a beginning of the artistic life; a studio was taken, but a long *villeggiatura* caused the postponement of serious studies. With a number of pleasant Italian acquaintances, the light-hearted Englishmen enjoyed those predetermined and deliberate festivities which are hardly to be found anywhere out of Italy. Who that knows Italians does not know the sitting down to eat and drink, and the rising up to play, on the shores of Orta and Como, or at Lucca and Recoaro, in the summer? There is nothing like it possible in preoccupied England, which is as subject to distractions in her enjoyments as a tired devotee in his prayers. In Pepys's time, it would seem, England too had this frankness, completeness, and singleness of high spirits; Pepys and Mrs. Pepys could apply themselves to play as the Italians do still. But among their descendants there is forethought and afterthought and carefulness, so that merriment is anything rather than, like Pepys's, "mighty." In the days, too, of Mr. Mason's first visit to Italy there was still perhaps something remaining of the prestige which had formerly attached to an Englishman on his travels. From the days of the grand tour to the days of Cook the transitions have been very gradual. And if Mason's Italian acquaintances were interested in him for his nationality, they loved for his own sake one whose companionship must have been most pleasant, the playmate whose gaiety his friends remember now with smiles at the wit and frolic of the past.

It was in the midst of all this merrymaking that the news of ruin arrived. Mason's father had lost all, and the two young brothers were cast upon their own resources not only for the shaping of a future career, but for daily bread. In the surprise of the tidings they returned to Rome. George Mason went into the bare Roman studio, alone, without money, with slender hope of employment. This was the beginning of an irresponsible, detached, and tolerably cheerful time of want, cold, and solitary destitution.

The etching of 'Blackberry Gatherers,' by George Mason, which accompanies the present chapter of his life, is noticed under the heading "Our Illustrations."

ALICE MEYNELL.

(To be continued.)

MR. RUSKIN ON CISTERCIAN ARCHITECTURE.

AT the London Institution, in Finsbury Circus, on Monday, December 4, Mr. Ruskin delivered a lecture to an overflowing audience. Apparently but little endeavour had been made by the management to prevent a recurrence of the overcrowd and disorder which have invariably attended the delivery of Mr. Ruskin's lectures in this place, and the lecturer was consequently more than once interrupted by cries of discomfort and discontent as to the accommodation of some of the visitors. We venture to suggest that the grounds for such disturbances are not unavoidable, and to hope that they may not recur on another occasion. A lecture by Mr. Ruskin is no doubt an opportunity of which all the members of the Institution may well wish to take advantage, but if it is impossible that they should do so, it is surely possible to reckon the number of places comfortably available, and to limit the issue of tickets to that number. Mr. Ruskin has a right to expect and demand this small return for the benefits he so gratuitously bestows on the Institution. We feel bound also to add that a request for a ticket for the representative of this Journal was refused with scant courtesy.

It was, then, with no little difficulty on the occasion in question that Mr. Ruskin pressed his way to the table. He looked in good health and spirits, and his lecture was an admirable example of his "grave to gay" manner. In answer to a very warm welcome he addressed a few words to his audience, assuring them of his pleasure in being back amongst them, and expressing his sorrow that his health did not permit him to appear there more frequently. He had, he said, to apologise to them, first, for not saying more on that matter, and secondly, for the change, already announced, in the title of his lecture. As to the first, he had meant to deliver an extempore speech to them, and had spent half the morning writing it; but he found it wouldn't be learnt by heart, and so—well, it must be forgiven him. Then as to the change of title: the lecture was to have been on "Crystallography," and now it was to be on "Cistercian Architecture." He had changed the title, and would have apologised more, only a certain newspaper had had a consolatory paragraph on the subject, in which it had said that all his titles were equally good for all his lectures; nobody could tell from any of them what was coming, and so one did as well as another. There was some truth, too, in it after all, for the "Crystallography" lecture would have said a good deal about "Cistercian Architecture," and as for the present lecture, he had found great difficulty, and really had to exercise no little self-denial, to keep it off "Crystallography." Not that there was much in it about "Cistercian Architecture" either. Those who knew his writings would know that to him the "stones of Citeaux" would be interesting only as they expressed the minds and souls of their builders, and so it ought not to surprise some of his hearers to find a lecture by him on "Cistercian Architecture" dealing mainly with the Cistercians themselves.

With this preface, given in his happiest manner, and with a fine humour that won the good-will and sharpened the interest of all present, Mr. Ruskin proceeded to the business of the day. It is, of course, impossible for us to give our readers a complete account of the whole lecture, but we shall be able, we hope, to put the main gist of it before them, together with some quotations from it, as well as from the delightful little "extempore speeches" with which, like many of its fellows, it was now and again enriched. The special charm of its delivery can be imagined by those who are familiar with Mr. Ruskin's manner in the lecture-room.

It began, then, with a reference to the early life of the lecturer, and a statement of the main influences under which he made acquaintance with the abbeys of England. These two influences were, first, that of his parents' teaching; and secondly, that of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Both were of great value, but both in some degree mistaken. His parents were too well informed, indeed, to look without reverence on other forms of faith, but they were imbued with "the strictest principles of Calvinism," and, "in common with most English people of their day, were suspicious of the monastic as distinguished from the clerical power." The novels of Scott, too, containing "a series of realisations which are the best historical painting yet done in Europe," were over-Protestant in their real tendency. However much "the more zealous members of the Scottish Church" may have imagined him partial to Catholicism, "the truth is that Scott always attributes the highest qualities to the sincere disciples of Presbyterian doctrine, whilst the crozier and the cowl become with him little more than the paraphernalia of the theatre; and the final outcome and effective conclusion of all his moonlight reveries in St. Mary's aisle was but, for himself and for his readers, that

> 'The monks of Melrose made gude kail
> On Fridays, when they fasted.'"

Hence came the first question of the lecture, put by its author with a characteristic appearance of lightness, "Is not the making of good broth one of the special functions of a good monk?" What was the sentiment of the old monks of the valley, who built our now ruined abbeys? Was it entirely dishonest, or their adventure entirely selfish? Let us see. We look now on the daisy-sprinkled and deep-furrowed fields of our country spread in fair order before us. Were they "laid in their sweet levels by the mountain streams?" No. Where many of them now lie the ground was once covered with shingle or wet with marsh, and, recognising this, it is well that we should remember how "the sagacity which discerned and the industry which redeemed the land" were found exclusively amongst the valley monks.

And so it was throughout Europe. These monks are distinct from the mountain Eremites and other meditative brethren. They were, as the world will one day admit, "the purest and probably the most vital elements" of the Christian civilisation of their time. The history of the Church shows this to be the fact. That history, now nearing the close of its twentieth century, falls broadly into four great periods of

five hundred years each. First, there is the fall of the Roman Empire and the establishment of the mystic saints, together with the theories and practices of ascetic monasticism. Rome dies in luxury; the Church grows up in self-enforced hardship. In these years, too, the Vulgate translation of the Bible is finished, and the doctrinal machineries of the Catholic Church complete.

Then comes the second period. The work of the Church begins. Her saints are no longer martyrs only, but workers; "people who by no means appear only to expire, and exist thenceforward only as pictures stuck full of hearts and arrows, but persons as busy, as obstinate, and as inevitable as modern engineers and railway contractors." Mysticism changes to real action; fancy to fact; belief passes into law.

In the third five hundred years the energy of the Church is developed and its laws perfected; Gothic architecture is created and the lost art of Apelles revived. "Perfect laws of honest commerce," "a perfect scheme of Christian education," and "the perfect victory of civil justice in Christian kinghood," are centralised on the Rialto, written on the walls of Florence, and exemplified in the submission of their quarrel by the Barons of England to the arbitrement of St. Louis. "Towards the close of these years the Church corrupts itself; in their close it virtually expires."

"Then, fourth and lastly, in these presently proceeding and fast concluding five hundred years, you have printing, gunpowder, and steam; Liberty, Reason, and Science; your parliamentary eloquence and your parliamentary clôture—doing for you it yet remains to be seen, exactly, what."

Here the introductory portion of the lecture closed, and Mr. Ruskin, "thrown back into old channels of affection" by his recent "pilgrimage through the earlier Burgundian churches to the birthplaces of the two St. Bernards, of the Alp and of the Vale," asked the willingly given indulgence of his audience.

Returning, then, to towards the end of the first five hundred years of the history of the Church, and beginning with the year 480, the opening year of the reign of Theodoric, the audience had put before them a picture of Rome "then fallen for ever from her war-throne," "more luxurious and wanton in her disgrace than in her majesty," "the most godless city of the earth," justifying in her pleasures and in her shames the emphatic utterance of Mr. Froude in "that splendid address of his on Calvinism, delivered before the University of St. Andrews, that there was no atheism like the atheism of Rome"—a state of mind illustrated just now by the pictures of Mr. Alma-Tadema, which were "fast becoming very admirable and wonderful pictures of very detestable things."

At this period there was born of a senatorial house a child who ran away from his home to the hills, and there found a hermit to teach him "the hope of a better life than that of Rome;" a child whom ever since all generations have called blessed—St. Benedict. He is the first and chief of the working saints: he begins his life with mending things; the repair of his nurse's corn-sieve, "only because she was so vexed about it," being his first and most famous miracle. And this story of him, explained away as it may be by "the vulgar Gibbonian theory of pious imposture," or by supposing the young Benedict "to have been neat with his fingers as some of our own boys are, though their virtue does not always show itself in the mending of things,"—this miracle, "make what you will of it, break what you will of it," is still to be noted as a fact in the minds and an influence on the lives of all subsequent Benedictines.

Before his time the Christians had talked and quarrelled and suffered, but they had, so far, neither mended, nor produced, nor shown the way to anything:—

"They had gone mad, in great numbers; had lived on blackberries and scratched themselves virulently with the thorns of them, had let their hair and nails grow too long, had worn unbecoming old rags and mats, had been often very dirty, and almost always, as far as the people could judge, very miserable. St. Benedict examines into all that, tries what advantage there may really be in it . . . . and finally determines that Christian men ought not to be hermits but helpful members of society." And thus, in the words of M. Viollet le Duc, to whom, as "the most sensible and impartial of French historians," Mr. Ruskin paid a splendid tribute of praise, "La règle de Saint Bénédict est peut-être le plus grand fait historique du moyen âge."

Of the results of that rule there soon were given visible and tangible signs. Before the opening of the eleventh century the order of St. Benedict had founded over fifteen thousand abbeys, and "up to the time of its division into the two branches of Cluny and Citeaux," had provided the Church with seven thousand bishops and four-and-twenty popes.

But this worker-saint had also a spiritual message. The extinction of Paganism had, in one sense, preceded him, but "in the deeper sense, nothing that ever once enters the human soul is afterwards extinct in it." St. Benedict and his disciples constructed, but they also destroyed. The temple of Apollo, on Monte Cassino, was laid low by their hands. They declared in their message the lordship of another sun, proclaiming, in a word, "useful labour as a man's duty upon earth, and the Sun of Righteousness as his Lord in heaven."

From this point the lecturer proceeded to give his hearers a delightful sketch of the two great monasteries of Cluny and Citeaux, describing to them what an old abbey meant, and what it was externally like; what the functions of its abbot were, and what was the life of its monks.

"Abbeys—institutions, that is to say, under the government of an abbot—a totally different person, in the ideal of him, from a bishop. Partly a farmer, partly a schoolmaster, partly an innkeeper. Not essentially, *he*, concerned with the cure of souls, but with the comfort of bodies and the instruction of brains. Not merely *given* to hospitality—apt to teach; but vowed to hospitality—bound to teach. Hospitality to travellers, mostly, as a country gentleman—but the town abbots taking up largely the office of almoners with the schooling. And truly, I think, London might wisely now find in her heart to found an east monastery as well as a west one, in fitting practical harmony and symmetry with the poetic decoration of St. Paul's."

So it was with Cluny and Citeaux. They differed, indeed, in their aspect, but it was because they gave different sides of the one ideal. Cluny was founded for the schooling of the rich, Citeaux for the help of the poor. The lands of Cluny were given it by a duke, its walls raised by kings; the first territory of Citeaux was a desolate marsh. At Cluny jewellery was made, fashioned like the clasp of the mantle of St. Louis; at Citeaux the monks made "gude kail." But both had their churches and chapels, their sacristy and library and schools, their kitchens and cellars and gardens; their workshops, whether for jewel or kail making—only at these shops it was all giving and no selling, and "the abbot, whatever his faults as the head of the firm, took no commission on his workmen's labours."

To aid his hearers in realising what the plan of such an abbey was like, Mr. Ruskin referred to a diagram, of which we give a reduced copy, of the old abbey of St. Gall, and pointed out to his audience the beauty of its arrangements. Look how, to take a single instance, on either side of the chancel were, on the right the sacristy, on the left the library, the furniture of the altar and the furniture of the school. They held equal places near the chancel, in testimony that both were equally sacred things, and that education was holy in its purposes, as well as in its subjects, in those days. "I met," said Mr. Ruskin, though not in these very words, "with a curious commentary on this when in Paris the other day. I wanted to look at something in the life of St. Bernard, and I went in search of a life of him amongst the large booksellers north of the Seine. They all gave me one answer, there were no religious books north of the Seine; novels in abundance, yes, but religious books north of the Seine, not one; and I had to go over to the Quartier Latin, amongst the poor people or the very hard students, before I could get my life of St. Bernard; I couldn't get it, or anything of that sort—north of the Seine."

We must leave our readers to study the diagram for themselves, as, after some remarks on it, Mr. Ruskin left his hearers to do; for our space, like his time, is limited.

"I fear," he said, "counting the minutes that have already passed, before I have said a word of Cistercian Architecture, that my audience will declare both the titles under which this lecture was announced to have been alike misleading. But I do not think the readers of the essays on architecture, which, of all my writings, have had the most direct influence, will think their hour misspent in enabling me personally to ask their pardon for the narrowness of statements into which either their controversial character or the special direction of my earlier studies turned me. Of which faults, one of the chief lay in the depreciation of ecclesiastical influence and the strong insistence on the national styles of civil building, into which my dread of ritualistic devotion in the first place, and in the second my too sanguine hope of turning the streets of London into the likeness of those of Nuremberg, provoked or tempted me."

Of Cistercian Architecture, then, admittedly the lecture said little, but of the foundation of the abbey of Citeaux upon a once desolate marsh, it gave the following most vivid account:—

"The first brothers who settled there had hard lives of it for many a day. The marshes would not drain; the seeds would not grow; the monks themselves died one by one of damp and fatigue. They had to rise at two in the morning for matins: it was not right to go to sleep again afterwards. They were required to meditate till dawn; but, I suppose, by heaven's grace, they sometimes nodded. They had to work with strength of hands seven hours a day, at one time or another; dined at three; no animal food allowed except in sickness, and only a pound and a half of bread. Vegetables, I suppose, what they could, except on fast-days—total, twice a week, as far as I can make out. Common human flesh and blood could not stand it; the marsh of Citeaux was too deadly for them, and they died, and died—nameless people, foolish people, what you choose to call them, yet they died for you, and for your children.

"At last St. Bernard heard of them, then a youth just back from Paris University; gathered a few more fiery ones of his own sort, and plunged into the marsh to the rescue. The poor abbot and his forlorn hope of friars went out to meet them, singing songs of deliverance. In less than twenty-five years there were more than eighty thousand Cistercian monks at work on any bit of trenchable ground they were allowed to come at between the Bay of Genoa and the Baltic."

So came Citeaux to be a great abbey, of which now, however, nothing remains. St. Bernard trenched the marshes, and then he dealt with the buildings. He extended his severe lessons to Cistercian Architecture, forbidding in its decoration the use of anything that was either ludicrous or cruel, and restricting its ornament to sacred things. This raised an interesting question as to the introduction of profane subjects into sacred architecture. But lately, said Mr. Ruskin, he had been examining some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient architecture, and had found that the most spirited parts of it had reference to hunting. He wondered very much that our English squires were not inspired so to perpetuate the memory of their hunting achievements on the pillars of their churches. We hear much praise of hunting as a source of energy, and of the rifle as a great and useful thing; it may be so, and the praise of hunting rightly bestowed; and if so, why should it seem ridiculous that we should follow the pomp of Cluny, and immortalise in our churches our noble pursuits and great possessions?

The pomp of Cluny, indeed, went too far in luxury, and so St. Bernard checked it, and worked, and watched, and prayed. What are we doing? We have no St. Bernards or St. Benedicts, but we have the overseer's factory, the squire's threshing-machine, and the Board's school. For all these we have one watchword, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—the exact contradiction of St. Bernard's "Let us watch and pray, for to-morrow we live." . . . "It is not mine to tell you," added Mr. Ruskin, "which of these is true—I feel far too like wanting to be preached to myself to preach to others—but there is one word that is true for the feeblest of us, and for all it should be enough, 'Let us labour joyfully while we have the light. The night cometh, but thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow.'"

With these words Mr. Ruskin ended a lecture, which none who heard it will readily forget. Of its humour, its fancy, its pathos, its wonderful picturesqueness and swift expression we can only give an inadequate account; and must refer our reader to the promised publication of the lecture itself, in, we hope, a not over-much revised edition.*

Again and again, as the lecture proceeded, Mr. Ruskin's audience laughed with him as they learnt from him. Nothing could exceed the humour with which he regretted the fact that the old abbeys "had their miller and their mill, but were without the miller's daughter," or described the monastery of Cluny as "the culmination of the Power of the monastic system of hill and plain, town and country, sackcloth and cloth of gold: Westminster Abbey and Bond Street in one, but missing out, I am sorry to confess, St. George's, Hanover Square."

Such too was a picture of a modern village near one of the ruined abbeys of England:—

"At one crook of the glen are the remains of the Abbey, with its half-fallen tower and half-buried cloister: at the next are the new mills, with their cloud-piercing and cloud-compelling chimney, and their quarter of a mile of square windows in dead wall. As you walk back to the village inn,

* We understand that the lecture will be soon published as one of the parts of "Our Fathers have told us," and may now be ordered of Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

VENICE - FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN RUSKIN

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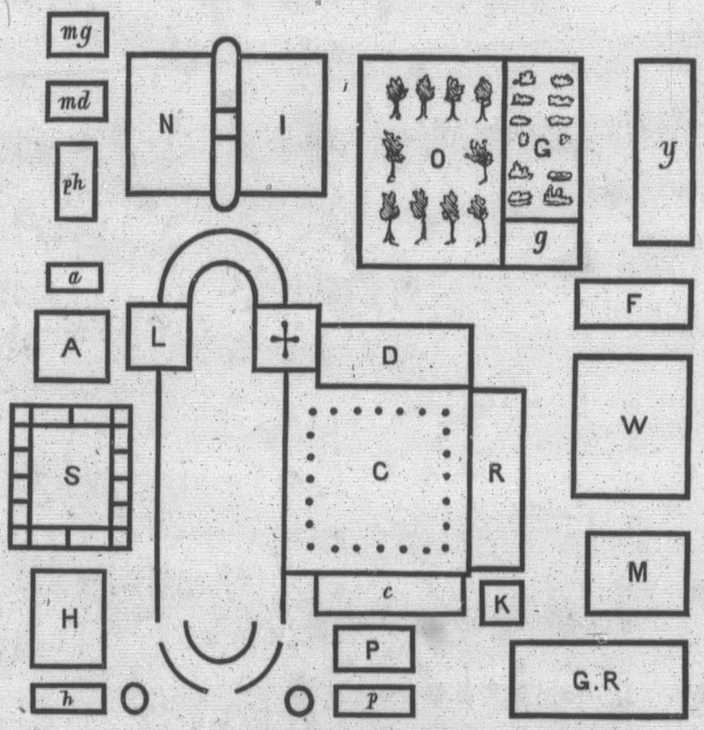
you meet the clergyman inspecting the restoration of his parish church; in the parlour of it you find the squire, bent on the introduction of agricultural machinery which will send the congregation to America."

Sometimes, as we have said, the lecturer paused, after his manner, to talk with his audience on some subject that suddenly suggested itself to his mind. Once he so stopped to pay to the memory of M. Viollet le Duc the tribute to which we have alluded; at another, to wish that the true taste of St. Cecilia were more regarded at some of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall; and again, toward the close of his lecture he paused to give an account of the way in which the old walls of Fiesole were built. Of late at Florence, he said, they had been doing some useful things, and among others had dug down to the foundations of the walls of Fiesole and found out how they were built. They are of the same stone as the rock itself, fitted on to the rock and to each other without alteration, but with the greatest ingenuity; an example of the noblest kind of building, raised "out of the rock on the rock, with the nature of the rock in them and the nature of the man in them," as in all great architecture.



The Abbey of St. Gall.

A Abbot's House.
a " Kitchen.
S Schools.
H Hospice.
h " Kitchen.
L Library.
X Sacristy.
D Dormitories.
C Cloisters.
c Cellar.
P Pilgrim's House.
p " Kitchen.
R Refectory.
K Kitchen.
G R Granaries.
M Mills.
W Workshops
F Fruithouse.
y Poultry Yard.
G Garden.
g " House.
O Orchard.
I Infirmary.
N Novice's House.
ph Pharmacy.
md Doctor's House.
mg Medicine Garden.

The readers of the "Stones of Venice" will remember Mr. Ruskin's assertion that every wall should be like Shakespeare's, a "sweet and lovely" one. Perhaps good lectures are like good walls, the better the more they have of the lecturer in them; the more his subject is in him and he in his subject, and the readier his audience are for both. If so, the reason is plain why this lecture was unanimously pronounced by Mr. Ruskin's audience to be fit to take its place amongst the brightest and best of its fellows as "the wittiest partition that ever they heard discourse."

VENICE: FROM A DRAWING BY MR. RUSKIN.

IN Mr. Ruskin's Notes to his collection of drawings by Turner, he thus refers to his method of drawing:—"I began to learn drawing by carefully copying the maps in a small quarto Atlas, of excellent old-fashioned type, the mountains well marked (but not blackened all over like those in the modern Geological Survey), the names clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned a little at a time, when one can pick them up. . . . . And so my St. George's work began, and Turner's birthday took another significance to me; and his 'Venice' also. I call it *his* 'Venice,' for she was the joy of his heart, no less than his great teacher. The Alps brought him sadness, but Venice delight. To have well studied one picture by Tintoret, one by Luini, one by Angelico, and a couple of Turner's drawings, will teach a man more than to have catalogued all the galleries of Europe; while to have drawn with attention a porch of Amiens, an arch of Verona, and a vault at Venice, will teach him more of architecture than to have made plans and sections of every big heap of brick or stone between St. Paul's and the Pyramids. . . . . It is totally beyond any man's power, unless on terms of work like Albert Dürer's, to express adequately the mere 'contents' of architectural beauty in any general view on the Grand Canal. . . . .

". . . . Better things should have come of such practice, but I got over-praised for the mechanical industry, and led away besides into other work, not fit for me. Had I been permitted at this time to put my whole strength into drawing and geology, my life, so far as I can judge, would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one. But I was too foolish and sapless myself to persist in the healthy bent; and my friends mistook me for a 'genius,' and were minded to make me a poet, or a Bishop, or a Member of Parliament."

The subject is the Grand Canal from Ca' Bernardo looking to Ca' Grimani, and the drawing is one of a series presented by Mr. Ruskin to the University Schools at Oxford. The drawing itself measures about 24 by 18 inches, and has of necessity suffered somewhat from reduction in scale. Its value, as evidence of the way in which this master of the pencil considers that Venice should be drawn, is in no degree lessened.

THE RELATIVES OF ALBRECHT DÜRER AS SEEN IN HIS WRITINGS.

DÜRER'S father kept a little record book, in which he set down various facts of family history. From this Dürer himself compiled the fascinating story, extracts of which we here translate.

"Like his family, Albrecht Dürer the elder was born in the Kingdom of Hungary, not far from a little town named Gyula, eight miles from Grosswardein, in a hamlet close thereby, Eytas by name; and his folk made their living by the rearing of oxen and horses. My father's father, however, was named Anton Dürer; he came as a lad to the said little town to a goldsmith, and learnt the craft from him. Then he took in marriage a maiden named Elizabeth, who bore him a daughter, Katharine, and three sons. The first son he called Albrecht, he was my dear father; he also was a goldsmith, an artistic, straightforward man. The second son he named Ladislaus, and he was a saddler. His son is my cousin, Niklas Dürer, who dwells at Cologne; he too is a goldsmith, and learnt the craft here at Nuremberg from my father. The third son he called Johannes.

"So Albrecht Dürer, my dear father, came to Germany. He was for a long time in the Netherlands with the great artists, and then he came hither to Nuremberg, in the year 1455, reckoned from the birth of Christ, on St. Eulogius' Day" (March 11), "and on the self-same day Philipp Pirkheimer" (a relative of Wilibald Pirkheimer, Dürer's own bosom friend) "had his marriage at the 'Veste,' and there was a great dance under the big lime-tree. And long time my dear father, Albrecht Dürer, served old Hieronymus Holper (he was my grandfather) till the year 1467, reckoned from the birth of Christ; then my grandfather gave him his daughter, a fair, upright maiden, 15 years old, Barbara by name, and he wedded her eight days before St. Vitus' (June 3) . . . And my dear father had by his marriage with my dear mother these following children—which I set down here word for word as he wrote it in his book." The reader may be spared the eighteen entries which follow, ranging over the years 1468–1492. They are all cast in the same form, and the third, as most important, shall stand as typical of the rest. "*Item.*—In the year 1471 after the birth of Christ, at the sixth hour of the day" (according to the old Nuremberg reckoning of time), "on St. Prudentia's Day, it was on a Tuesday in Rogation week (May 21), my wife bare me a second son. Anton Koburger (a printer, otherwise notable in Nuremberg) was his godfather, and he called him Albrecht, after me." Thus is little Albrecht launched into a world of swaddling-clothes and teething, very incomprehensible to him. Second son he was of his father, though eldest surviving child—but we must continue the narrative. "These, my brothers and sisters, children of my dear father, are all dead now, some in their youth, others as they grew up; only we three brothers still live so long as God will, namely, I, Albrecht, and my brother Andreas, likewise my brother Hans, third of the name, my father's children."

For his father's character Dürer had a great reverence and love. He is always "this, my dear father." In speaking of him, Dürer's language takes a softer form, strangely contrasting with the ruggedness of his usual style. I do not apologise for giving the reader much more of Dürer's words than of my own. "This above-mentioned Albrecht Dürer the elder spent his life in great toil and hard, stern labour. He had naught for his subsistence save what he earned with his hand for himself, his wife and his children. Wherefore he had very little. Moreover he suffered manifold afflictions, trials, and adversities, but he won from all who knew him a worthy praise, for he lived an honourable Christian life, was a patient man, mild and peaceable to all men, and very thankful toward God. For himself also he had little need of company and worldly pleasures. He was, moreover, one of few words, and a God-fearing man. This, my dear father, gave great pains to his children, to bring them up to the honour of God; for it was his highest wish to rear his children well in all reverence, that so they might be pleasing both to God and man. Wherefore it was his daily speech to us that we should have love to God, and should deal truly towards our neighbours."

Albrecht Dürer (the elder), from an Engraving by Holler, after a Painting by Albrecht Dürer (the younger), now in Sion House.

Such was the man to whom the youthful Dürer owed the fashioning of his mind, and from whom he learnt the first discipline of his hand. The words in which the son tells us of his father are few, but they are enough, and the old goldsmith lives before us. But the painter son has left a nobler memorial of the noble father—a picture, namely, still preserved in Sion House. It was engraved by Hollar, and a copy of it is given above. Here is a note of it written by one who had never read Dürer's written account. "Portrait of Albert Dürer the elder, painted in 1497—a

remarkable-looking man, strangely grave and still, one, moreover, who had seen much trouble—so do cares leave their marks. He will not get into a passion—he, with his hands so quietly joined. I should apply the word 'resigned' to him—truly a most pathetic face! So quietly he stands there for his son to paint before starting on his travelling years, thinking, perhaps, that they may never meet again, yet *almost* smiling as he watches the progressing work. It is strange, hard to believe as actual fact, that this old man did in very truth stand in that bread-and-butter toy-shop of a Nuremberg for a living Albert Dürer to paint—and here is the result. Poor old labourer, his day's work well-nigh accomplished. Pity him!—the nobly pitiable—worthy of and waiting for his rest in the quiet grave."

Death, too, was waiting to take him thither, not as we see him in the terrible "Dance," coming in laughter, or coming in spite, but kind of hand; such a Death as he that comes for the ploughman in Holbein's woodcut, speeding his horses up their last furrow, which ends by the churchyard wall, and beyond—only the soft brightness of the setting sun. "And when he saw Death before his eyes, he gave himself willingly thereto with great patience, and commended my mother to me, and exhorted me to live in a manner pleasing to God"—thus Dürer writes. Fortunately for us, a page out of another MS. book of his survives, and from it let us take the following passage: "And so the old dame helped him up and the nightcap on his head had quickly become quite wet with his great sweat. Now he asked to drink, so she gave him a little Rainfall wine. He took a very little of it, and desired to get into bed again, and thanked her. And when he was come into the bed he fell at once into his last agony. Incontinently the old dame lit the candle for him, and said him St. Bernard's verses, and ere she had spoken the third he was gone. God be merciful unto him. And the young maid, when she saw the change, ran swiftly to my chamber and waked me. Yet before I came down he was departed. I looked on the dead with great sorrow, seeing that I was not worthy to be present at his death. And it was in the night next before St. Matthew's eve" (20th Sept. 1502) "that my father died—the merciful God help me also to a happy end—and he left my mother behind as a poor, afflicted widow. Her had he ever praised highly to me, saying what a pious wife she was, wherefore I am determined nevermore to forsake her." And so the earth closed over the grave of the earnest workman, and for Dürer, now in the strength of his youth and the fulness of his hopes, the strongest link that bound him to the past was broken.

Agnes, Wife of Albrecht Dürer, from a Drawing.

Deep as was Dürer's reverence for his father, his feelings for his mother were even stronger. His was a heart with the vastest capacities of affection. No character was ever rounder than Dürer's—he had in him the potentiality of every feeling. Few could have loved more whole-heartedly. All the strength of his young feelings centred themselves about this mother, this "poor, afflicted mother," and no love of wife or friend ever cast a cloud between parent and child. It cannot be too often repeated, that Dürer lived at a time of religious and intellectual revolution—that is the key-note of the life of the man. The garments of thought for Dürer's generation differed totally from those of their predecessors. They thought, as it were, in a different language, and the elders could scarce understand their children, and thought the world was swiftly rushing to perdition. In such cases the women are wont to lag behind; the formulæ of their youth are enough for them, suffice to carry them, through a life of quiet household cares and an age of honourable dependence on their children, to the grave beyond which all that they loved in their youth waits to greet them in a second higher infancy. Such was Dürer's mother. She had been brought up in an age of unquestioning belief in the doctrines of a Church still visibly Catholic; its teaching it had never occurred to her to trouble herself by discussing; she had fulfilled the simple duties it ordained, the half-formed reverences and dim upward yearnings of her simple soul had found themselves fitly shrouded in the rites of the Church of her day, and she went forward with the lowly round of her every-day duties, fearing God, and doing that which each hour required. Such a woman could have no sympathy with the religious revolutionary movement of the day, or at any rate no understanding of it. Between her religious feelings and those of her great son there could have been little in common. His would have comprehended hers, but hers could scarcely have sympathised with his.

Of her life after her husband's death we gain several glimpses in Dürer's writings. "Two years after my father's death" (*i.e.* in 1504), "I took my mother to live with me, for she had nothing more to live on. And so she lived with me till the year reckoned 1513," when she died. Of her mode of life he tells us, "Her commonest habit was to go much to the church, and she ever zealously rebuked me if I did not deal well, and ever had she, for me and my brother, a great fear of sin. And if I went out or in, her phrase was still, 'Go in the name of Christ.' Daily she gave us holy admonitions with high zeal, and had great concern for our souls' health. Her good works, and the compassion which she had for all, can I nowise extol enough, as also her good reputation. This, my dear mother, bare and brought up eighteen children; often

had the plague, and many other strange and heavy sicknesses; suffered great poverty, reproach, contempt, mocking, terrors, and great adversities. Nevertheless was she never revengeful."

Almost all Dürer's letters from Venice to his friend Pirkheimer at Nuremberg contain references to her. "Tell my mother to write to me, and to do well for herself." More often it is about money that the struggling artist writes. His mother and wife are to sell his prints, and such other money as they require Pirkheimer will lend them. The wife goes off to Frankfort fair to sell prints there; the mother is to be ready to take advantage of the great Nuremberg fête for the same purpose. The old dame we know used to write to her son—what would not we give for one of the letters! She scolded him well, it would seem, for not writing to Pirkheimer, the rich friend who had lent him money; and she was much cumbered about his negligence, "as it is her way to be." The following passage too is interesting, and gives a glimpse of the good woman, fearful about her youngest son: "As to my brother, tell my mother to speak to Wolgemut" (Dürer's master in painting) "whether he can give him anything to do, and set him to work till I come home. I should gladly have brought him with me to Venice, it would have been useful both to me and him, and also for the sake of learning the language, but they feared the heavens would fall on him. I pray thee see after him thyself; it is lost labour with the women. Tell the lad, as you well can, that he must learn, and behave diligently till I come, and not be a burden on his mother."

Andreas Dürer, from a Silver-point Drawing in the Albertina at Vienna.

Thus the poor old dame spent her days, and at length the time came when she, too, was privileged to die. "Now you must know that in the year 1513, on a Tuesday before Rogation week, my poor afflicted mother suddenly became one morning so deadly sick that we brake into her chamber, otherwise, as she could not open to us, we had not been able to come to her. So we bare her upstairs into a room, and both sacraments were given her, for all the world thought she would die, seeing that she had ever kept her health since my father's death. However, from this day on which she fell ill, a year afterwards, 1514 as it is reckoned, on a Tuesday—it was the 17th day in May—two hours before the coming on of the night, my mother, Barbara Dürer, Christianly expired with all sacraments, absolved by Papal power from pain and sin. Moreover, she first gave me her blessing, and wished me the peace of God, with much beautiful exhortation to me to keep myself from sin. She desired also to drink St. John's blessing, which she did. She feared Death much, but she said that to appear before God she feared not. Moreover, she died hard, and I marked how she saw something terrible, for she asked for the holy water, although for a long time before she had not spoken. Then her eyes brake. I saw also how Death smote her two great strokes in the heart, and how she closed mouth and eyes and departed with pain. I said the prayers for her. I have such sorrow for her that I cannot express it. God be gracious unto her. Her greatest joy was ever to talk of God, and gladly she beheld the honour of God. She was in her 63rd year when she died, and I have buried her honourably according to my means. God, the Lord, grant me that I too may attain a happy end. . . . And in her death she looked much more beautiful than when she was still alive." About Dürer's other relations his writings give us but little information, save as to the dates of their births and deaths. As to his brothers, indeed, he tells us that on his father's death "I took my brother Hans to dwell with me, but we sent Andreas off" on his travels, he being of the customary age to go and earn experience elsewhere, as all apprentices were wont to do. We know something more of this goldsmith, Andreas, from other sources, not within our present scope, and we possess two portrait drawings of him by the great master. Hans was the youngest of the three brothers, the one his mother feared to allow out of her sight, lest "the heavens should fall on him." One would judge from Dürer's words that he was inclined to be idle, a happy fellow, fond of play, and not fond of work. He survived his brother and shared his inheritance, became himself a painter, but seems not to have been worth much in that line, though he earned a livelihood thereby, not without honour. Cousin Niklas, too, there was at Cologne, glad enough to claim relationship with the great artist, and accept the present of a cloak trimmed with velvet from him, when he came that way in the fulness of his fame. He invited Dürer to dinner, for which his wife received a present of eight stivers, and afterwards of a florin, whilst smaller gifts were showered upon the servants—an engraving of St. Eustace for one, of Nemesis for another, seven white pfennings for the daughter, "seeing that they have had much trouble with me."

It is very strange that throughout these writings of Dürer's his wife is never, or only once, mentioned in anything but a most perfunctory manner. His parents are always "my dear father," "my dear mother," but he never once speaks of "my dear wife." The first mention of her is in his account

of his father. "When I was come home again (from my travels), Hans Frey dealt with my father, and gave me his daughter, Mistress Agnes, and with her he gave me 200 florins, and we were married—it was on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, 1494." In the letters to Pirkheimer from Venice, she is now and again mentioned with reference to money, but she and Pirkheimer seem never to have been very good friends. She appears more frequently in the diary of the journey to the Netherlands in the years 1520–21, whither Dürer was accompanied by her and her maid Susanna. At Lahnstein, on the Rhine, the toll-taker "gave me a can of wine, for he knew my wife well, and was glad to see me." As they were passing Boppart we know that he made a sketch of her in his book, because the page is still in existence in the Imperial Library at Vienna. When they get to Antwerp Dürer goes out to dinner the first night, "but my wife ate at the inn." A few days afterwards a permanent arrangement is made with the innkeeper, "I am to dine with my host, and pay him two stivers for the meal, and extra for what I drink; but henceforth my wife and maid must cook and eat upstairs." Sometimes she goes out to dinner with him. One Sunday "the painters invited me and my wife and my maid to their guildhall," where they had a noble feast, and Dürer was shown such high honour that the fame of it reached Nuremberg, and was there remembered fifty years later. They also dined together at the invitation of the goldsmiths, and once with Dürer's greatest friend in Antwerp, Tomasin Bombelli, who, for the rest, made the lady several small presents, duly recorded by her husband in his list of receipts. It is only very occasionally that Dürer dines alone with her.

At Bergen-op-Zoom, when he was passing through on his way to look at a great whale stranded on the Zealand coast, he bought her a Flemish head-dress of thin cloth, in which he afterwards drew her portrait. The drawing is still in existence, and formed part of the Posonyi-Hullot collection (Cat. No. 344). The inscription on it is the only indication of any trace of affection between them. "This portrait of his wife, in Netherland's costume, hath Albrecht Dürer made at Antwerp, in the year 1521, when they had had each other in marriage xxvii years." The scope of his diary, which should rather be called an account-book *raisonné*, does not admit of much expression of feeling, but if ever the chance occurs he does not avail himself of it. When we are without certain knowledge, we must judge from the cumulative effect of trifling hints, and these, so far as Dürer's writings are concerned, all point to a lack of affection between them. The value of these slight indications is small, the majority of notices of Frau Agnes being such as that she had her pocket picked in the Church of our Lady, or that she stood godmother to some neighbour's child. Coupled, however, with Pirkheimer's very strong accusation of her, contained in his well-known letter to Tscherte about Dürer's death, it is very hard to believe that she was the dutiful wife and peaceful companion that some would have us think. Granting with Professor Thausing that Pirkheimer's letter was a product of spite and ill-health, and considering it utterly false, as we should be only too glad to do, we do not thereby establish Agnes's character as wife, we merely reduce ourselves to a state of complete ignorance in the matter. But, making all the allowances that we can, there still seems to remain a residuum of arguments all pointing one way—tending to suggest that Agnes was not a model wife, not a loving and beloved companion of one of the greatest and one of the noblest of the great and noble race of German men. Do what we will, we cannot but picture Dürer to ourselves as a man to whom the highest earthly privilege was denied—that, namely, of having as the companion of his life one who could enter into the yearnings of his heart, and could support him with sympathy in the dark valleys of disappointment. But what of that? Possibly in the long run he lost little thereby; possibly his rugged northern nature through this continual trial attained to a more masculine, a more independent strength; possibly only thus could the force that was in him be made to work itself out and render itself effective. Such *may* have been the case, but likewise it *may* not: here, however, we are conjecturing, so it is time that we bring our writing to an end.

W. M. CONWAY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTURES.*

OLD VOLTAIRE in his long wig teaching *Belle et Bonne* how the great ladies used to pay reverence to the king and queen in the old days.—*Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1882, p. 630.

LUTHER leaving Wittenburg for Worms with nothing but his Bible and his flute.—*Froude's "Life of Carlyle,"* vol. ii. p. 76.

CROMWELL AND VANDYKE'S PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE FIRST.—"I would know," said Wildrake, to whom the visible anxiety of the General gave some confidence, "what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him?" "A tall, raw-boned, swarthy lad, they say he has shot up into. Here is his picture, by a good hand some time since." He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall; but it proved not to be that of Charles II., but of his unhappy father. The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his disinclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance of his own feelings, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. It was well for Wildrake that his dangerous companion had not turned an eye on him, for his blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death. Being a fierce and desperate man, he commanded his passion with great difficulty; and if, on its first violence, he had been provided with a suitable weapon, it is possible Cromwell would never have ascended higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power."—*Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock,"* chap. viii.

* We propose occasionally to give brief extracts from standard books and other sources, which appear to lend themselves to pictorial representations, and therefore to be of use to artists. We should be glad to receive communications on the subject.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.*

No. II.—FRENCH GOLD AND SILVER-SMITHS' WORK.

THE International Exhibition of 1878 proved to the whole world that the goldsmiths' trade in France, glorious and remarkable in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is, for abundance of production, variety, and perfection of handicraft, still worthy of past renown; numbers of highly-gifted artists are employed to maintain its reputation. It would be impossible to enumerate the whole category of articles manufactured in Parisian workshops which entail special and complicated work. The discoveries of science and the progress of chemistry furnish new elements for the activity of the artists, and necessitate more and more a division and classification of work. To study methodically the vast number of productions in this manufacture, it is necessary to divide them into three distinct series:—1st. The trade of the goldsmith; 2nd. The jeweller and lapidary; 3rd. The manufacture of iron, bronze, copper, etc. Beginning with the first, we will glance at the most remarkable works of this class produced in France during 1882.

In these days the division of labour in all arts connected with trade, complicates the manufacture by endangering the unity of the work. Formerly goldsmiths executed with their own hands articles of gold and silver, of which they had generally themselves designed the models. This is no longer always the case; a designer originates the whole, a sculptor models the figures and ornaments, then come the forger, the engraver, the polisher.

What the manufacturer now requires is the gift of uniting these various elements, and instigating the co-operators to give unity to the work. There are some who, without knowing how to hold a pencil or execute the most trifling sketch, possess in the highest degree the rare ability of skilfully directing their artisans, collecting the best artists and workmen, choosing good models, and finding the most perfect mechanical means for the alloy of the metals, or for combinations of decoration.

There are, however, some few goldsmiths left who design and execute with their own hands in the old fashion. Foremost among these may be named MM. Fannière Brothers. Messieurs Fannière live in great retirement, without commercial interests, but execute lovingly, slowly, and patiently works required of them by shield connoisseurs. For twenty years they have been occupied in the construction of a shield, where on a plate of steel are represented the heroes of the "Orlando Furioso," equestrian figures detached in relief upon an ornamental ground. They commenced, three years ago, a charming silver salt-cellar, intended for the Decorative Arts Museum, representing a child with difficulty supporting a shell, and are now completing a dinner service of seven or eight pieces, which have all the elegant characteristics and beautiful shapes which stamp their works. MM. Fannière do not resort to the modern custom of casting the metals, which, however useful it may be, is doubtful in its results. Inheriting the traditions of other days, they *rétreignent* the silver, beating it with light strokes, and producing gradually the desired effect. Another manufacturer, who has acquired reputation for the graceful charm and perfection of his works, is M. L. Falize. A well-read archæologist and distinguished author, he wields the critic's pen as easily as the chisel, and none have written better articles than his upon this subject. He is an authority, and all amateurs know the work issued under the *nom de plume* of "Monsieur Josse," in which, with much logic and shrewdness, he ridiculed the mania of certain celebrated contemporary French collectors, who will buy none but objects of antiquity, even though they may be merely clever copies fraudulently executed by modern workmen.

No. 6.—Clock by Bapst and Falize.

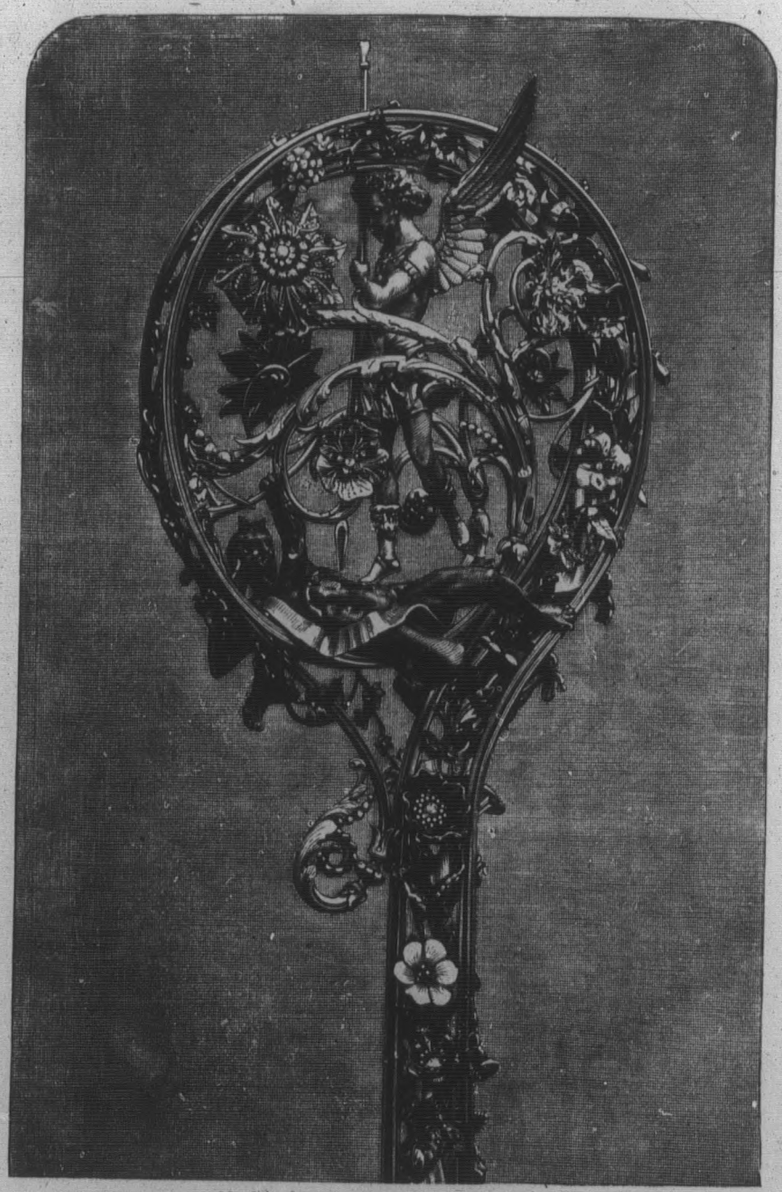
* Continued from page 26.

M. Falize has recently formed a partnership with M. Bapst, heir to the goldsmith of that name. Among the recent achievements of this house may be mentioned five clocks which are masterpieces of their kind. Clock-making has ever been an attractive pursuit, and it is certainly one of the most suitable for the use of gold and silver, combined with sculpture, enamelling, engraving, etc. It is remarkable that of these five clocks three have been ordered or obtained by English patrons, and it must be confessed, even at the cost of the national *amour propre* of a French critic, that the most intelligent and clever collectors are to be found in England, who are always on the look-out for promising talents and rising reputations. Many among them have the good sense not to be determined to buy objects of Art merely for the sake of antiquity, but, less bigoted than Parisian amateurs, they can appreciate merit and beauty in modern Art; and find means to acquire the most perfect specimens of it.

No. 7.—Portion of Plateau of the Seasons. By Jules Brateau.

Sir C. Scott has purchased the clock formed after the manner of a Renaissance temple; in shape it recalls the fountain of Jean Goujon; at the corners are figures representing the four stages of life; the gold bas-reliefs on the four sides are descriptive of the Philosophy of History in the past, the present, and the future. Two embossed groups upon the enamel dials represent Repose and Study. On the previous page we reproduce this work (No. 6).

M. Froment-Meurice, like MM. Bapst and Falize, has several ateliers in one. Among works executed in this establishment last year, deserving of special mention, is a chandelier and a seal of pebble glass in chased silver for Madame la Princesse Mentchikoff. There is also a sword which was presented to General de Cissey; it was exhibited with signal success at the "Salon des Arts Décoratifs" in May, 1882. The reader may judge from the engraving given (No. 9) of its delicate shape, yet powerful modelling. The design was furnished by one of the most illustrious and beloved of contemporary sculptors, M. Antoine Mercié, whose firm touch and clever conception may be traced throughout. The handle is formed by the figure of a woman of grave and heroic features spurning at her feet a hideous monster, possibly symbolical of the calumny of which General de Cissey, in his latter days, was a lamentable victim. The sole reproach that can be made against such a work is that the artist did not sufficiently bear in mind its destination. A sword handle should be simple and without ridges to wound the hand, and a statuette of a woman seems hardly suitable for such a purpose. After M. Froment-Meurice, the Maison Odiot should be mentioned. Its reputation dates from the last century, but remains at present, if not a little behind hand in modern progress, at least too faithful to the plain, practical,



No. 8.—Bishop's Crosier. By Boucheron.

but now out-of-date shapes of twenty-five or thirty years ago.

We next come to the works of the Maison Christofle. It employs hundreds of workmen and designers, and applies to all the sculptors of the day for new and fascinating models, executing every year by thousands every description of work, from dinner-services, caskets, and vases of silver, to monuments, life-sized statues, furniture, beds, and tables. It is an inexhaustible repository for every kind of production of the thousand resources of modern science and Art. M. Bouilhet, an engineer of intelligence and activity, is the manager, and it would be literally impossible to give even a list of recent works.

Research has led to the discovery of a composition in which each metal, whether it be gold, silver, copper, or

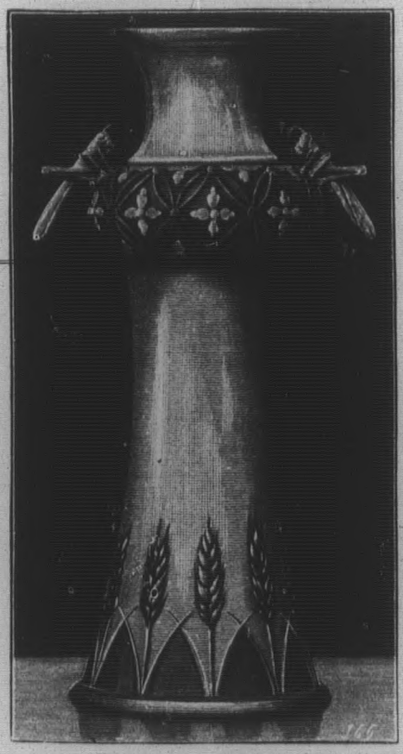
No. 9.—Handle of Sword presented to General de Cissey. By Froment-Meurice.

iron, retains its individuality. The elements, when melted, constitute a sort of homogeneous metal, which remains malleable, and may be fashioned into vases, varied according to the ingenuity of the artificer. Yet each individual metal remains recognisable, and the capricious workings of fire give accidental colouring and peculiarities which have all the effect of real ornamentation. The surface appears ribboned and veined like the "mokowine" of Japan, and some have the appearance of many-coloured marble.

M. Paul Mantz, Director-General of the Beaux Arts, speaks in high praise of this result, and mentions a still more recent discovery of MM. Christofle and Bouilhet, who have found a means of decoration by natural impression, nature becoming a powerful auxiliary as well as guide; and foliage, flowers, and plants are imprinted upon the metal with all their delicate details and mouldings. Specimens are here given (Nos. 10 and 11) of this curious manufacture in bronze vases of various shapes, with silver and gold flowers and birds in relief.

The manufacture of religious emblems in France is chiefly confined to the establishment of MM. Armand Caillat, in Lyons, and Poussielgue-Rusaud, in Paris; each has originality, but with the same tendency to imitate old shapes. The archaic appearance of their chalices and sacramental vessels, etc., recalls the Middle Ages, the models being supplied by architects and archæologists, who thus adapt the sacred utensils to the austere character of the Church. Attempts are made, however, to impart something of the secularism prevalent in these days to consecrated objects, and a bishop's crosier has been recently executed by M. Boucheron which may be called an exceptional work. It is here illustrated (No. 8), and is ornamented with flowers of translucent enamels, forming the finest possible effect of harmony in colouring. This crosier, which represents the defeat of the evil one by Saint Michael, is certainly open to criticism on the score of religious doctrine,

No. 10.—Bronze Vase. By MM. Christofle and Bouilhet.



No. 11.—Bronze Vase. By MM. Christofle and Bouilhet.

and it is justly said to have more the appearance of a bouquet than a pastoral staff, the gold being eclipsed by the enamelling

which composes the flowers and foliage of the stem. However wanting it may be in the severe ornamentalism which is desirable in the appointments of a bishop, it is impossible to overlook the perfection of the composition and execution.

We now come to a plateau of the 'Four Seasons' (No. 7), by M. Jules Brateau. It was exhibited in May last at the Salon des Arts Décoratifs. Its meritorious execution excuses some slight errors of taste.

Enough has now been said to prove that neither zeal nor activity is wanting among French manufacturers. Progress has for thirty years past made rapid strides, and would continue to advance in the face of increasing difficulties and foreign competition, if public taste would crown its efforts. Unfortunately, however, France has no longer moneyed patrons, and too often the best specimens of Art find their destination in the collections of wealthy foreigners.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

A SECLUDED ART BEQUEST.

IT will be of interest to many of our readers to learn some details of a bequest to Art, which, though made ten years ago, and possessed of great possibilities, is probably unknown beyond a very limited circle. On the banks of the river Forth, just where the river begins to open up and assume estuary form, there exists the decayed royal burgh of Culross, standing "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." Within half a mile of the old town is the castellated mansion-house of Dunimarle, whose proprietress, Mrs. Sharpe Erskine, lately devised the house and all its contents, the grounds, and certain other properties, to trustees "for the promotion and study of the Fine Arts."

Mrs. Sharpe Erskine, who died in February, 1872, at the ripe age of eighty-five, came of a family renowned for taste and for liberality in the patronage of Art. Her brother, Sir James Erskine, of Torrie, bequeathed to the University of Edinburgh a collection of paintings, bronzes, ancient sculpture, etc., the principal portions of which form to this day a notable feature in the National Gallery at Edinburgh.

Within a few months of her death the trustees (the Earl of Rosslyn and others) arranged to open the house as a Museum of Art, and for ten years past Dunimarle has been visited by numbers sufficiently large to indicate a fair appreciation of the gift within the limited region where its existence is known.

We understand that in time the bequest will become more valuable. Meanwhile the mansion is used as a residence by the Rev. William Bruce, who was domestic chaplain to the testatrix, and by whose hands the collection of paintings and articles of *vertu* have been displayed with taste and judgment. Besides some family portraits, of more interest to the historian or antiquary than in their relation to Art, the house contains a number of admirable Dutch paintings, including an excellent Hobbema, three fine examples of Wouvermans, a striking seapiece by Backhuysen, an example of Van der Neer, and a work attributed to Teniers. There is also a fine St. Romaine of Carlo Dolci, and two landscapes of some interest by R. Wilson.

It is the intention of the trustees, we understand, to erect an extension to the house so as to include a properly-lit picture gallery, and with the funds, as they become free, to add to the examples of Art, so as to enhance the foundation as a place of study. In the meantime, the china, engraved glass, decorative furniture, and other *objets d'Art*, form really the most attractive features in the mansion. To this remark an exception should perhaps be made in the "print room," where, under special permission, several valuable portfolios and a large cabinet of engravings may be consulted.

Entering the house by a Norman doorway, we reach a fine octagonal hall: in it there stands a large oval font or laver of *verde antique*, resting on a pedestal of red Egyptian porphyry shaped as a lion's paw. Eight oak chairs with boldly-carved backs attract attention, and are attributed to Albert Dürer. The window at the head of the oaken staircase is used to display some very interesting examples of old coloured glass, embracing a Madonna by Holbein, and in the gallery is to be seen a good display of fictile ware of various origin. Here also is placed a valuable torso—a female figure—from Zea, undoubtedly a relic of the best period of Greek Art, which was engraved and described in Bronsted's "Voyages et Recherches dans la Grèce." In the boudoir are some gorgeous pieces of furniture from Fonthill and from the drawing-rooms of Cardinal Fieschi. The drawing-room contains the paintings, and besides being adorned with a highly artistic mantelpiece in white marble, designed by Mrs. Sharpe Erskine, exhibits a splendid chandelier in Venetian glass, and a set of pieces in turquoise-blue Sèvres china of great beauty and value. Here, also, are further examples of Art furniture, with fine mirrors; a tea-table in copper, enamelled in white and flowers, and tables in malachite and Florentine mosaic.

Culross itself, I may add, has been long known as a valuable hunting-ground to students of Art in Scotland. Its position on the abruptly rising face of the land, its many quaint old buildings, and the ever-changing aspects of wood and water in its surroundings, ever delight the eye and suggest subjects for study. There is a railway three miles away, but no means of conveyance there, so that the position is well fitted to encourage quiet labour. The burgh is old, but now quite in decay. At one time, with a monopoly, its guild of "girdle" makers—circular plates of iron on which scones are baked—was wealthy and important. The site of Dunimarle is that of Macduff's Castle, where "all my pretty chickens and their dam" were "at one fell swoop" destroyed by Macbeth. This neighbourhood was the scene of the whimsical adventure of James VI., who in 1617, hunting near the Abbey House of Culross, invited his company to dine "at a collier's house," namely, with Sir George Bruce, by whom the mines were worked. The king visited the mine, and entering from the land was brought out at an insular mouth of the colliery, where, finding himself surrounded by water, he suspected foul play, and cried "Treason, treason!" A well-manned barge, however, soothed the kingly fears, and he returned safely to the "collier's house."

THOMAS A. CROAL.

From Evelyn's "Architecture," London, 1733.

THE ORIGIN OF TITLE-HEADINGS AND TAIL-PIECES.

EVER since the theory of evolution became popular, there has been an endeavour to account for the present condition of every art and science, and, indeed, of every human undertaking, in accordance with strict natural laws, and few branches of modern study have escaped the ravages of the evolutionist. There is a strong reason for this fondness for evolution, apart from its being merely a fashionable tendency, for we must, no doubt, all feel unconsciously drawn into the train of thought and comparison, so dear to the pupils of Darwin, when we have to examine some one particular branch of work extending over a long interval of time. The art of the printer, which has been invented and brought to its present perfection in a period of a little over four hundred years, affords a famous field for studies of this nature, and we often wonder that the excellent testimony which it affords in support of the theory of evolution has not been more widely recognised. In looking over some of the best examples of printing, in the pursuit of our favourite study of initial letters, concerning which we have previously written in these pages, we have often been impressed with the gradual rise and uniform development, not only of the character and qualities of the type and of the illustrations, but also with the minor features which afford opportunities for the display of progress, as, for instance, the frontispieces, the title-pages, the chapter headings, and the tail-pieces, each of which is well worthy of careful individual study. We propose now to gather a few of our observations on head and tail pieces, and to refer to some characteristic specimens from the early printers.

Peace,' from Scamozzi's "Architecture," Venice, 1615.

Strangely enough the introduction of tail-pieces is entirely attributable to the printer; it is not, as are so many other of the details of his work, founded on the pre-existing practices of the scribe or the illuminator. We do not wish to assert that in the old illuminated missals there were no headings or tail-pieces, for this would be distinctly untrue, but we maintain that the employment of decorative designs at the endings of chapters, and to fill up blanks in pages, is a practice which only came into vogue long after the art of the printer had superseded the work of the illuminator.

Very shortly after the first invention of printing we find instances of the employment of an emblem or device, the so-called "printer's mark," on the last page, and as this was often of a highly ornamental character, we see at once the origin of a species of tail-piece. The pious old printers, who found the setting up of the type for an entire volume a work of considerable labour and difficulty, generally gave vent to an expression of praise or satisfaction, addressed to the Almighty, on the completion of their labours, and the last

words of the colophon are often found to be "Laus Deo," or "De quo sit Deus benedictus in secula. Amen," or some similar expression of gratitude that their task was accomplished. Very early in the history of printing, too, an attempt was made to give a decorative appearance to the end of the book, or even to the endings of each chapter, by the arrangement of the type in the form of a triangle, or some other ornamental outline; sometimes this feature was carried to a most absurd extent. Thus, in the first German version of the fourth book of the "Architecture of Serlio," printed at Antwerp in 1542, the type is arranged in the form of a small pendent diamond on the reverse of the 10th page in Chapter V., and in the shape of a wine-glass on the reverse of the 23rd page of the same chapter. Eccentricities of this kind are, it must be admitted, rather rare; but a very frequent method of disposing the imprimatur adopted by the German printers of the beginning of the sixteenth century was in the form of a pendent triangle. Thus, in the small Catechism of Dr. Martin Luther an entire page at the end is devoted to the name of the printer, "Georg. Ehaw," and "Wittemburg," the town in which he worked, the letters being so grouped as to form a triangle. Most of the chapters of this quaint little volume (the date of our copy is 1531) end also with fanciful arrangements of the type.

The printer's marks and devices are probably well known to many readers. At first they seem to have been a mere cypher or monogram, often in white on a black shield. They subsequently became more ornate, and are found both at the beginning and the end of the volume. It is scarcely necessary to reproduce any specimens of such marks; the anchor and dolphin of Aldus, the cat and mouse of Sessa, and the serpent ring, or rebus, of Jean Tournes, are familiar to all who take an interest in old books.

The best specimens of borders surrounding the page are to be found among the productions of the Basle school, and many of the *petits-maitres* found employment among the printers in producing decorative frames for their text, and headings and tail-pieces for the different chapters. In the subsequent use of these blocks, when the original purpose for which they had been designed had been fulfilled, we have to note the same incongruities which we have pointed out in the case of initial letters. We find scriptural subjects scattered through works on architecture, hunting subjects in Bibles and Prayer-books, and generally an utter want of appropriateness between the

Vignette from the "Architecture" of James, 1708.

heading and the subject of the work in which it occurs. In our January number we have reproduced, on page 5, a title-heading from the "Architecture" of Rusconi, printed at Venice by Giolito in 1590, which represents the creation of Eve, and doubtless was first engraved for some earlier edition of the Bible. This practice could scarcely, of course, be avoided when the title-border or the chapter-heading was first designed for the purpose of illustrating some particular work and was subsequently utilised promiscuously.

Tail-piece from Vignola's "Architecture."

Some of the best headings of the Italian school were produced under the masters of the Italian Renaissance, and show a strongly-marked architectural character. As an example of the work of that date, we gave last month, at the head of the article on page 13, a title copied from the first edition of Scamozzi's "Architecture" (Venice, 1615), and our illustration on page 58, exemplifying Peace, is another good architectural treatment, which probably served, in the first instance, for some collection of emblems. We have extracted it from the second edition of Rusconi's "Architecture," printed at Venice in 1660. Another fine title-heading of this type, which occurs in the "Architecture" of Labacco, printed at Venice in 1576, will be found on page 15 of our last issue. At a later date great poverty of invention in the design of these features becomes manifest, and from a false and degenerate species of arabesque ornament we arrive at senseless baskets of flowers, or ugly and ill-shapen vases, with conventional fruit and foliage, employed as tail-pieces; while the chapter-headings and borders consist of little more than exaggerated printer's type lines and coarse and badly-executed strap-work cast in type metal. The tail-piece which follows the present article is a good example of the best of the work of this date, but the weak and meaningless style which prevailed at the commencement of last century cannot fail to have attracted the notice of readers. It is difficult to find anything worthy of reproduction, but the little cherub's head on this page is a fair specimen of the class of tail-pieces we have in view.

Following this period, a better state of things set in, at first chiefly in France, owing to the rapidly extending use of copperplate engraving, and we reach, at the latter part of the eighteenth century, a time when books were most tastefully illustrated with exquisite little engraved vignettes and admirable groups of armour, tools, and implements, cognate to the subject treated of in the work. At the head of this article will be found a copy of an engraved vignette which occurs in Evelyn's translation of Freart, printed in 1733. Very often within an elegant border we find little landscapes, or panels, forming illustrations to the text, but used almost invariably as chapter-headings or tail-pieces. Sturt engraved for Perrault's "Architecture," translated by James, numerous such illustrations, one of which we have copied opposite. It was the work of this school of artists which must have inspired our English Bewick, whose productions stand alone in style, and in beauty and appropriateness of execution. Bewick's first efforts were directed to ordinary book illustrations; but very early in his career he enriched his productions with the charming little tail-pieces which

are often the best things in his books. It seems scarcely necessary to particularise any of these works, for they are widely known and admired by all lovers of wood-engraving. In some modern books recently published we have noted with pleasure the attempt to revive the practice of adding these interesting features to the work, and in certain instances this has been done with the happiest results. As a case in point, we cannot do better than refer our readers to the charming little chapter-headings and tail-pieces, by Walter Crane, which constitute the majority of the illustrations to the "Household Stories" of the Brothers Grimm, newly translated by his sister. Some of these will be found on pages 20 and 21 of our January number. Crane belongs to a school of book illustrators who have studied the works of the early engravers with excellent effect, and his art has exerted a marked influence for good on the children's picture-books of the present day. We hail with pleasure this, his latest production, as the precursor of many similar works, for we are convinced that it will readily be conceded that it would be difficult to tell a story more appropriately, and in a smaller compass, than he has done in many of these quaint little woodcuts. To take only the first story, "The Rabbit's Bride," we have, in the head-piece, the deceitful rabbit enticing the maiden to ride away on his tail; in the initial letter Master "Bunny" nibbling at the cabbage; and, in the tail-piece, the wedding ceremony, with the crow as parson and the fox as clerk; and all the illustrations occupying space which the printer would have thrown away as blanks. How admirably the prince makes his way through the tangled branches in the head-piece to "The Sleeping Beauty," which we engraved last month on page 20; and what aids to the due appreciation of the story are presented to us in the tail-pieces to "Fred and Kate," "The Frog Prince," and "Faithful John," all of which are reproduced in our last number. We think the scope such tail-pieces afford to the book illustrator to search out for himself some little incident akin to, but not necessarily extant in, the story he has to find pictures for, should not be lost sight of; while the pleasant information which, as Bewick has so ably shown to us, these miniature pictures can convey to the reader, renders their employment eminently worthy of recommendation.

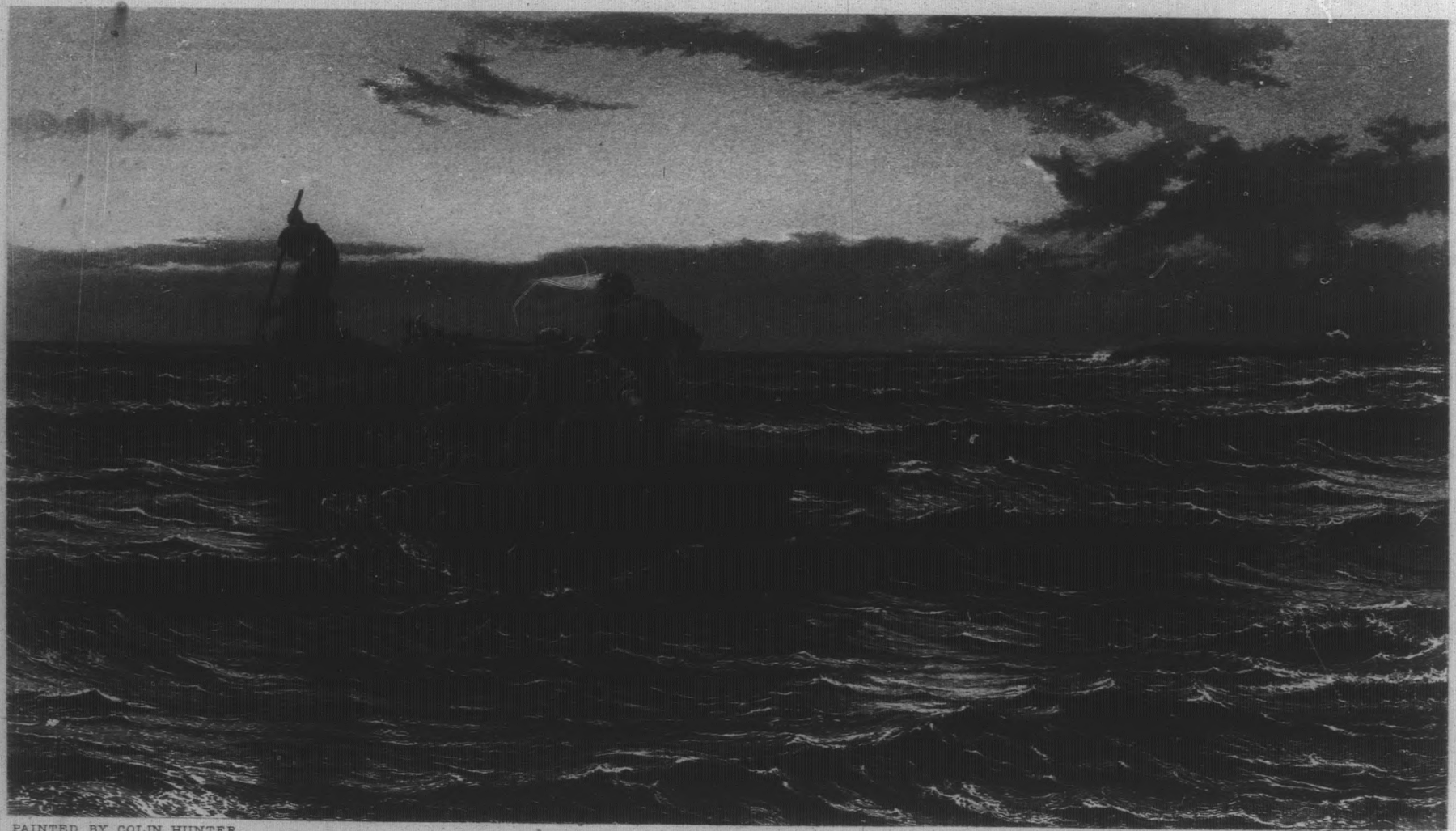
G. R. R.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'VENICE,' FROM A DRAWING IN PENCIL, by John Ruskin, is described on page 49.

'BLACKBERRY GATHERERS,' etched from a picture by George Heming Mason, by F. M. Regamey, belongs to the English period of the painter's mature work. In its sensitive composition, the fine drawing of the tree stems, and the harmonies of the dusky autumnal colouring, it is a representative little picture. The figures have the peculiar and charming curve which became almost a mannerism in his rendering of village girlhood; and the subject also is characteristic—a slight and, as it were, accidental passage of nature in that district of Staffordshire from which his fancy never strayed in his later years. Nothing assuredly is more pleasant than the combination of an apprehension and a fastidiousness in composition which rival those of Poussin, with a modern humility and modesty in the motive and choice of scene. Mason was master of this combination; his fragment of a rough hill-side and spare trees are treated with the classic feeling which the older school would have devoted to a far more conventional landscape.

'THEIR ONLY HARVEST.' Engraved from a painting by Colin Hunter, by C. Cousen. This is one of the pictures acquired, under the Chantrey Bequest, by the President and Council of the Royal Academy. It represents some of the inhabitants of the barren Hebrides seeking for 'their only harvest,' the sea-weeds of the Atlantic Ocean. The movement of the waves, with the glitter of the sky on the water, are eminently characteristic of Mr. Hunter's painting.



PAINTED BY COLIN HUNTER.

ENGRAVED BY C. COUSEN.

THEIR ONLY HARVEST.

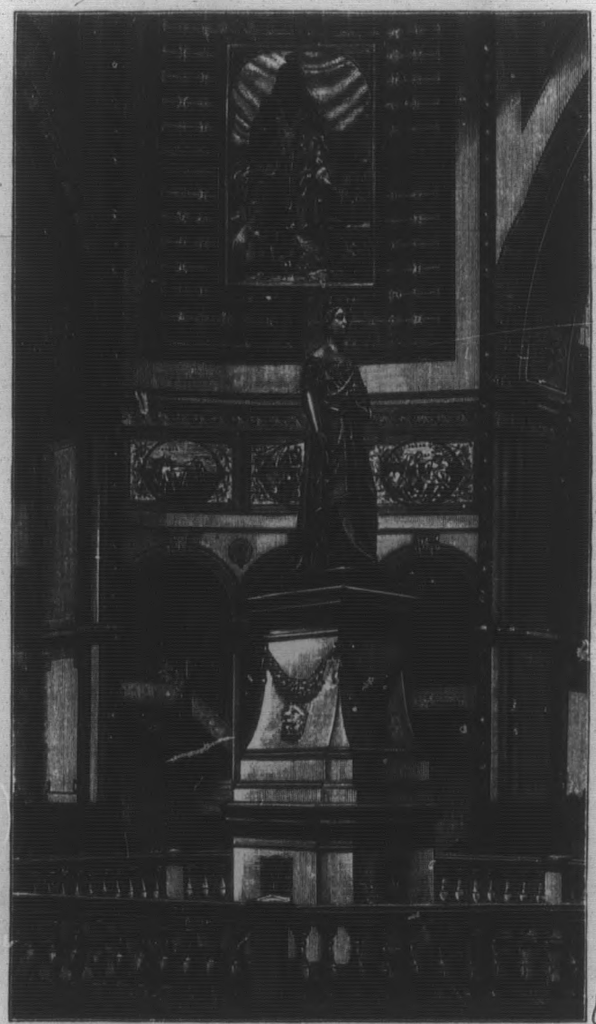
LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION BY FIRE.

NOTHING but a few crumbling walls remain to mark the spot where once stood the "Garden Palace," erected in 1879 for the first Australian International Exhibition; one of the chief ornaments of the city—seen from every part of the harbour—its graceful proportions and magnificent dome were the admiration of all comers. Alas, for its short-lived glories! Erected like some fabled palace in the space of eighteen months, at a cost of over £200,000, in less than an hour, on September 22nd, 1882, it was a heap of smouldering ruins. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Since the close of the Exhibition the building had been utilised by the Government as offices for various public departments, museums, etc.; the nave and transept, which contained a large collection of statuary and bronzes, being devoted to purposes of public recreation, in the shape of concerts, balls, oratorios, flower shows, &c. The Art Society of New South Wales had also a home in the palace.

On a lofty pedestal beneath the dome stood a colossal statue in bronze of her Majesty the Queen, by the late Marshall Wood, for which the Government paid 3,000 guineas. The building also contained a large number of works in marble, bronze, and terra-cotta, the whole of which were consumed. As regards the latter collection as a whole, it cannot be considered a loss to be greatly regretted from an Art point of view; it included, however, a few works of considerable merit, notably, a marble statue, 'Arianna Abandonata,' by Pietro Calvi, of Milan; a life-sized group, 'Lynceus and Hypermnestra,' by the late C. F. Summers, some smaller groups by the same sculptor, and four busts representing the seasons, by Bottinelli, of Rome. There were also a large number of other busts and statues, chiefly Florentine, which do not call for any special mention. Among the bronzes may be noticed 'An Archer,' by F. Miller; 'La Cigale' and 'The Adulterous Woman,' by T. Canebos; 'Flute Players,' by Ruizel; besides a large number of imitation bronzes in the grounds surrounding the building, amongst which was a very spirited group, 'Hunter and Dogs,' by A. Jacquemart. The total cost of these works was from £7,000 to £8,000.



Bronze Statue of the Queen, by Marshall Wood, destroyed in the Fire.

The Art Society was about to open its third Annual Exhibition of Works of Colonial Art, and the hanging committee had just completed the arrangement of some three hundred exhibits, which are said to have shown a considerable improvement on those of previous years. Fortunately in this case the losses will be recouped, a policy of insurance having been effected within a day or two of the fire to the extent of £3,000, a much larger amount than would probably have been realised by sales. It is, however, to be regretted that the public should have lost the opportunity of judging of the Art progress made by members of the society.

The greatest individual sufferer by the conflagration is Signor Ferrarini, an Italian artist, Member of the Royal Academy of Modena, who had a studio in the palace, where he kept some hundreds of sketches taken by him in different parts of the colony during a residence of eighteen months.

Great fears were entertained for the safety of the New South Wales Art Gallery, which is situated within a very short distance of the Garden Palace, and is built of the same inflammable materials. Fortunately this calamity was averted, for, although the pictures were insured, it would have been impossible to have replaced them, even at a considerable advance on the original cost. Out of evil comes good, and the jeopardy in which they were placed has aroused the Government to the necessity of providing a suitable gallery. They have accordingly announced their intention of erecting a substantial structure, to be specially devoted to Art and Science, on the site of the palace, than which there is probably not a finer in the world; a building that shall be in every way worthy of the mother colony of Australia.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, ENGLAND.

WE write the above words with a certain regret—honour to whom honour is due—but there was a pleasant ring about the simple name by which this society was once familiarly and somewhat affectionately designated. The Old Water Colour Society is, so far as the name goes, now a thing of the past, but there is every reason to anticipate that its future will be as distinguished as its previous history. It has a history, and just the kind of history which such a society ought to have, for in the long series of its great names may be traced the progress and development of the art which it undertook to foster.

Some few years ago there was at the Grosvenor Gallery a most interesting exhibition of the works of deceased masters in water colours, and, with the exception of Turner, almost every picture had previously hung on the walls furnished by the modest little society which, seventy-eight years ago, was founded by four men whose names are perhaps not so well known as they should be. These four were—Samuel Shelly, a distinguished miniature painter; Robert Hills, whose twelve hundred etchings of animal life attest his great ability; W. H. Pyne, who not only illustrated books, but wrote them; and W. F. Wells, who was Professor of Drawing at Addiscombe, a most intimate friend of Turner, and who should be for ever remembered as having suggested to him the Liber Studiorum. Little, we dare say, did these four artists dream of the successful career which lay before the society of their creation; still less of the recognition of that success which is implied by the Royal Diploma. All water-colour painters are complimented by the distinction given to the representative society; while the society itself will doubtless be strengthened, so as to be able to undertake fresh duties and adapt itself to new requirements. First and foremost, as we hear, the establishment of a school will occupy its attention. This design has, we believe, long been a cherished one, but circumstances have hitherto stood in the way of its being carried out. The opening of its exhibitions to outsiders is a much more serious matter, and one which the society may well pause before it ventures upon. It is not certain that the best interests of water-colour Art would be served by such a change. The society may, we think, be trusted to act in a catholic spirit both in this matter and also in that of admitting its associates to some small share in the management of its affairs, from which at present they are debarred. The work which lies before it is sufficiently great to make the help and good feeling of all lovers of water-colour Art a condition of true success.

Since we last wrote of the society it has lost, in the late Edward Duncan, one of its most distinguished members; and on the central screen, which is covered with twenty-three of his drawings and studies, the visitor will be reminded of his varied powers in the delineation of nature, whether by sea or land.

The place of honour in the near end of the gallery is very properly given to the 'Canoeing in the Cascapediæ River, Canada,' of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. A stalwart young fellow, standing in the stern of his canoe, guides it down the stream, to which the wooded hills beyond form an admirable background. The figure is well drawn, the landscape well felt, and the touch is much more certain and artistic than heretofore.

A. Goodwin possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, the faculty of lending himself readily and entirely, not only to the quieter, but to the grander moods of nature, and there are no works in the Exhibition so suggestive or poetical as his 'Sunset in the Valley of the Simplon,' 'Through the Valley of the Sea,' and 'Storm in the Simplon Road.' On the screen there is also a lovely drawing of 'Maidstone.' We regret to see these fine works so badly hung, but as we understand that Mr. Goodwin was one of the hangers, we presume his modesty impelled him to place the inferior works in the best positions. Edward A. Goodall has several characteristic Oriental scenes, to which his knowledge of the East gives a *vrai-semblance* which is always pleasing. His 'Entrance to a Pasha's Palace' and 'Street Scene in Cairo' are examples.

We are glad to see that both Mrs. Allingham and W. C. T. Dobson have ventured upon pastures new, and in doing so have modified considerably their accustomed style. 'Dover Beach,' by the former, will bear favourable comparison with the work of any of our marine painters for truth to nature; and Mr. Dobson's 'Sussex Common' is refreshing in colour. Walter Duncan's 'In the Spring Time'—three young girls walking through the woods and plucking cowslips; Charles Gregory's girl and little child loitering in a country garden among the 'Bees'; and J. D. Watson's girl scouring a brass pan upon 'Cleaning Day,' are each of them characteristic. H. M. Marshall sends a series of vignettes of London, such as 'Holborn Hill,' 'Whitehall,' the 'Foreshore at Blackfriars.' Without sacrifice of breadth, he introduces appropriate detail, and the state of the atmosphere and the time of the day are as loyally rendered as the curve of the street or the drift of its traffic. 'Sunshine,' by R. Thorne Waite, occupies the place of honour at the far end of the gallery; it appears hardly worthy of this distinction. The 'Entrance to the Harbour of Corunna,' by R. Beavis; 'Seed for the Sower,' by H. Clarence Whaite; 'A Girlish Trouble,' by R. Barnes; and 'A Village on the Marsh,' by Arthur Hopkins, are all marked in our catalogue for emphatic approval. Professor Adolph Menzel contributes two examples of his marvellous work, which make almost everything in the room appear weak by comparison. The large one, of the interior of a church, is unfortunately marred by vulgarities of subject which lessen its value as a work of art.

OUR PARIS LETTER.*

THE nomination is announced of M. Kaempfen to the post of Director of the Beaux Arts in succession to M. Paul Mantz, who retires with the title of Honorary Director-General. The new Director, like his predecessor, is a man of letters and erudition.

With the advent of winter has also come the season of private exhibitions, which are more in fashion here than ever. On the 2nd December the "Société des Jeunes Artistes, Peintres, et Sculpteurs" opened their first exhibition at the galleries of the Panorama de Reichshoffen. A respect for

* We propose to give each month during the year a communication from Paris, embodying the Art news of that capital up to the 10th of the preceding month.

truth obliges us to say that their first essay is by no means satisfactory.

The same remark applies to the exhibition of the "Cercle Artistique de la Seine," held in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The brilliant success of last year has not been repeated.

The drawings sent in in response to the invitation of the City of Paris in competition for the statues of Étienne Marcel and Ledru Rollin are also on view. That of the former will ornament the front of the new Hôtel de Ville; Rollin's will be erected in the Place Voltaire, on the pedestal which, under the Empire, was occupied by the effigy of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, which has been relegated to the Invalides. There are seventy-four drawings in the Marcel competition. It has apparently been found a difficult matter by the majority to do anything noble with such a subject, more especially as the City of Paris have, to every one's astonishment, decided that the statue of this popular agitator shall be an equestrian one. The designs are for the most part pretentious, vulgar, and feeble. The one exception is that of M. Frémiet, which is distinguished by an originality of type, a knowledge of costume, and of the modelling of a horse which has long been noticeable in the works of this artist.

Forty-six designs have been sent in for the Ledru Rollin competition.

M. Bailly has been re-elected, by a unanimous vote, President of the Council of Administration of the next Paris Salon. Foreign exhibitors who have had an opportunity of appreciating his zeal and affability will endorse the appointment. MM. Guillaume and W. Bouguereau were re-elected Vice-presidents; MM. Ch. Garnier, Thomas de Vieillefroy, and Yon, Secretaries; and M. Brune, Treasurer.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL GALLERY.—Since our article on the Acquisitions was in type, a question has been asked in the House of Commons as to when fresh rooms were to be added to the Gallery, so that the obstructions of screens may be removed. The almost incredible reply was given that the difficulty might be solved by the Trustees lending, or disposing of, some of the *surplus* pictures. Such a statement will be received with consternation by all interested in Art.

HAMPTON COURT.—As a corollary to the burning of the Exhibition building at Sydney, comes the news of the narrow escape from total destruction by fire of Hampton Court Palace, on the 14th December. It is astonishing with what an amount of complaisance this event has been received, principally, no doubt, because of the belief that the nine hundred and odd pictures which adorn its galleries are of mediocre quality. But a glance at the catalogue, which has been compiled with so much care by Mr. Ernest Law, will show that this is not so, and that, even excluding such treasures as the Mantegnas and Holbeins, the historical pictures are priceless. But, independently, the British nation has a right to demand that a building so intimately associated with its history, and so valued as a holiday resort, should no longer be exposed to the risks which will always be considerable so long as it is tenanted by a number of aged dependents on the bounty of the Crown.

ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.—The prizes were distributed on December 9th. The successful students were as follows:—The Creswick prize, £30, R. O. Rickatson, Herbert Lyndon being *proxime accessit*. For cartoons of a draped figure, Bernard E. Ward took the silver medal and £25, Margaret Dicksee the extra silver medal. Horace B. Fisher received the first Armitage prize, £30 and bronze medal; Mary Drew, £40, for a fresco design allegorical of Music; William Carter, £50, for six drawings from life; Henry Alfred Pegram, £30, for model of the Good Samaritan; R. T. Fallon, £50, for three models from life; W. G. Blackmore, a travelling studentship of £60, for architectural design for a public library.

REVIEWS.

Sir Roger and John Matthews.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, reimprinted from the *Spectator*, with Illustrations by Charles O. Murray. 6s. (Sampson Low & Co.).—Mr. Murray's etchings have been for some time before the readers of *The Art Journal*, but hitherto they have been confined to translations of the creations of other artists. 'Saved,' after Napier Hemy; 'Carlyle,' after Mrs. Allingham; 'When the Kye come Hame,' after Watson and Fisher; and, lastly, this month, the etching of 'Quiet Pets,' after Alma-Tadema, have shown a continuous advance in the copyist's Art. But Mr. Murray has not been content, like so many of his fellows who exercise a similar calling, to confine his work within the sphere of what seems to be a monotonous profession. A year or so ago he essayed the illustration in etching of the 'Eve of St. Agnes.' He had evidently been looking too closely at the volumes issued by the Etching Club, and the result was apparent in a delicacy which was either incapable of being printed or failed in the process. This Christmas he has given us a series of illustrations to Sir Roger de Coverley, and these, with the exception of an etched frontispiece, which is almost the weakest design in the book, have been reproduced by engraving on wood. In endeavouring to depict successfully Sir Roger from his first to his last appearance in this world, Mr. Murray set himself a very difficult task. A man who could pass muster as a statesman, soldier, merchant, or artisan, who could be mistaken for a merchant on 'Change, and also for a Jew among stockjobbers, is not easily limned. That the attempt has not been shirked, the illustrations which appear on almost every page testify. Those which we give of Sir Roger in church calling his tenant, John Matthews, to order; Sir Roger at the hunt; and Sir Roger finding that his pocket had been picked, are fair samples of the whole, and afford promise of even better work in the

future. A commendable feature in the book is its modest size and price.

"POLYCHROMATIC DECORATION AS APPLIED TO BUILDINGS IN THE MEDIÆVAL STYLES." By W. and G. Audsley (Sotheran & Co.).—Is a sumptuous and indeed a splendid work—such as is not uncommon in France and Germany, but is rarely produced in England—and the authors have, in fact, gone to Paris for the faultlessly beautiful plates with which their work is illustrated and adorned. Such enterprises as this never meet with due encouragement in this country, and one cannot help regretting that this particular work, with all its merits, is as one born out of due season, and that it comes at a time when the decoration of buildings in the mediæval styles is a departing fashion. Twenty years ago the publication of such a work would have been of immense value, and its wise cautions as to the use of "such garish pigments as vermilion, ultramarine, emerald green, and the chrome yellows, to the utter destruction of repose and artistic effect," might have saved us the horrors of Winchester and Rugby, not to mention other too numerous similar failures. But although the style adopted in illustration of the principles advocated is not now in vogue, the principles themselves are applicable to all styles, and may be profitably studied by every one who is interested in the polychromatic decoration of buildings, an art which the authors—quoting M. Viollet le Duc—truly say is most difficult, and demands the greatest care and experience. It would be well if, in the present state of our skill in this department of Art, we imitated the enforced reticence of the mediæval artists and restricted ourselves to the use of a few simple earths. In any case the quiet secondary and tertiary tints employed by the Authors of this book could not lead us far astray, and the effect, even if misapplied, must be less distressing to the artistic sense, than the poisonous crudities which we have witnessed in modern attempts at the decoration of building "in the mediæval styles."

Sir Roger de Coverley finds his pocket picked.

The fact is, that the Art of the day is not equal to mural decoration on a large scale. The painters are too profitably employed on easel pictures to afford the necessary attention to the special demands of the subject, and the decorators by profession have not, as yet, become sufficiently adept to satisfy the needs of a public who have constantly before them the greatest pictures of all ages. It is doubtful from what quarter the true solution of the difficulty will come, if it come at all. Messrs. Audley's suggestion that the architect should be architect and decorator in one, is not likely to be realised in the face of the increasing demands upon him from the practical and scientific side of his profession, although all will agree that such a course, if practicable, would be the most desirable. We heartily commend this book to the careful study of all who really feel an interest in this important branch of Art, and we hope that so spirited an effort on the part of its authors may meet with that success which it certainly merits.

Sir Roger de Coverley at the Hunt.

"ART INSTRUCTION IN ENGLAND." By F. E. Hulme (Longmans).—The purpose of this manual is very succinctly stated in the preface; namely, that its aim is to point out what Art subjects are taught, and how and why they are taught—to trace the study from the lowest grade schools to its highest development in the universities, and to indicate the modes in which it may aid the business of life.

"THE HALL MARKING OF JEWELLERY" (Crosby Lockwood).—Mr. G. Gee, a large gold and silver smith at Birmingham, has added yet another to his useful handbooks. The one before us—after giving an account of the different assay towns of the United Kingdom, with the stamps at present employed, and summarising the law on the subject—gives a variety of facts, information, and suggestions, which must be of considerable value, not only to dealers and workers in the precious metals, but to all those who are interested in that branch of the arts.

IN "ART IN EVERYTHING" (Houlston and Sons) Mr. Henry Fawcett calls attention to the value of Art in matters of every-day life. He admits that Art in Everything is an ideal, and he points out that it is not only our advantage, but our duty to aim at the achievement of this ideal. The little work is so sensibly written that it deserves to be largely circulated.

PAINTED BY JULES BRETON.

ETCHED BY E. SALMON.

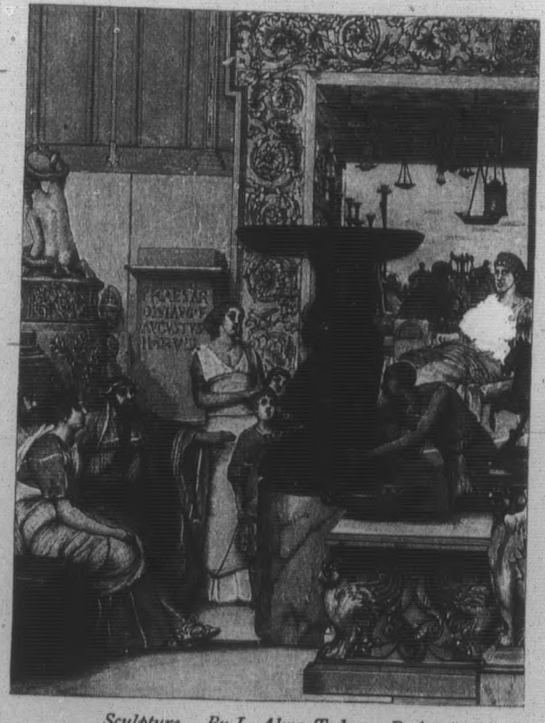
EVENING IN FINISTERRE.

LONDON. J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

THE WORKS OF LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.*

MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S definitive choice of ancient Rome as the home of his Art evidently did more than all else at once to fix and to develop the possibilities of manner and of feeling which were within him. From about the year 1868 there is nothing to record, except a quick and unfailing advance in one certain direction. Few artists have so completely known what they intended to do as he has done since this date. As we have before hinted, his most perceptible and intelligible intention has been only in part perfectly fulfilled. For he has aimed at painting pagan joy and delight, and he has succeeded in painting a hard, determined, and deliberate gaiety; but whereas he has aimed at painting the utmost refinement of beauty and delicate luxury with which the decorative arts have ever surrounded the life of men, he has probably even exceeded, by his exquisite imagination, anything which the world ever really possessed of charm and loveliness in the material of life; for it is conceivable that Mr. Alma-Tadema's Roman interiors are far lovelier (even in their forms and colours, and setting aside the graver advantages which the artist has in his ignoring of the omnipresent and unspeakable wrongs and miseries of Roman life) than Roman interiors could often actually be. An equally definite and supreme success crowns his other intention—that of painting light and the very vitality of climate and air. In this his perfect possession of his own aims is to be noted.

It is, indeed, as a painter of Italian atmosphere, with all its life and warmth, that Mr. Alma-Tadema is most evidently inimitable. Now, seeing that painters of detail generally omit atmosphere as completely from their pictures as do the designers of stained-glass windows, his triumphs in this respect should be put upon special record. Other artists—the absolute opponents of the non-atmospheric painters—produce effects of air by mists and mysteries and loss of distant detail; but the air with them is comparatively easy to represent, for they represent it in those conditions in which it is *not* precisely air, but a kind of adulteration of mist and shadow. Mr. Alma-Tadema clears his atmosphere until it is the true impalpable medium of light and life, the bearer of the sun's rays, the sweetener of colour, the softener of form, but nothing more tangible, nothing more gross than this. And this vivid soft air plays between the various distances and planes of his pictures, even though some far white marble pediment defines itself against the depth of a burning blue sky with all possible precision of line and definiteness of form.



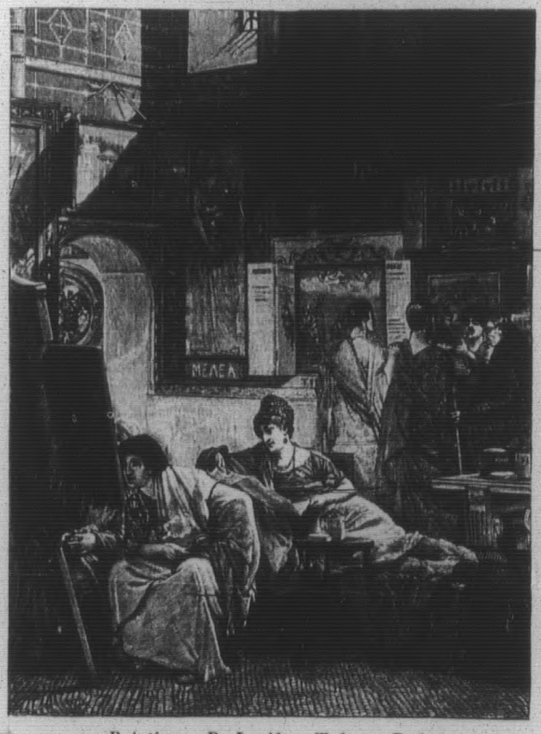
Sculpture. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

It has just been suggested by some enthusiast for "values" that the student should paint with muslin over his eyes, in order that he may the better perceive them; and at all times most painters have found it necessary to half close their eyes for fear of seeing too much of details and too little of masses. But Mr. Alma-Tadema sees all he can, and sees it as clearly as he can, and yet loses nothing of generalities thereby. Nay, he attains his very perfection of finish not by means of added labour and finical minuteness, but by that very respect for values which painters of another school might consider scarcely compatible with finish of the explicit and absolute kind. What he could do, by the way, in the more impressionary school may be judged by the admirably artistic landscape sketches 'Munster' and 'Haystacks,' with their broad effects of harmonious masses in which truth of detail is rather implicit than explicit. To most persons these two charming canvases must have been a surprise among the brightly defined jewels with which their author's hand hung the Grosvenor Gallery walls.

The largest picture that Mr. Alma-Tadema—whose scale of painting so often rivals that of Meissonier — apparently ever produced is named 'The Siesta.' Surrounded by the bric-à-brac of the period, an older and a younger Greek are resting on their couches; roses, grapes, and an amphora of wine are at their elbows, and a flute-girl stands by to soothe them with her music. But it is to works of a more characteristic size that we look for the artist's personality. As we like literature which is literary, poetry which is poetical, and Art which is artistic; as we would choose to go to the northern countries not in that summer in which strangers are wont to see them, but in their characteristic winter, and to go to the south in its own characteristic heat and summer; so in like manner do we enjoy Mr.

* Concluded from page 37.

Alma-Tadema more, the more he is truly representative of himself; not when he is painting in colossal size, but when he is making light, space, and air play in a little canvas of inches. Such a gem is 'Fishing,' hardly surpassed among its author's works. A pond in some luxurious classical garden has reeds and flowers on its banks; a woman is fishing, with a golden wall behind her; and this picture, with its lucid water, its exquisite draperies, and its delicate gold, is a little school of colour. Almost equally lovely in tint is 'Une Fête Intime,' a classical household celebrating a dance, their draperies being of the tenderest and most subtle cream and green. It seems ungracious to say so, but this charmingly composed little scene is less delightful than 'Fishing,' precisely inasmuch as the former has more prominent figures, with their untender gladness. Technically, no less than intellectually and imaginatively, do we feel the lack in the humanity of these pictures; for this reason, that inanimate things are therein so perfect a reproduction that we are conscious of no omission—they are virtually real, because they are inanimate; whereas in the case of the painted human face and form, we are sensible of an omission—the inevitable omission of life. And the difference is accentuated and increased by the strange but undeniable fact, that whereas in marble, bronze, and tissue Mr. Alma-Tadema surpasses any painter known to us, in flesh he falls a little below the average of those who have the smallest title to the name of master. Thus he does his own work a kind of injustice by an injurious inequality.



Painting. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

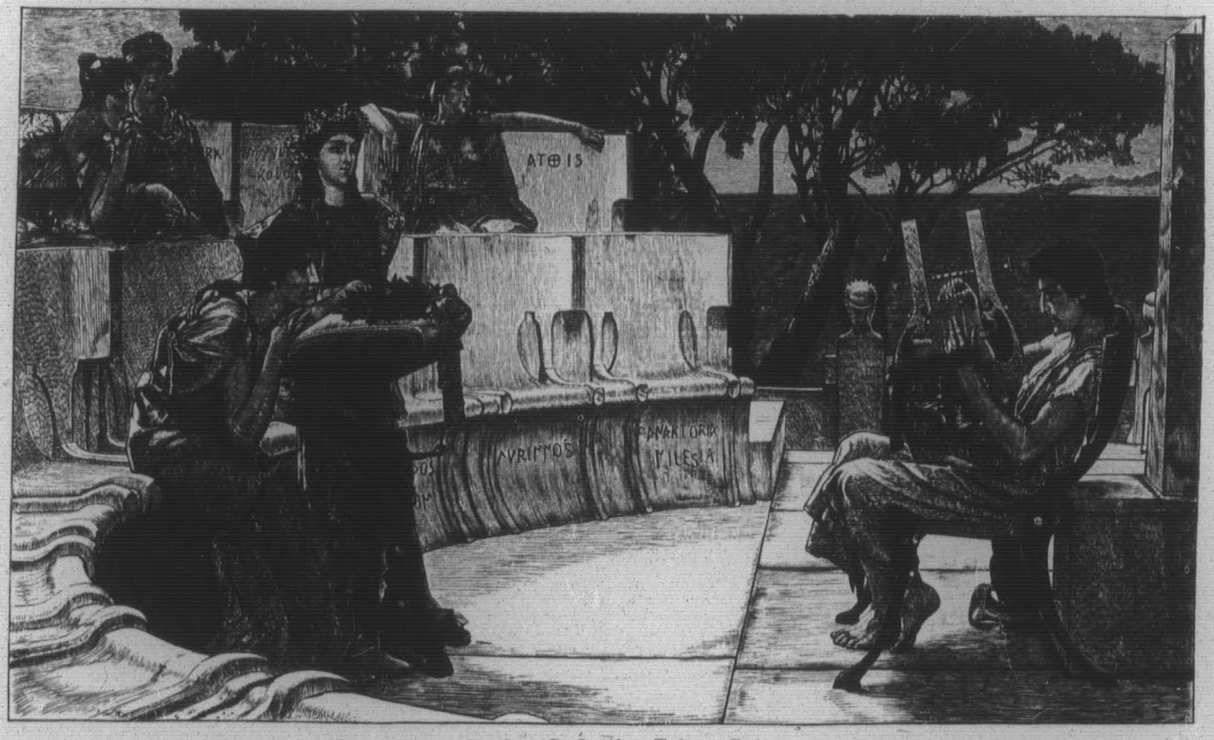
Our contention is proved by those two great works, which have generally been acknowledged as the painter's chief masterpieces, 'The Sculpture Gallery' and 'The Picture Gallery,' and by the earlier but kindred 'Silver Statue.' All here is more vitally painted than the flesh—we do not say more vitally drawn, for the action and expression of some of the figures are admirable. The groups are obviously portrait-groups, and the artist has done his own archæological feeling deliberate violence in giving to more than one of his antique Romans a modern moustache. 'The Sculpture Gallery' is so supreme a piece of execution that we do not wonder at its having been placed at the head of its author's achievements. In the marvellous reproduction of bronze and marble forms and surfaces, he exercises a notable kind of self-restraint, even while carrying his work to a point never perhaps reached before in Art; for instance, he uses neither strong light nor deep shadows, no insistent accents; but all this wondrous illusion of reality is produced between the narrowest limits of dark and light, and with the quietest of colours. In this work, too, and in a hundred like it, Mr. Alma-Tadema takes us into the daily life of Rome. He shows us the visit of a group of *dilettanti* to the sculptor's studio, and all the accidents—every one of which is turned to purposes of beauty—of the scene and the situation. There is no historic incident, there are no names, there is merely a passage of life. Here, and in 'The Picture Gallery,' must also be noted that delightful habit of the painter by which he lets a little "sky out of heaven" into his pictures. In the one case the equal and diffused shadow of a light but shady interior opens, in one extreme corner, on the deep flickering blue of the high Italian sky. It is but a glimpse, but it lets in the climate, the sun, the vital air. In the other case it is an inner court which is invested with a fuller brilliance of light. Our engravings (by Mr. J. D. Cooper) from 'The Sculpture Gallery' and 'The Picture Gallery' are given by courteous permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre, the publisher of the line engravings. In other works, such as the smaller of the pictures called 'The Siesta,' we have a foreground of rich shadow, and, beyond, such a deep blue sky as few artists know how to fill with light without any loss of colour.

Much, indeed, might be written about Mr. Alma-Tadema's blue skies. With most painters we are obliged to consent to the sacrifice of one thing—either we must be satisfied to see the tint of nature's blue in its fulness and to forego its brilliancy and atmosphere; or we may enjoy the manner in which the artist has rendered the light of his sky, but we do so with the understanding that we must forego the colour. But nature knows how to make her dark or deep blue brighter and more full of radiance than anything under the sky; and Mr. Alma-Tadema has discovered something of nature's secret. And those pictures in which he displays his mastery over this singular difficulty of the colourist are among his best; for there are a few canvases in which, singularly enough, tone and colour and harmony all fail together in the rendering of a blue sky. It is not that one of these qualities is sacrificed to another, but that all seem to be abandoned. Rare, indeed, are the instances in which this occurs; but the beautiful 'Sappho' presents one of them, for while the magnificent sea in this glorious picture is radiant with illumination and profound with colour, the sky strikes the eyes as cold. In 'A Harvest Festival' the same thing is evident, and, in a lesser degree, in 'En Repos;' in spite of which these two pictures have qualities which place them high among the achievements of the painter—the one having a lovely lucent sea and the other some magnificent colour in the golden corn.

But it is ungracious to find faults which brilliant merits make apparent. As a rule it is by perfect harmonies and relations, and by the finest illumination, that these canvases are distinguished, so that the open-air scenes are even more fascinating than those clear interiors in which men and women,

whom we name from the Odes of Horace, move in the dance, or rest. And perhaps one of the most Horatian of all is the processional picture of 'The Vintage Festival,' a fragment of which we reproduced on p. 34. In this elaborate composition the artist has carried archæological realism to a high degree: witness the straps and bandages which support the flutes at the mouths of the flute-players. The richness and the quantity of the work in this picture are surprising; nevertheless it is full of space, neither the numbers of figures nor the profusion of architectural and other exquisite detail producing any crowd of forms or infelicity of lines. The colour is a splendid combination of richness and radiance, all the loveliness of tint possible to flowers, gold, and marble, silk and rich ivy-leaves, being brought together in a chord of colour that has not the quarter of a semitone astray.

The mention of flowers and of the ivy with which the great amphoræ and the altars are garlanded in 'The Vintage Festival' after Horace's own manner, brings us to one of Mr. Alma-Tadema's most pleasing aspects—that of a flower-painter. Flowers are midway between the marble he paints so well and the flesh in which he does not altogether succeed. They are organic—not like the lucid temple which is built block by block or the shining draperies which are woven ell by ell, and they must be painted with a little of the impulse and spirit with which alone the noble organism of a face can be vitally built up in Art. And Mr. Alma-Tadema's flowers are exquisite, for thus far into the world of organised life his art carries him with admirable success. Whether he paints a great grove of poppies in the garden of 'Tarquinius Superbus,' or the vigorous white heads of onions in flower in his charming 'Kitchen-Garden,' or the brilliant parterre in 'Young Affections,' or else flowers severed from their growth—woven into garlands, massed into the thick bouquet of roses which weight the letter thrown by the laughing girl in 'A Love Missile,' or



Sappho. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

disleaved upon the still water of 'Summer,' he paints them with a charming freshness and a full vitality. Some of his most exquisite as well as his quietest work is to be found in a graceful chaplet hanging upon the pedestal of a terminal bust, a little after-thought of joyful decoration, keeping its subservient place by the fine reserve of the artist's treatment; while among his studies of growing flowers must not be forgotten that blossoming tree—a very epitome of spring—round which the dancers are gambolling in the 'Pomona Festival.' And while we are glancing at his dealings with Nature rather than with Art we must make special record of the beautiful 'Pastoral,' a Virgilian peasant driving his oxen through the grass under the glowing sky. The picture is bathed in light. What Mr. Alma-Tadema can make, too, of the less obvious but very graceful beauties of faded autumnal growth may be seen in the exquisite touch which renders the slender forms of dry and delicate vegetation in 'The Last Roses.'

And even now some of the most memorable of the pictures of this most prolific artist remain still to be glanced at—'The Audience at Agrippa's,' and its companion, 'After the Audience,' 'A Roman Amateur,' 'Phidias and the Elgin Marbles' (engraved in *The Art Journal* for January, 1875, p. 10), 'Ave, Cæsar! Io Saturnalia' (a repetition in subject, but not in composition, of the 'Roman Emperor'), that little masterpiece, 'The Bath,' and the perfectly simple and broad little subject called 'Well-Protected Slumber.' Much larger canvases there are, indeed—'The Sculptor's Model,' 'Fredegonda,' and two or three portraits—but for the reasons we have explained we do not hold these as important among their author's works. Even in the 'Phidias' the figures are too prominent to let this picture take the highest rank; but the subject—Phidias holding a "private view" of the friezes of the Parthenon—is singularly fascinating. The 'Audience' is exceedingly striking, by reason of the commanding effect of a great foreshortened staircase, seen in full face, and the tiger-skin upon the mosaic floor is a marvel of painting. In the 'Io Saturnalia'

completeness of work is carried to the very limit, and loveliness of gentle colour could hardly be more charming than it is in the 'Well-Protected Slumber.' Across the alcove of a marble interior a subtly-tinted creamy green curtain is drawn close, a garland is hanging, a lamp alight. A slave, placed to guard this sanctuary of sleep, lifts herself on her hand from the skin on which she lies, and holds a finger to her lips. As regards the 'Sappho,' the light of that summer-blue sea, the gold of the poet's lyre, and the white of the sun-warmed marble are now only memories in England, for the picture has found a far-away home.

A review of Mr. Alma-Tadema's works should be followed by such biographical facts as can be added to the slight notes of his early life already given. But the fact of his naturalization in England, and of his marriage to an English lady, in addition to the details given in *The Art Journal* for 1875, are the only ones to which the writer and reader have a right. The honours he has received are matters of course. The merit which has sometimes passed unrecognised in the world has been merit which, though it might approach Mr. Alma-Tadema's in degree, did not resemble it in kind. No neglected genius has been possessed of such irresistible attractiveness—an attractiveness which Paris, London, Munich, Amsterdam have acknowledged by the gift of orders and by election to the membership of the national institutions. In 1876 Mr. Alma-Tadema was elected Associate of our own Royal Academy, and in 1879 full Academician.

THE BERLIN MUSEUM OF CASTS.

SOME two years ago we attempted, whilst showing the attitude of the State towards Art in this country, to indicate the direction in which future reforms should advance. The views then expressed laid no claim to originality, but were those which had long been held by men in all countries who cared at all to raise the standard of national taste, and to press into the service of modern manufacture the works of all times gathered from all places. We showed that already there existed at the South Kensington Museum the nucleus of a school of design, which had been unaccountably neglected in recent years; and that there was imminent risk of transforming what was originally destined to be the training college of artificers and of the public, into a mere curiosity-shop, arranged rather with the view to attract the eye and amuse the weary, than with the definite object of instructing the ignorant and helping the intelligent. In the interval a very marked change has come over the policy of the Science and Art Department, owing either to the individual action of the Lord President and his able colleague, Mr. Mundella, or to their quick apprehension of the current of public opinion towards a more utilitarian policy. It has been impossible to break suddenly and altogether with the traditions of the past, nor was there, indeed, any reason for so doing; but signs are not wanting that the collecting of bric-à-brac will in future be regarded as of secondary importance, whilst the claims of Art in relation to its manufactures will be more openly recognised; and that a great central school of design, standing on firmer foundations than the passing taste of the moment, may one day be firmly established in this country.

The starting-point for any complete course of instruction is admitted to be, as we urged it should be, the formation of a museum of casts, wherein the history of plastic art, in its various branches and from the remotest time, should be placed before the eyes of every student. The South Kensington Museum, it is true, already possesses a very considerable number of valuable works, but they are arranged without method, and are practically of little use to any but those who have already devoted time and labour to the study of the history of Art. There is nothing yet done to show the sequence of style, the modes of thought, the development of technical skill amongst those workers of classic and mediæval times whose teachings we desire to follow, and whose productions we for the most part servilely imitate. Trajan's column stands facing the Puerta della Gloria from the cathedral at Santiago di Compostello (Spanish twelfth century), and close around it are grouped copies of the Schreyer monument at Nuremberg (German fifteenth century), the tabernacle of St. Leau (Flemish sixteenth century), the De Vere monument from Westminster Abbey (English seventeenth century), and a French Renaissance chimney-piece. The eye and the mind are alike fatigued in attempting to bring order out of this chaos, and in despair the visitor to the overcrowded courts of South Kensington wanders, listlessly gazing at marvels of Art, without aim and without profit.

To the appeal for a better system and more thorough organization, the plea of expense is put forward as all-sufficient; and it is therefore with the object of showing how much may be effected with comparatively small expenditure that we propose to sketch briefly the rise and present state of the most modern, and at the same time the most complete, museum of casts in Europe, namely, that which is now to be found attached to the Royal Museum of Berlin. Its foundation coincides almost with that of our own South Kensington Museum, for it was only in 1856 that the idea, originally urged by Humboldt and Bunsen, of obtaining copies of masterpieces of Art throughout Europe, had borne sufficient fruit to permit of the Museum of Casts being thrown open to the public. Since then, in spite of the modest allowance of £1,500 per annum, the collection has been steadily increased, and is now universally admitted to be the most complete and best arranged in Europe.

Occupying the whole of the first floor of the Royal Museum, the Gipsabgüsse form a fitting introduction to the study of the various collections of original works with which the building is richly stored. Chronological order has been primarily aimed at in the arrangement of the works, and the discussions, which have necessarily arisen out of the decisions of the authorities, have quickened public attention, and stimulated the curiosity, of those to whom many of the riddles of archæology were meaningless or insoluble.

The archaic period represented by the work of Assyrian and Egyptian sculptors at first sight strikes those who know the originals in our British Museum as meagre and incomplete. Certain of the works, like our own, were brought from the

ruins of the ancient Nineveh, dug from the Nimrod mound, others from Khorsabad, and one, a boundary stone with figures in high relief, from the neighbourhood of the Ctesiphon. The remainder are reproductions of originals in the Louvre or the British Museum. The Persian sculpture which Professor Conze places next in order are all casts from the originals in this country, brought from the ruins of the palace of Persepolis. Similarly the Phœnician sculptures, to which no actual date can be assigned, are taken from originals preserved at Leyden, whither they had been brought from the ruins on the supposed site of ancient Carthage. These form a fitting introduction to the great epoch of Greek Art, fitly inaugurated by the renowned Schlangensäule, or Serpent-column, a bronze group composed of the entwined bodies of three serpents, which formed part of the base of the tripod offered by the Greek States to the temple of Delphi, after the battle of Platæa. This trophy was, in the Byzantine period, removed to Constantinople, and set up in the Hippodrome of that city. Next come specimens from the Harpies' monument at Xanthos, and other Lycian remains, of which the originals are to be seen in the British Museum. A bit of a frieze from Ægina, a fragment of the Temple of Zeus at Agrigentum, and metopes from the two temples of Selinos, preserved in the Museum of Palermo, show the successive phases of plastic Art before it finally found its fullest development at Athens. It is unnecessary here to catalogue the varied contents of these rooms; it will be sufficient to say that everything of importance, from the lion of Mycenæ to the Hercules of Sparta, is to be found in the first room of the Berlin Museum; leading from it is a corridor in which are arranged a number of funeral monuments found in various parts of Greece; and opening into a long room, also devoted to votive tablets, are the remains of old tombs ornamented in high relief. Here also are placed the balustrades from the Temple of Niké Apteros at Athens, and the frieze of the Erechtheum and the Parthenon.

The next room, known as the Cabinet of the Laocoön, contains, in addition to a reproduction of the group now in the Vatican, the Laocoön's head in the Ahremberg collection at Brussels, and a reproduction of Laocoön and his sons in relief —probably a copy made in comparatively recent times by an artist resident in Rome, where, since the very commencement of the sixteenth century, the original has been known and studied by sculptors of all ages and of all times. Another small room bears the name of the Cabinet of the Farnese Bull, the supposed work of Apollonios and Tauriskos, found in 1547 in the baths of Caracalla, and now at Naples. This room is chiefly interesting on account of the numerous Amazons grouped together, and of its thus affording ample means of comparing the Greek idea of these female warriors. Apollo and Artemis, in their varying relations to particular cities and states, as well as typifying abstract qualities and ideas, are the other occupants of this hall. The Rotunda, as the sixth room is called, contains at least twenty varieties of Athéné, the most striking of which is the draped figure found at Velletri, and now at the Louvre. A few remarkable torsi, the so-called Antinous of the Belvedere, and half-a-dozen statues of Hercules, are the other principal objects. The Niobe room contains a number of figures of Héré, and other goddesses, the Dioscoboli, and similar groups of figures well known in the mythology of the country. The Bacchus room, in addition to numerous representations of that god, contains the fragments of bronze work attributed to the Etruscan period, and found at Perugia; and two glass cases contain numerous silver, bronze, and ivory figures and ornaments illustrative of the various phases of Greek Art.

The intelligent arrangement thus adopted permits the introduction of any new discovery without delay. For instance, when last year the news (which, by the way, subsequently turned out to be false) arrived of the discovery at Athens of a statue of Minerva, attributed to Phidias, or one of his immediate pupils, Dr. Conze at once obtained photographs of the work, and placed them beside the other authenticated statues of the goddess, in order that students might at once realise the valuelessness of the pretended discovery. The logical and chronological arrangement of the works further allows them to be used as means of teaching history and literature, as well as Art, and it is by no means uncommon for the masters of the Berlin school to take their pupils to the museum, in order to give the latter a tangible interest in ancient history.

Roman Art is treated in the same way as its Greek forerunner, but the specimens are naturally less numerous, and Art productions less instructive. The want of invention amongst Roman artists is but poorly supplied by their adhesion to nature. On the other hand, the supremacy of Greek artists, even after they had migrated to Italy, and had with their accustomed suppleness adapted their skill to the taste of their conquerors, is most interesting to follow. The so-called Roman collection at Berlin starts with the Venus of Milo, a thoroughly Greek work, attributed to a period somewhat subsequent to the death of Alexander the Great. From this *chef-d'œuvre* the collection wanders over an almost unlimited expanse of time, and admirable specimens of the changes effected by various native and foreign influences have been brought together from public and private collections in Italy, Spain, France, and England. Venus, Bacchus, Satyrs, and Antinous are the most frequent types represented; but place is of course found for such well-known figures as the Barberini Faun, the Sleeping Ariadne, the Marsyas of the Lateran, and the Hypnos from Madrid. The less known Smyrna Ariadne, the bronze Germanicus or praying Hermes, now at Vienna, but found on the Magdalenenberg in Carinthia, and the Tarragona Dionysus are also reproduced and assigned to their respective places in the chronology of Art; but, strangely enough, the listening Narcissus, discovered at Pompeii in 1867, and now at Naples, perhaps the most perfect specimen of Græco-Italian Art, is still wanting.

Nearly the whole of the second room in which the Roman antiquities are stored is devoted to objects showing the application of plastic Art to decorative and useful purposes. Candelabra, sarcophagi, stone seats and altars were in those days the objects of the sculptor's care, and in many instances we learn more from such works of the influence of the greater masters than from the *chefs-d'œuvre* themselves.

Passing away from the classical period we come to the room in which the works of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance are arranged. The system adopted in this case is not only to observe chronological order, but as far as possible to recognise national characteristics. Of early Christian work, only two specimens are at present exhibited, the shield of Theodosius, of which the original in silver is at Madrid, and the portrait bust of Hippolytus, Bishop of Rome, now in the Lateran. Romanesque work is divided into German and French, a limitation with which some might be disposed to find fault, as omitting some of the very finest specimens which are to be found in North Italy, and even in countries as far off as

Dalmatia and Illyria. Hildesheim naturally furnishes the largest supply of specimens, but they are somewhat wanting in variety as well as in poetry. French Gothic sculpture ranges from the simple relief at Notre Dame at Paris, representing Mary and the Angels, to the highly ornamented groups and figures at Chartres, and the difference in treatment is the more interesting from the fact that they are almost, if not quite, contemporaneous works. For English Gothic, the director of the Berlin Museum has gone almost wholly to Lincoln Cathedral, the only other specimens being the head of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, from Warwick Church, and the six small figures in relief which decorate the Earl's tomb. Whilst French Gothic is wholly that of the thirteenth century, and English only that of the fifteenth, the progress of German Gothic is traced from the bronze lectern in the cathedral at Aix la Chapelle, attributed to the early part of the fourteenth century, down to the wooden group in Count Pocci's collection at Vienna, ascribed to the early years of the sixteenth century, and thought to be almost the last specimens of true Gothic work. Italian Gothic is seen in the copies brought from Rome, Florence, and Padua, but it was at Venice that the style struck deepest its roots, where its followers were most persistent. The amount of space accorded to the works of the Italian Renaissance is not out of proportion with the importance of the movement, and Dr. Conze and his able assistants have set a valuable example to the directors of other museums, in keeping prominently before the students the wonderful products of this period. More than two hundred objects of all kinds only serve to show the marvellous versatility of Italian genius in the fifteenth century, and the poetical aptitude with which they treated classical models. Florence naturally furnishes the larger number of *chefs-d'œuvre*, but from Siena, Venice, Padua, and Rome, valuable studies have been obtained. The French Renaissance has only two representatives, the figure from the tomb of Roberta Legendre, originally in the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, and a group of children by Pierre Puget. The former work may possibly be from the hand of Michel Colombre, who gives his name to the first room in the Renaissance Museum at the Louvre, but it cannot for a moment be confused with the St. George and the Dragon, more certainly ascribed to the same sculptor. Of Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon there are as yet no specimens or copies at Berlin, and the like may be said of Jacques Sarasin, Barthélemy Prieur, and others. Puget, the only other French sculptor represented, belongs rather to the modern than to the Renaissance period; but his strong classicism certainly exercised a very appreciable influence throughout the latter portion of the seventeenth century in which he flourished. Within the last few months, it must be said, an important addition has been made to the specimens of French Renaissance sculpture in the portrait just purchased from Château de Montal, that remarkable work of some unknown artist, who forms the connecting line between the architects of Chambord and Chenonceaux.

German Renaissance most probably took its rise at Nuremberg under the teaching of Dürer's rival, Jacopo de' Barbari —for the specimen of wood carving, attributed to Veit Stoss, representing an entombment, is a curious and interesting example of what might with greater accuracy be called the Transitian period—inasmuch as the conventional Gothic treatment is, although no longer predominant, at least clearly traceable. The original work, it will be remembered, surmounts the inside of the doorway of the Frauenkirche at Nuremberg, where the chief remains of Veit Stoss, and of his contemporary, Adam Krafft, are still to be seen. The Franconian artists of the sixteenth century soon turned their attention to bronze work, and the fountains, the tombs, and the trophies which are to be met with throughout Southern Germany testify to the degree of excellence attained north of the Alps. Of this development, the Museum at Berlin presents a continuous history, and although there are here and there obvious breaks and omissions, there is every reason to believe that with time and patience these will be remedied. The system of exchange between Berlin and the other cities of Germany and foreign countries is now fully working. Nearly every small German capital, as well as every University, possesses a Museum of Casts, in which original works are not unfrequently met with, and with German museums of the capital and of provincial cities, France and Belgium having already fully recognised the system of interchange, the national and local museums of all three countries have largely profited by this free trade in Art reproduction.

The difficulties to overcome in connection with Italy are far greater and more complex. Each corporation, or body civil or religious, and each municipality, has to be won over separately to permit copies of its local works of Art to be made, and the State either withholds all active assistance, or else is itself a source of obstruction. In this country the British Museum authorities have, it is true, permitted a private individual to take casts of its principal works, and to furnish reproductions at a specified price; but inasmuch as the trustees do not seek to acquire works which are not originals, it is obvious that they are not likely to take any steps towards promoting a free interchange of reproduction, and the interference of private speculation in what should be a national undertaking is altogether unjustifiable. With the moulds already existing of our national works, and with the permission to make casts for foreign galleries and provincial museums, the English school of casts might ere long be unrivalled in the world, not only for its completeness, but for its usefulness. From the days of Albrecht Dürer and Leonardo da Vinci, both competent judges, the study of the human figure and classical models has been recognised as the true basis and starting-point of the arts of design; and the sooner our authorities at Whitehall, at Burlington House, and at South Kensington recognise this cardinal truth, the sooner may we hope to see some scheme adopted worthy of the enormous interest which this country, from an industrial point of view, has at stake in the matter. One-third of the money which is frittered away in the purchase of Sèvres vases or Dresden figures, would suffice to set in motion a Museum of Casts, of which the influence would be felt at Manchester, Paisley, Nottingham, and every other centre of industry. At present we are, it is only fair to say, not only without the means, but without the machinery, to effect the much-needed revolution. In no country but our own could exist for a day the idea of placing the direction of the artistic training of the country in the hands of an official who changes with every ministry, and who, in addition to his duties in Parliament, has to organise elementary education throughout the kingdom, to prevent the spread of cattle disease, to supervise the distribution of public charities, and impose rules of quarantine; and has, in addition, for some time past been charged with the responsible government of Ireland.

With every disposition to develop the usefulness of the various departments submitted to his control, the Lord Presi-

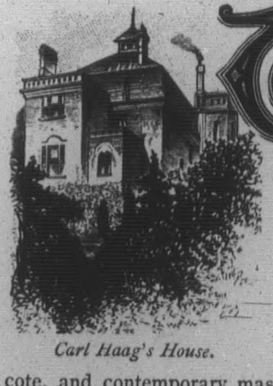
dent of the Council, and his almost equally overburdened colleague, the Vice-President of the Committee of the Council for Education, must feel the hopelessness of any attempt to adapt to present needs the chaotic system which has by degrees grown up. It is not too much to say that within the last twenty years millions of pounds have been wasted, because of the absolute want of central control over the various Art-teaching, and Art-fostering, institutions supported by the national purse. The jealousies, if not the antipathies, known to exist between the British Museum, the National Gallery, and South Kensington, have been fostered instead of being restrained, and in no single case can it be shown that the Minister responsible for Art and Education ever exercised his authority, if indeed he preserved it, to insure harmonious action between rival trustees and council boards toward the common end of national improvement. We do not pretend to say that the German system of museum management is without its drawbacks, but at any rate it produces at a very trifling cost results which command the admiration and envy of other nations. It may be therefore useful to indicate briefly how this system works. Immediately subordinate to the official or ministerial head of the Department of Public Institutions is a Director-General of the National Museums, whose special function is to insure unity of action among the different Art Departments. He is a permanent official, and is responsible to his Parliamentary chief for the working and for the *personnel* of the department. Immediately after him come the special committees which superintend the various branches of the Arts. These committees, of which there are twelve, consist of a Keeper or Superintendent and his Assistant, together with four members (in the case of painting the number is increased to six), selected for their acquaintance with special branches of Art. These commissioners, who may be either amateurs or professional artists, are nominated by the Crown for a period of three years, and to them are referred all questions of purchases, exchange, and restoration. The committee meets at regular intervals, and may be summoned at such other times as the keeper of the department may think requisite. Each branch, or museum, has its special funds, of which it can make use according to its own views; but, in addition to its special vote, there is a reserve fund, common to all the branches, and no portion of this can be touched without the sanction of the various committees united *ad hoc* in a general meeting. On the other hand, there is no temptation for the German trustees—to use the word best known amongst us—to spend the whole of their grant within the year, any balance remaining over being the absolute property of the section for which it was originally voted. At the close of each year the various committees publish an account of their stewardship, not in the dry form of a parliamentary Blue Book, but in a readable account of their doings, illustrated with drawings or photographs of their principal purchases.

This "Jahrbuch der Königlichen Kunst-Sammlungen" carries far and wide a knowledge of the aid which the State is giving to artificers, and its constantly extending sale is a fair criterion of a desire on the part of manufacturers and workmen, to relieve their productions from the stigma which has fastened on them, ever since Professor Reuleaux's report on the Philadelphia Exhibition. Out of the large sums provided for our various Art Departments, some such permanent record, in a more readable and popular form than parliamentary Blue Books, might, we should suppose, be easily compiled and be circulated by the agencies possessed by the Science and Art Department, as well as through the ordinary channels of publicity. It would not be long before the annual Art Report would become self-supporting, and a test of, as well as incentive to, increasing interest in Art and Art manufacture.

It would be ungenerous to conclude this notice without some reference to the work which, with so little outside support, Mr. W. C. Perry has inaugurated. The means at the disposal of the South Kensington authorities, as limited by the estimates of the past year, are altogether inadequate for more than a tentative effort; but in fixing the estimates of the coming financial year, it might be easy, one would think, to find a few thousands, either by the generous co-operation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, if need be, by the transfer of a requisite sum from some other sub-head of the vote. The question is not a political one, but of the widest national importance, and speakers on all sides of the House of Commons have recognised the importance of not lagging behind in Art education, if we aim at maintaining our industrial position.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

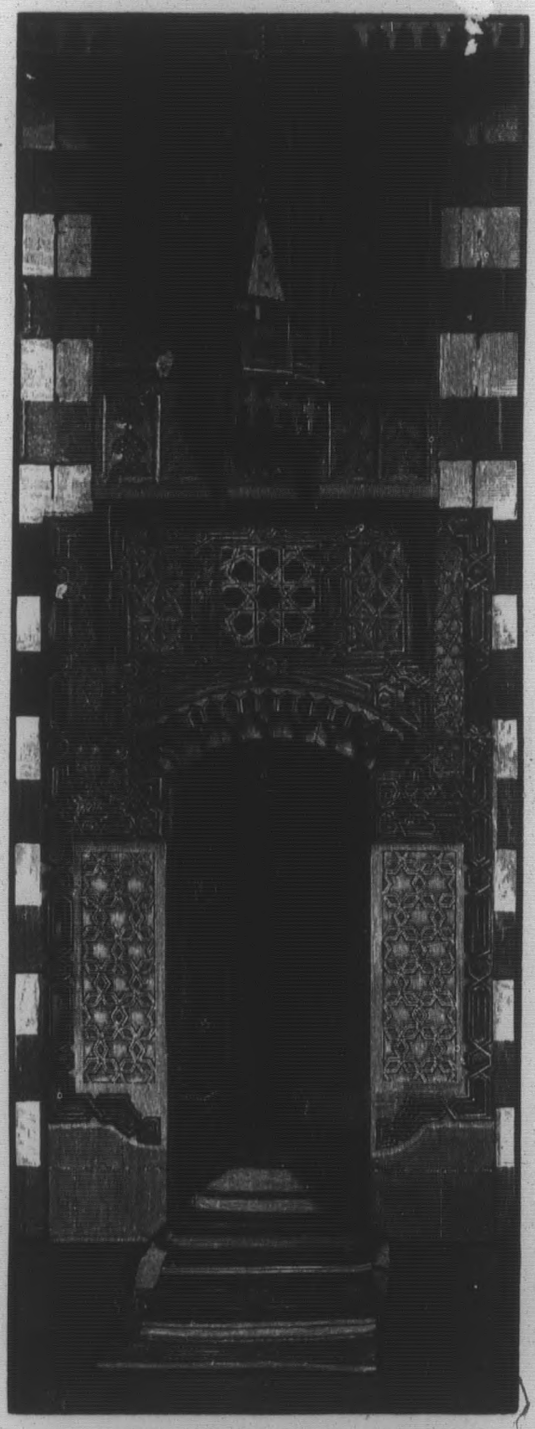
CAIRO IN LONDON: CARL HAAG'S STUDIO.



Carl Haag's House.

THE English metropolis contains many notable studios, and that belonging to Carl Haag, in some respects, stands conspicuously alone; for, unique in motive, it is also remarkable for the simple and yet absolutely complete design its author has carried out. There was a time in British Art when men like Reynolds, Lawrence, Northcote, and contemporary masters of eminence, were content to pursue the practice of their art with surroundings, to say the least, unsympathetic, and in some instances which might be enumerated, were not far removed from being even squalid. A small room, frequently in the worst possible order, a lay figure, and here and there a few draperies scattered heedlessly about, formed the daily associations with which a painter attempted to nourish his artistic instincts, and produce works which were the chief occupation of his life. All this, however, is now changed, and influenced possibly by the magnificence of modern continental ateliers, artists of the present day, more wise in their generation, seek to surround themselves with appliances suitable to an art finding full expression only in the highest refinement and the most cultivated skill. In many of the leading studios

also, one finds the mind of the master curiously apparent, for as surely as a painter's work is but the reflex of himself, with equal certainty his artistic tastes and sympathies are to be discovered in the abode he has chosen. With the general facts of Carl Haag's history most persons are tolerably well acquainted, so it appears almost unnecessary to repeat



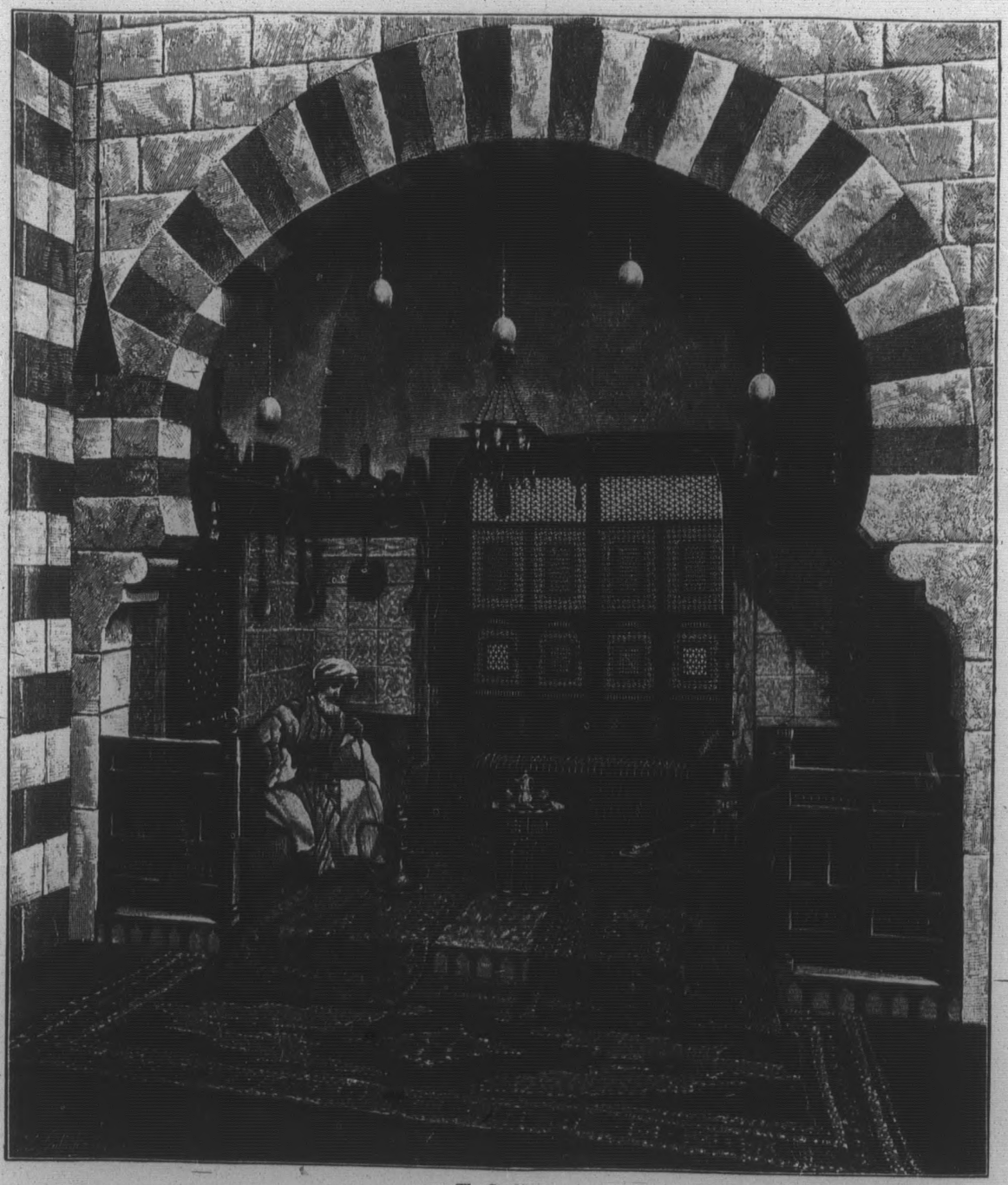
Entrance to the Private Apartments.

that, son of Christopher William Haag, of Erlangen, he is a Bavarian by birth, and studied first under Albert Reindel at Nürnberg and Cornelius at Munich; that in 1847 he came to England and entered the Royal Academy Schools, where George Jones, R.A., was the then visiting master; that he made his *début* as a painter in oils, but subsequently adopted water-colours, to which he has ever since adhered, and has long been a leading member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. In a word, we claim Mr. Haag as our property, and are proud of him. He has allied himself to British Art and has done not a little to develop and consolidate our School of Water Colour Painting, of which, as a nation, we have reason to be content. Before endeavouring to trace out the connection between cause and effect, in order to show the motive of the artist's life, which subsequently led to his building the studio of which we have presently to speak, it may be appropriate to allude to a not very well-known incident which formed the turning-point in Mr. Haag's career. Life hangs by a thread, and this was literally the case with the painter's proposed Art-life, when not long after his arrival in this country he met with an alarming accident, blowing his right hand nearly to pieces by the explosion of a flask of powder. Laid upon his bed with a maimed hand, the artist, in addition to bodily pain, was tormented with the still more terrible dread that amputation might be necessary, and he would thus lose the means of engaging in an art almost dearer to him than life. But happily the sufferer was under the charge of a surgeon of high eminence in Mr. Prescott Hewett, who, bringing to the case all the resources of his skill, was, after ceaseless care and attention, enabled to save the member, lacking which, Mr. Haag must have remained unknown to the world of Art. It is but fair to add that the first use made of the restored good right hand was to work for him who had done so great a service.

It was shortly after this that Mr. Haag was, through the favourable opinion of his artistic powers entertained by Prince Leiningen and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, introduced to the notice of her Majesty the Queen, for whom he had the honour of executing many important works, principal among them being 'The Royal Family ascending Loch-na-Gar,' 'Evening at Balmoral—the Stags brought home,' and 'The Queen, Prince Consort, and the Royal Family fording Pool Tarff.' These pictures, as reminiscences of a happy period in the life of our beloved Sovereign, are still, we believe, not the least valued portion of the royal collection at Windsor.

And now let us see if we can trace the motive dominating the painter's professional life, which induced him to select the particular branch of Art with which he has ever since been associated. With a mind so organised as to be sensitively alive to the dignity of the calling he had chosen, Mr. Haag, in commencing the work of his life, looked around him for something he could feel to be commensurate with the grandeur of a profession which instructs, whilst it delights, mankind. Desiring to deal with men and manners, he instinctively sought as subjects for his pencil, those who had for ages past existed, with but little alteration of character, customs, or even costume, from the time they were sent forth as wanderers upon the earth by the Creator. The land of Egypt, with its wondrous traditions, marvellous monuments of antiquity, and half-wild nomadic tribes, appeared best and nearest to realise to Mr. Haag his cherished scheme of a suitable field for artistic labour; and he thought he could find in the picturesquely-costumed people, with their no less characteristic beasts of burden, that which was specially satisfying to his artistic tastes and sympathies. With these views, it was with an enthusiasm heightened to delight that Mr. Haag made his first visit to the Libyan desert in 1858, where he

was received in a not unkindly manner by the Arabs, with whom he remained for some time. This visit was succeeded by others, the artist traversing the various deserts with the Bedouins, with whom he dwelt for months, adopting their costume, speaking in a measure their language, and as far as he considered desirable for the object he had in view, conforming also to their manners and customs. The insight thus acquired into the inner life of these children of the desert was invaluable to Mr. Haag, who made the best use of his time, painting and making studies, and he eventually brought away with him a very large collection of drawings, which, executed direct from nature, carried with them the

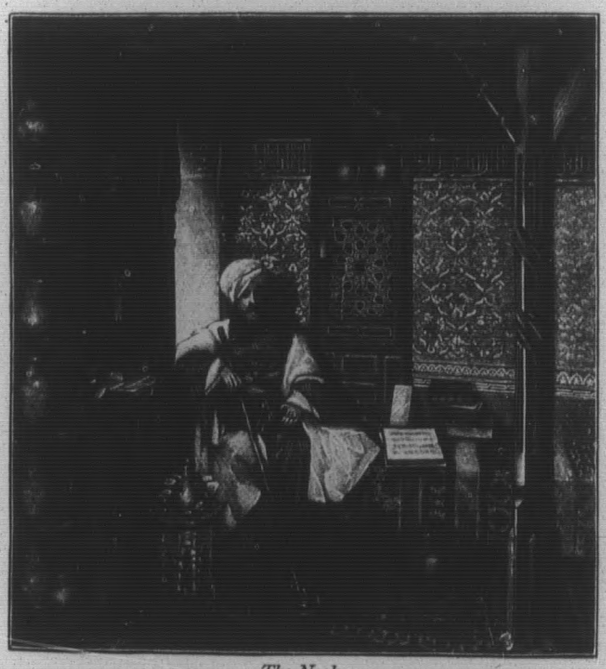


The Studio.

impress of truth, and furnished ample material for pictures in the future. The artist's account of some of the incidents connected with his wanderings with the Arab tribes is interesting, and, did space admit, reference might be made to the fêtes, sword-dances, and other ceremonies of which he was a spectator, or in which he took part. But we will limit remark as to this, to one circumstance which he relates, wherein, after a dance or fête (in which an Arab girl, armed with a sharp sword, standing in the centre of a circle of men, tried her best to cut with the sword any one attempting to touch her robe), in the interval succeeding the dance, Mr. Haag amused himself by holding up his revolver towards the sky, and

without lowering his arm, fired three shots in succession. The Arabs, accustomed to their own primitive muzzle-loading weapons, considered this an astounding feat, savouring of magic. And when Mr. Haag's dragoman, in addition, informed them that not only would his master's pistol fire off as often as he pleased at command, but also when he discharged the weapon if he thought of an enemy, that enemy would be killed, it was scarcely matter for great astonishment that, the next morning, an Arab presented himself at the tent offering a fine horse, and when that was refused, eventually two horses, in exchange for the formidable weapon. It is hardly necessary to add that this liberal offer was declined.

After making repeated visits to Egypt, and learning as much as was possible or necessary of the country and people, Mr. Haag at length felt that the time had arrived when his wanderings should cease; and he then proceeded to carry out an idea long before originated, and for which he had been preparing, of surrounding himself with that which should breathe of the Eastern life which had formed the motive of his whole art career. Accordingly, at his residence in the pleasant suburb of Hampstead—a small sketch of which is given at the beginning of this notice—Mr. Haag built himself a studio, the object of which was to realise the idea of the interior of a room in an Eastern gentleman's house. The artist is one who, his pictures would tell us, does things thoroughly, and, consequently, having carried out the architectural plan of his studio, he followed out his scheme by fitting up his painting-room with furniture he had years before brought bodily from Cairo and other cities of the East. Keenly alive to the fact that it is of the first importance an artist's study should, as far as possible, be quiet and free from the ordinary traffic of the house, Mr. Haag appropriated the upper floor of his residence for the purpose he had in view. The studio is a handsome and commodious room, about forty feet long by thirty broad and fifteen feet high, except in the centre of the apartment, where a large oblong skylight rises some ten feet above the ceiling. Before proceeding to describe the apartment in detail, it may be desirable to give an idea of the general impression produced upon the visitor on entering the room from the studio staircase. And here we should observe, that the stairs, staircase, and even the seats which careful thought has provided at intervals on the staircase for those needing rest, are painted and coloured with negative tints suitable to the Egyptian character of the scheme. Entering the room, the visitor is at once impressed with the idea that it is scarcely possible he can be in an English home, in our great metropolis, so instantaneous is the change to that of rich, but not oppressively sumptuous, Eastern existence. The light is just sufficiently subdued and controlled by lattice-work windows, whilst divans and floor are covered with various-coloured rich Turkish and Persian fabrics and draperies, and the nooks and recesses are surmounted by arched stonework in different colours. A magnificent collection of arms of numerous Eastern nations, quite a wealth of pretty little betasselled lamps or burners, and ostrich eggs, suspended at intervals from the decorated ceiling, Nubian and Syrian camel saddles and horse housings, leathern water-bottles, nargilehs, tobacco pouches profusely ornamented by the Bedaween women, and musical instruments of quaint character and shape are strewn around. Lastly, more than one life-size figure, which for the moment it is hard to believe not endowed with life, clad in the loose garments, the flowing kaftan, abajeh and handsome sash worn by the natives of the East, complete a remarkable *tout ensemble*.



The Nook.

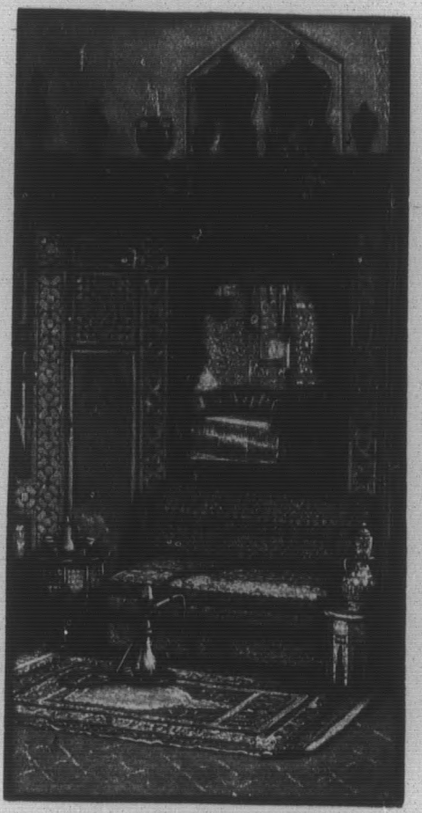
But let us examine this apartment somewhat more narrowly, and consider first an important portion in the divan—a recess, under an archway of stone of various colours, where an Eastern host receives friends of his own sex. The illustration on the previous page, like the other wood engravings illustrating my notice, gives an admirable idea of the spot. The seats around, upon which guests recline, are covered with rich coloured tapestry, the floor with Turkey carpet; the windows, of ingeniously carved lattice work in various designs, admit the air whilst excluding the powerful rays of the sun, and, as a further advantage, permit occupants of the dwelling to see abroad whilst their privacy is maintained. The walls are fitted with choice tiles, and on either hand shallow cupboards, the doors of which are of cedar inlaid with ivory and ebony, are so marvellously dovetailed, or, if the term be allowed, mosaiced, with a Saracenic pattern, as to be truly wonders of art. Placed around at intervals upon the floor are little tables of inlaid mother-of-pearl, ebony, and tortoiseshell, the scenic effect being completed by many of the ornaments before enumerated.

Returning to the entrance door of the studio, which with its curious iron knocker, wooden lock, and Arabic inscription, "God is the great Creator, the everlasting" (usually placed over doors because it is supposed to keep out evil genii), is well worthy attentive examination, we find close by, a secluded corner, "The Nook" (illustrated above), where the occupant of the house will recline with books at hand, smoking his chibouk or reading. The wall here is exquisitely carved marble, in designs representing various leaves and flowers; the seat covered with Palmyran tapestry, woven by Bedaween women; in the centre of the wall at the back is a cupboard, the door of which, with strange wooden lock, is composed of quaintly-shaped pieces of wood, most curiously interlaced. The pillar, seen in our illustration, supporting the roof of "The

Nook," is elegantly carved Egyptian work; the fluting, whilst it is perhaps unknown in recognised architecture, being, with its twisted convolutions, none the less picturesque, as it certainly is strikingly original.

And now we reach, in the entrance to the private apartments, an ornamental doorway of Egyptian workmanship (illustrated on page 72), executed in stone and carved in relief on the flat surface surrounding the entrance. This is, we believe, the first occasion in which such a doorway has been introduced into Europe. Above, is the outer lattice woodwork, finely carved, of a small divan for one person, with a projecting, oblong, semicircular case or receptacle in the centre for water vessels, which are kept cool from the fact of this cupboard being so placed as to be exposed to any passing current of air.

Continuing round the studio, and passing the large divan first described, a niche for a water vessel is encountered—a pointed, arched niche, ornamented with pieces of inlaid marble of various colours, but chiefly in white, red, yellow, and black. In the centre is a narrow-necked vessel, of elegant shape, carried by the native women upon their heads, when fetching water, above being a shelf whereon are Egyptian gods, jugs, and curiosities. "The Mirror" is another picturesque corner, with a small divan in front of it, and mother-of-pearl coffee-tables, nargilehs, and jugs of refreshing drink.



The Mirror.

Having now nearly completed the circuit of the apartment, and briefly alluded to the leading objects of interest, there is met with, lastly, a large and varied assortment of arms and weapons of war. These, which are arranged upon the wall on the north side near to the entrance door to the studio, took Mr. Haag many years to collect, and consist principally of a fine suit of Persian chain armour; a small, highly ornamented Persian circular shield, beautifully worked and inlaid with gold, the sun as a central ornament being, as usual, conspicuous; two other shields, one Nubian, of hippopotamus hide, and the other Syrian. Around are arranged, with admirable regard to effect, guns, Syrian, Turkish, and Bedaween; lances from Upper Egypt; arrows of Nubia and Abyssinia; swords, richly ornamented, Turkish, Bedoween, and Nubian; silver-mounted pistols, yataghans, daggers of all kinds and descriptions; girdles, Greek, Syrian, and Turkish; together with cartridge pouches, powder horns and flasks, and drums used by the Bashi-Bazouks.

Such is the painting-home Mr. Haag has constructed for himself, and here, surrounded by objects suggesting Eastern life, the desert, and its wandering inhabitants, does the artist nourish those instincts which induced him to select his particular branch of art; and it is under such influences he produces pictures enabling us to hold mute converse with the people of a far-distant land, traverse sandy wastes, and view those wondrous monuments of antiquity which remain enduring records of a nation's greatness and decay. Of the artist's works it is unnecessary to speak, for they are familiar to us as household words; but it is pleasant to know that gifts of such rare order as Mr. Haag's have not been without honorary recognition in distinctions—the Order of Merit of Bavaria, Officer of the Medjidi, and Knight of the Legion of Honour. Without venturing to trespass upon matters of privacy, we may perhaps be permitted to say that Mr. Haag, in 1866, married Ida, the only daughter of General Büttner, of Lüneburg, a distinguished Waterloo veteran, by whom he has living three sons and one daughter.

M. PHIPPS-JACKSON.

THE NEW FOREST: A WINTER STUDY.

—"In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shattered, solitary ocean."—THOMSON.

IT would be an interesting, and perchance not unprofitable, task to endeavour to work out the effects which the various classes of natural scenery produce upon the mind of man; to trace the ideas of sublimity which are inspired by some lovely and lofty mountain peak, the horrors of some black chasm, or the musing, meditative mood which is induced by the plash of ocean waves upon some tranquil shore. But to-day we have to think upon the Forest, perhaps more full of human interest than any of nature's infinitude of phases. For here the development of life and the decay of age are most apparent; the baby acorn, the weedy seedling, the lithe sapling, the vigorous full-growth, and the hoary decay, all seem to imitate and reproduce the ages of man himself. And hence, perhaps, the reason why Greeks and Romans found in the wood, and notably in the talking oaks of Dodona's Groves, homes and haunts of the gods. For this cause the gloomy superstitious broodings of many of the poets of the Middle Ages produced weird spectacles of tortured souls from the fantastic forms of tree or bush; and the lusty manhood of a later age found in the forest a blithe greenwood where man could hunt, and hawk, and feast, and revel amongst leafy-roofed and trunk-pillared homes which did not quite exclude

the jocund sunshine. To the poets of a later age the woods were, as with Keats,

"Places of nestling green, for lovers made."

Tennyson's 'Talking Oak' is as deeply in love as any man can be. What more inviting to the lovers' love-sick fancy than the smooth rind of some beech-tree's trunk, whereon to carve and interweave names and symbols which are all the world to him? And last, yet not least, how grateful to many an overtasked brain, the sweet, silent solitude of some remote forest glade, where the soft, rich fragrance of the deep leaf-carpet, and the airy music of gently rustling branches, invite to waking dreams.

But we can linger no longer on either the general lessons which the forest teaches, or even on the ideas which spring, or summer, or autumn inspires—tempting though either theme might be. We must ask the reader to accompany us in the winter time to the venerable forest of Ytene, which was both Old and "New" even in the days of the Conqueror. Alas, it is almost the last of the forests of England, and is itself living a threatened life. Charnwood is treeless, Wychwood is enclosed, Sherwood is no more. In Gilpin's time there were vestiges of no less than five forests in this county of Hampshire alone. Chute near Silchester, Harewood to the westward, Holt on the east, Waltham Forest more to the south, and the Forest of Bere near Tichfield: all are gone.

The New Forest occupies the south-western triangle of the county of Hants, its southern side washed by the waves of the Solent Sea. Thither we pray the gentle reader to accompany us on some such howling winter time as the poet-laureate describes so forcibly in "In Memoriam." Bitter indeed, yet not without its charms, the renovating force of a bright winter day to vigorous health, and to veins in which the red blood tingles with the joy of exercise, and the keen delight of being once more face to face with nature, even in her savage mood.

The train last night brought us down, let us say either to Lyndhurst, Limewood, capital of the Forest, in three or four hours, or to Stoney Cross, a yet more favourite hostelry for visitors, just in time to see the fiery-mantled sun peering "red o'er the forest," and at last going down behind the low horizon with a glow that seemed to cause a conflagration of all the purple-black tree trunks, resembling most a city in a blaze, the colours, if not so varied, yet richer and deeper than all the bravery of the leafy times of the year. Nor did we fail to mark that exquisite haze which lies entangled amongst the stems and boughs in the twilight, of a colour, if it be a colour, for which there is no name, but which is likest the bloom on a plum, or the softer tints of the "noble" opal. And then came the keen steely glitter of the stars on a blue-black sky: majestic darkness.

A snowfall next morning, first loose sleet, then soft snowflakes, "broad white and vast," during the night, has, at a first glance, seemed to assimilate all objects; and we greet Winter, as he stands before us in his robes of state:—

"His scattered hair with sleet, like ashes, filled;
His breath congealed upon his lips, his cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, his forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch his sceptre."

Slowly, almost reluctantly, the god of day, whose ensanguined defeat and flight we had witnessed a few hours ago, reascends his pallid throne; and, as if mindful of the conflict so soon to be repeated, stares blankly on the landscape, and then sends along the gentle pall of virgin snow faint sunglints of a most exquisite and delicate rosy tint, casting long shadows of silvery blue from every tall tree heavily laden, from every leafy spikelet that peers above the unspotted surface, and from the faded tufts of cotton-grass which reveal the boggy places. On southern slopes to-day his genial rays will have a pleasant warmth that we can hardly believe to be all his own. Truly, landscapes, like human beings, have their happy moments. As Mr. Hewlett well expresses it, December may "*exult* in snow."

Now let us lose ourselves in the woods. No matter whithersoever we go in the forest, we shall see "new pleasures." In the leafy month of June, indeed, we might find some difficulty in selecting among the attractions of the more densely-wooded vistas which lie in the northern parts of the forest. As, for instance, round Minstead; the avenues and glades which lie not far from Brockenhurst, the forest village, with its meadows and orchards closed round by noble trees (of which delightful illustrations appear in a recent edition of Mr. Wise's "New Forest" (Sotheran & Co.), made by Walter Crane), near Lyndhurst; or in the lonely glen of Canterton, amid the tragic memories of

"That red king, who, while of old
Through Boldre-wood the chace he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled;"

or shall we penetrate the stately haunts of the exclusive beeches of Mark Ash? But, in the winter-time, instead of seeking extensive views, the eye seems to fall with especial delight upon the dainty graces of near objects, and to find less joy in the extended range and in distant prospects of rolling hills, "and hamlets brown and dim-discovered spires," which we enjoy in the sweet summer-time from Bramble Hill and Castle Malwood, and indeed all the way from Fritham to Fording Bridge. We seem, during the time "when fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year," to be happier in contemplating

"These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes;"

or to watch the sunlight gild the shining stems of the ferns, and sparkle on the dark surface of the lacquered leaves and coral berries of the evergreen holly—beloved of Evelyn—now entwined with faded honeysuckle stems, like the ghost of some long-past but unforgotten love. "No noise is here, or none that hinders thought;" and the strange shining blackness of the brook has for us now a fascination. As yet unfrozen, and overhung with alders, it forces its silent, luculent way through the surrounding whiteness with a hue and glitter darker than the darkest cairngorm. How, too, at such a time the eye loves to dwell upon the marked individualities of the different growth of trees. "Fragility or force, softness or strength, in all degrees and aspects, unerring uprightness as of temple pillar, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground, mighty resistance of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with the faintest pulse of summer streamlet. Roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave."

Here the ubiquitous Oak, "unwedgable and gnarled," the favourite of Jupiter,

"With singed top, its stately growth, though lone
Stands on the blasted heath,"

glorying and strong in its victories in many a storm-conflict, and still holding out (as in sequestered haunts at Knightwood) defiant arms eager for fresh frays.

And here the Ash, which Virgil pronounced to be "in sylvis pulcherrima," and whose tough straight boughs are staves for the spears of heroes. Then the massive "hedgerow" Elm, which somehow hardly seems a forest tree, yet, from the picturesque outlines of its boughs, very lovely in winter, even lovelier to our minds than in its heavy summer masses, or when, as in autumn, some golden spots in its foliage enhance its charms, as patches were wont in bygone days to be thought to increase the attractions of the face of beauty.

The eye next falls upon a Plane, the tree by which Socrates was accustomed to swear his vows; its tassels waving slightly in the hardly perceptible breeze; perhaps a descendant, through the long ages, from one of the noble trees which Theophrastus tells us overshadowed the temple of Apollo at Delphos. Then comes a Beech, no longer filling the air with golden light, but stark and brown, its smooth rind overgrown with moss peeping between the powdered snow, now of a dull olive green, and now a livelier glowing orange, covering both stem and long-fanged roots with so soft a tapestry as to invite repose in the already westering rays of the wintry sun. The crisp metallic leaves crackle under the virgin mail of snow as we wend our way homeward through the woods, now following what was in summer an alley green, "where frequent tufts of holly, box, or thorn steal on the greensward, but admit fair space for many a mossy maze to wind between," anon wilfully divaricating into some side copse, amid which the pearly smoke is rising from a gipsy encampment, the red glow of whose fire and the scarlet tint of a cloak backed by a group of sombre yews—now, alas! getting scarce in the New Forest except round Sloden—give such a sting of colour to the picture as brings back Herrick's description of the blood-red rose—

"A hue so *angry* brave."

Time fails us to tell of the noble forms of the builder-tree—Sweet Chestnut—a favourite of Salvator Rosa's; of the Lime, "first fading;" of the Maple, more noteworthy by far than now when clad in its autumnal robes of madder brown and crimson, 'Acerque coloribus impar;' of the inelegant Sycamore, picturesque Alder, and graceful Weeping Willow, one of a large and various family; of golden Birch and rugged Thorn: all are to be found here in our forest, and all will, we venture to say, repay the student of landscape for an examination of their structure, by the time

"When woods are green, and hawthorn buds appear."

Many who visit for the first time the New Forest are apt to be disappointed at not finding it all covered with dense woods. But, in the wider sense of the word, a forest should include wild heath-land (as we have here at Burnt Hill), forest lawns (as at Obergreen, or the lovely, lonely meadows round Queen's Mead), as well as hanging woods, like those near Roydon. Doubtless the Forest was once more densely clad than it is now—indeed, even in the days of the Stuarts it was feared that the great demand for shipbuilding timber was threatening the groves with extinction—yet there is still enough and to spare among its "Hursts," and "Holts," and "Dens," to afford retreats such as those to which we have referred at the beginning of this article, for men and women who, even in winter, are nature-hungry.

Mute though the forest be now, and half denuded of its ancient monarchs, it still affords many a bright and busy scene during the other seasons of the year. Tree-felling, at one time, charms us with its picturesque accessories. At another time we come across groups of charcoal-burners, or a little family of sinewy forest ponies, or a great tribe of the gaunt forest hogs, tended by swine-herds in their "smickets" *alias* smocks; and sometimes too the "beo-ceorl," or bee master, is abroad, seeking for profitable sites near the heathy uplands whereon to settle his stocks in the autumn. In fact, there is something to suit all tastes in the Forest. The antiquary may linger over the prehistoric remains which are or were contained in its sepulchral barrows; the architect will find ample matter for enjoyment in the many early churches in its precincts, or in the stately remains of King John's only Abbey, Beaulieu.

In the wished-for springtime (and one of the charms of winter is that it teaches us to look forward to spring) the naturalist and the botanist may revel here: rich as the forest is in specimens for the former—especially in its lepidoptera—yet in the coming spring and summer it will be as rich in the gifts of Flora; and more particularly, we have often thought, in those flowers which the artist loves: the rosy purple loose-strife, the arrow-head, and water lilies, and the yellow-spiked asphodel in the low damp grounds; columbines, and the sentinel foxgloves; gorse, with its tints of guinea gold; the blood-bedabbled heather; and tall hemlocks staring into the leaf-strewn hollow where the deed of violence was done. The last—or rather their ghostlike remains—are all that are now to be seen peering above the fleecy mantle which receives our silent footfalls.

But the shortening winter day reminds us that "time is, our tedious song should here have ending." Silently, but cheerfully, through the crystal-covered shield of dry snowdrifts, and in the deepening gloom of imaginative twilight, we bend our steps towards the homely but pleasant hostelry, where warmest welcome awaits us. Our lengthening shadows seem to leap forward to reach the glowing fire, whose light—for it is yet too soon for candles—comes ruddily through the blinds and half-drawn curtains; that fire in front of which we shall soon be sitting, pondering over the pages of good old parson Gilpin,* who was first to analyze (with an insight into Art before his time) the beauties of his favourite haunts, and who now sleeps hard by in his own quiet churchyard of Boldre. Revelling, as we have been to-day, in the joys of vision, and knowing how keenly alive the old vicar was to the beauties of nature, and especially of the New Forest, it was with no little surprise that we lately came across one of his letters to Mrs. Delany, from which the following is an extract:—

"VICAR'S HALL, *Aug.* 23, 1782.

"* * * * * For myself, I have often thought there are few things wh come upon us under ye name of calamities wh I could bear with more fortitude than ye loss of my sight. Even ye pleasures with which they furnish me are *not* nearly so lively now as they once were. With ye works of art I am almost satiated. For ye works of *nature* I have *still a relish*; but even here I find my eyes among my greatest misleaders: they are continually *distracting* my attention, and carrying it off among trifles. A ray of sunshine, a dark cloud, ye sprig of a tree—anything is sufficient to disturb ye most serious thoughts wh frequent my mind. Besides, I have seen so much of ye works of nature, have attended to ym so closely, and

* He was a brother of Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., and died in 1804.

have gotten them so, in a manner, by heart, yt I can at any time shut my eyes and see nobler compositions than they can easily furnish when open. And these pictures I have at command: I can bid ym come and go. They are rarely intruders. In short, ye eye is a sort of vehicle, in wh ye mind is continually gadding abroad, visiting and gossiping without end. But when ye carriage is laid down, ye mind must necessarily keep at home, become domestic, and employ itself in its proper business."

We take it that this is a unique confession for an artist to make; and, for our own parts, heartily trust that we may long be spared those "vehicles in which ye mind is continually gadding abroad," as ours have been to-day, "visiting and gossiping without end."

Or, laying aside Gilpin, shall we, at the fireside, in imagination retrace our steps through the forest, under the guidance of Mr. J. R. Wise, whose elaborate and artistic volume, before mentioned, is replete with information as to its history, its geology, its flora, and its fauna; a book to which we ever turn with pleasure and profit, as we likewise do to the scenes and characteristics which he has so well described?

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

ARS SERVATRIX.

ON READING WILLIAM MORRIS'S "HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART."

WE grow less worthy as the years roll by;
Our common life is an incarnate wrong,
We fight where victory is to the strong,
Ill is our good, and low alone is high.
Gold is our god, and whoso hath can buy
The land, the lives, the honour of the throng;
No ancient pride doth to our age belong;
Aimless we live, and therefore hopeless die.

Come, rich-robed Mistress, hid so long a while!
We look for thee stern-visaged, as is meet,
For well we know thy service will be pain
Till we have much renounced. Then thou wilt smile,
And in thy smile a stately life and sweet
Will rise, and Labour bringing Beauty in its train.

HENRY NORMAN.

A CLERICAL ARTIST.

THE records of Art furnish some notable instances of artists who have practiced in the legal and medical professions; but there are few clergymen who have found a place in academic records. We therefore think that a short notice of a Scottish clergyman's life, while a personal recollection of him still lingers, may be of some interest.

In his life of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart mentions that when the collected edition of Scott's works was first projected, Sir Walter was anxious that the proposed illustrations should be made by the Rev. John Thomson, an artist whose works he admired, and whom he also highly esteemed as a personal friend. Cadell, the publisher-to-be of the work, however, wisely suggested that the drawings should be made by J. M. W. Turner, a suggestion which, happily for all lovers of Art, was finally adopted.

The Rev. John Thomson was born in 1778, in the manse of Dailly, Ayrshire, of which parish his father was the minister. Not only his father, but his grandfather and great-grandfather, had been ministers of the Kirk of Scotland; and a good prospect of Church advancement having consequently become a sort of heirloom in the family, the pulpit from an early age was put before him as his final destination. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh, at the age of twenty-one was licensed as a preacher, and shortly afterwards, in 1800, was appointed to succeed his father as minister of Dailly.

In 1805 he was translated to the parish of Duddingston, situated at the foot of Arthur's Seat, and about a mile from Edinburgh. Shortly after his settlement there, Thomson began to exhibit at the Society of Associated Artists, the first time being in 1808. On the establishment of the Royal Scottish Academy he was elected an honorary member, and continued a regular contributor to the exhibitions of that society till his death. Whilst studying for the Church in Edinburgh, he had taken lessons in painting from Alexander Nasmyth. When, therefore, he settled at Dailly all his leisure hours were devoted to painting, and by the time he took possession of the manse at Duddingston a love of Art had become his ruling passion; he was really more an artist than a clergyman, and his habits soon became those of a hard-working landscape painter. At first his pictures were simply like those of most amateurs—imitations of other pictures; he took figures and groups of cattle from engravings, his favourite artists evidently being the Dutch masters. As he proceeded, he developed an original feeling and fancy, giving up his first love, the Dutch painters, and turning his attention entirely to the Italian masters, especially the Poussins, Nicolas and Gaspar.

It was in or about the year 1822 that he formed a friendship with Turner. Both were idealists in Art, and had various other tastes in common.

It was a universal belief in those days that the old masters had their secrets, so called, and in one of the biographies of Turner we find him asking if Thomson had yet found out Titian's secret. Probably Turner himself had what he considered valuable secrets, which he jealously guarded, allowing no one ever to see him paint. A copious use of chalk,

somewhat as Müller used it, was very possibly Turner's secret. Thomson's own nostrum to produce a look of fulness and richness was a stuff he called "parritch," a paste made of flour boiled with vinegar instead of water. The late Robert Scott Lauder, Thomson's son-in-law, was my informant on the subject.

When Turner was in Scotland making sketches for his illustrations to Scott's poetical works, he spent a few days with Thomson. The minister and his friend, "Grecian" Williams (so called after the publication of his beautiful volume of views in Greece), accompanied Turner on a sketching expedition to Craigmillar Castle. The London artist, when in the neighbourhood of his subject, edged away by himself, leaving the other two to work together; he made several pencil sketches of the castle from various points of view, but showed what he had done to none. On their return to the manse in the evening, Turner laid his sketch-book down on the lobby table. The minister's wife, who, by the way, also painted, curious to see the London artist's work, ran off with the book. Turner, however, gave chase, and took it from her before she had time to look into it; nor did any one see anything he did whilst he remained at the manse. During his visit the minister endeavoured in vain to find out what Turner thought of his pictures. To a direct question, "What he thought of that picture?" "Ah!" said Turner, fixing his eyes upon the painting of the dining-room wall, "Ah! the man who did that could paint." During the few days he spent at Duddingston he seemed in the humour to make fun of everything. "You beat me in frames," he remarked to Thomson, who was fond of heavy, old-master-looking, frames. On his departure, when passing Duddingston loch, thrusting his head out of the carriage window, he exclaimed, "By God, though, I envy you that piece of water!" These remembrances were often repeated by the late Mrs. Robert Scott Lauder, who remembered Turner's visit well.

In company with Turner and Sir A. Callcott, Thomson illustrated Sir W. Scott's "Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland," and, curiously enough, two of the views in this volume represent Craigmillar Castle referred to above.

Thomson made his sketches and studies from nature in pencil or chalk, finishing occasionally with a broad wash in water colours. The sketches in water colours are generally small, but those in black chalk are often the same size as the picture intended to be painted. He very frequently made his studies of effects with candle-snuff, a very effective mode of working, and a favourite one with many artists in the days of tallow candles. Unfortunately he used asphaltum recklessly, rubbing in the light and shadow of his picture with it, even using it for his final glazing, and using it so prodigally as to give some truth to Wilkie's sarcasm, "Take from Thomson his asphaltum and his megilp and nothing remains." When newly painted, many of Thomson's pictures were exceedingly rich and beautiful in colour, and some still remain so. There is a grand design and purpose in his work, though marred by what would nowadays be called slovenly execution. His skies are fine conceptions, and there is a wonderful dash and a wild heave in his seas. Nothing is commonplace in his Art, there is always thought and fancy, if not absolute imagination. A few of the names of his subjects will show his wide range: 'The Drem of Kilmorack,' 'The Coolins in Skye,' 'Dunstaffnage,' 'The Trossachs;' but to name his pictures is simply to enumerate most of the more salient points of Scotch scenery. He painted some magnificent pictures of the Bass Rock and its old prison and chapel. His 'Martyr's Grave,' engraved by W. B. Scott when a young man, and his 'Dunluce Castle,' engraved by Miller, are fine pictures.

Of the Dunluce picture Scott thus writes in his diary:—"February, 1826. Visited the Exhibition on my way home from Court ———. John Thomson, of Duddingston, has far the finest picture in the Exhibition, of a large size, subject 'Dunluce,' a ruinous castle of the Antrim family, near the Giants' Causeway, with one of those terrible seas and skies which only Thomson can paint." Perhaps Thomson's best-known work is his 'Fast Castle,' hanging over the fireplace of the dining-room at Abbotsford; it has been well engraved by J. Horsburgh, as an illustration for the "Bride of Lammermoor," in the Abbotsford edition of Scott's novels. Thomson's reputation, even in the place that once knew him so well, is now perhaps somewhat faded: he was a considerable man in his own day, and perhaps that only. However, it is but fair to present him as he appeared to his contemporaries. Thus "Christopher North," Professor Wilson, in his "Noctes," writes of him:—"Thomson gives me the notion of a man that had loved nature afore he studied Art, loved her, and kent her weel"—it is the Shepherd who speaks—"and ben let into her secrets, when nane were bye but their twa sels, where the wimplin burnie plays, in open spats in the woods where you see naething but stems o' trees, and a flicker o' broken light interspersing itself among the shadowy branches—or without ony concealment, in the middle o' some wide black moss, like the moor o' Rannoch—as still as the shipless sea, when the winds are weary, and at nightfall, in the weather-gleam o' the setting sun, a dim object like a ghost, standing alane by its solitary sel'—aiblins an auld tower, aiblins a rock, aiblins a tree stump, aiblins a clud, aiblins a vapour, a dream, a naething."

As a preacher Thomson was popular among his parishioners; living close to Edinburgh, where assistance could easily be procured, his pulpit was often filled by deputy, but the other duties required of him as a clergyman were willingly performed. At christenings and marriages he was always at his post. In this somewhat curious combination of pastoral duties and picture painting, Thomson's days passed pleasantly and quietly. Though some of his brother-members of Presbytery did object to his painting habits, and his occasional neglect of more serious duties, no official censure seems to have been pronounced against him. He was an admirable performer on the violin and the flute. With considerable conversational talents, and of an eminently social disposition, the manse of Duddingston during Thomson's incumbency was famed for its hospitality. After a very busy life, he died in October, 1840, his last evening being spent in watching from his sick-bed the brilliant changes of an autumnal sunset.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

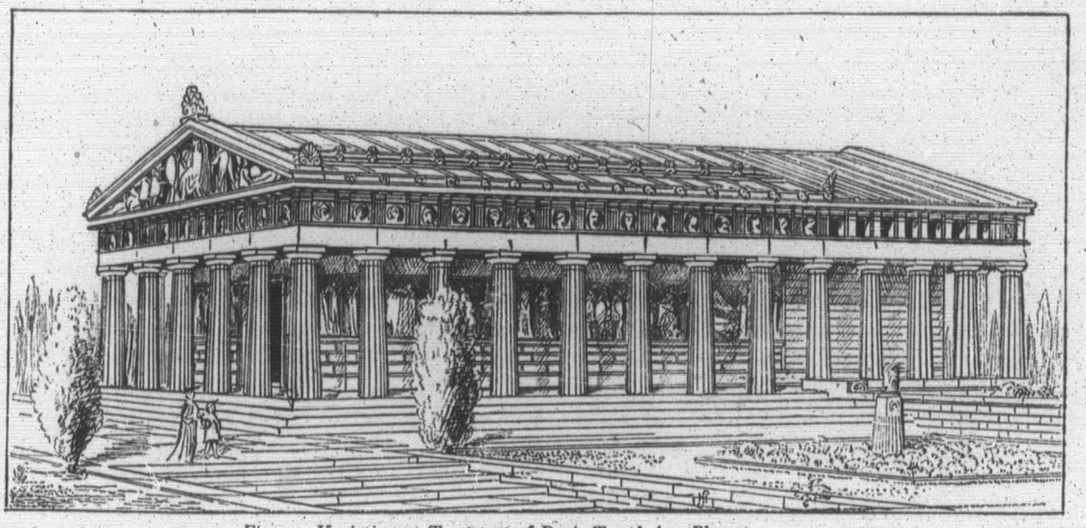


Fig. 1.—*Variation on Treatment of Doric Temple* (*see Plan* B).

NOTES ON CHARACTER AND EXPRESSION IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE presence or absence of "character" in a work of Art is felt intuitively by all whose artistic perceptions are naturally quick, or who have been thoroughly cultured in artistic judgment—perhaps even more by the former class than the latter. For character, in the sense in which we are now using the word, is one of those qualities, exceedingly difficult to define in language, which is recognised almost more by the feeling than by the reason; and it is certainly possible for people to have in some directions a very "cultivated taste," as it is called, and yet to have a very slow perception of artistic character, and to be content with a good deal of work which is exceedingly correct, but quite deficient in character. The perception of this quality is in some degree, in fact, a matter of temperament.

Persons who are themselves of strongly-marked character will be quick to perceive character in Art, and dissatisfied where they do not meet with it; while mere pedants, however learned, are too prone to bestow their admiration on that which is only tamely and formally correct.

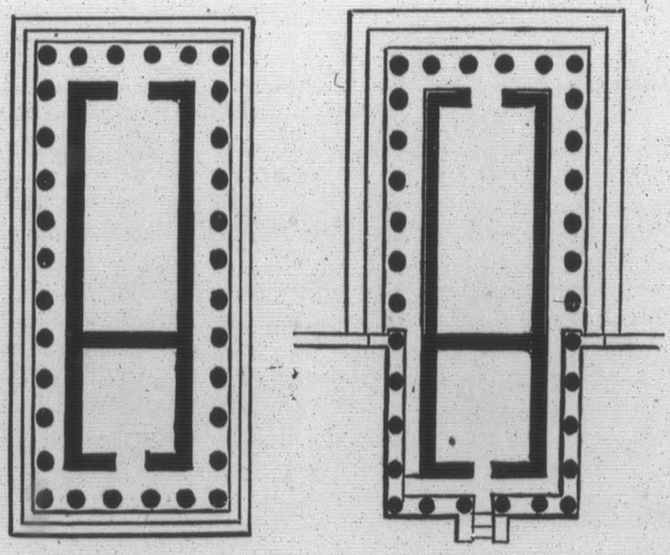


Fig. 2.—*Plans* A, B.

Correctness is a negative quality; it merely implies that nothing has been introduced which is out of keeping with the rest, and it sometimes rests on rules and maxims which are only arbitrary. Such, for instance, to come to our present subject of architecture, are the Vitruvian rules about the Orders, which were so long imposed on architectural students, to cramp their fancy and reduce their designing to a merely scholastic process.* Character, on the other hand, is an essentially positive quality, difficult, nevertheless, as we have observed, to define. Perhaps the nearest we can get to it in words is to say that it consists in the intensifying of one special motive in a work of Art, which asserts itself as the predominating feeling of the work. Thus if a sculptor or a painter undertake to represent a Satyr, and to realise the character of that imaginary creation, their object will be (if they understand their business) to intensify as much as possible the expression of goatish and semi-brutal character in a humanly-shaped countenance. A respectable Satyr, with the head of an average Trustee appearing over the goats' legs, would be worth nothing; we must have the goat in the countenance too; the result may, in a sense, be odious, but the character is there.

If we try to apply the same sort of reasoning to an art so different in its conditions, and so entirely abstract in its expression, as architecture, the most definite language in which we can put it is perhaps this—that architectural character arises either from a strongly accentuated motive pervading every part of the design, or from strongly accentuated

* This is said in no disparagement of Vitruvius, who, from the innate testimony of his famous treatise, was both an able and accomplished architect and a high-minded man, whose memory should be had in honour. But it is unfortunate that his name is connected generally with his arbitrary rules about the Orders, rather than with his generally admirable principles and his practical recommendations about building.

contrasts arising out of some suggestion in the plan or purposes of the building. The first is very nearly allied to *style*, which consists in the homogeneous treatment of a whole building in subordination to one principle of construction and decoration; but it is not quite the same thing. More or less of character forms a differentiation in style. The Roman Doric is a style, but it has much less marked character than the Greek Doric.

The second form of character is closely related to architectural expression. In the broad sense, architectural expression means the design of the exterior so as to convey as far as possible the explanation of the purpose and arrangement of the building. This may be done, however, timidly and feebly, or with little character; or it may be done boldly and in a strongly marked manner, in which case it is described as "full of character," or "very characteristic," a phase which conveys its meaning sufficiently even to many who have not thought much about the subject, and, in fact, expresses an idea which cannot well be expressed in any other words.*

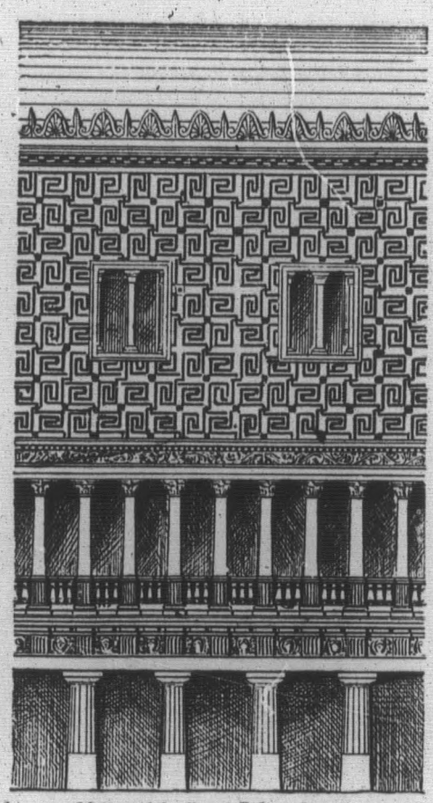


Fig. 3.—Motive of the Ducal Palace, Venice, translated into Columnar Architecture.

The character which arises from strongly marked but homogeneous treatment of a design may be quite compatible with a high degree of architectural dignity, symmetry, and repose, as is seen in the Greek Doric style, which has more strongly accentuated character in detail than either of the other leading classic styles, and is the most dignified and reposeful of all. But the character arising from accentuation and contrast of the masses of the building is usually more or less at variance with dignity and symmetry. Yet this method of accentuation *en masse* has a remarkable effect in giving interest to buildings the details of which may be otherwise tame and characterless. An example may be found in the case of Nottingham Castle (a mansion in reality, on the site of the former castle). This is a renaissance building in which the whole of the lower story, occupying nearly half the height of the building, is treated with the greatest simplicity and solidity, and with hardly any decorative features, while the upper portion is richly treated and broken up with columns, pilasters, and all their usual accompaniments. The details are to a great extent poor and corrupt in taste; but the one leading idea, the concentration of all the columnar features on the upper portion of the building, contrasted with the broad masses of unbroken wall beneath, is enough in itself to give it character of a powerful kind, and raise it to the rank of a striking building. As an instance of the interest which character of this kind will create, the most striking example that could be mentioned is that of the Ducal Palace at Venice. This is the most prominent

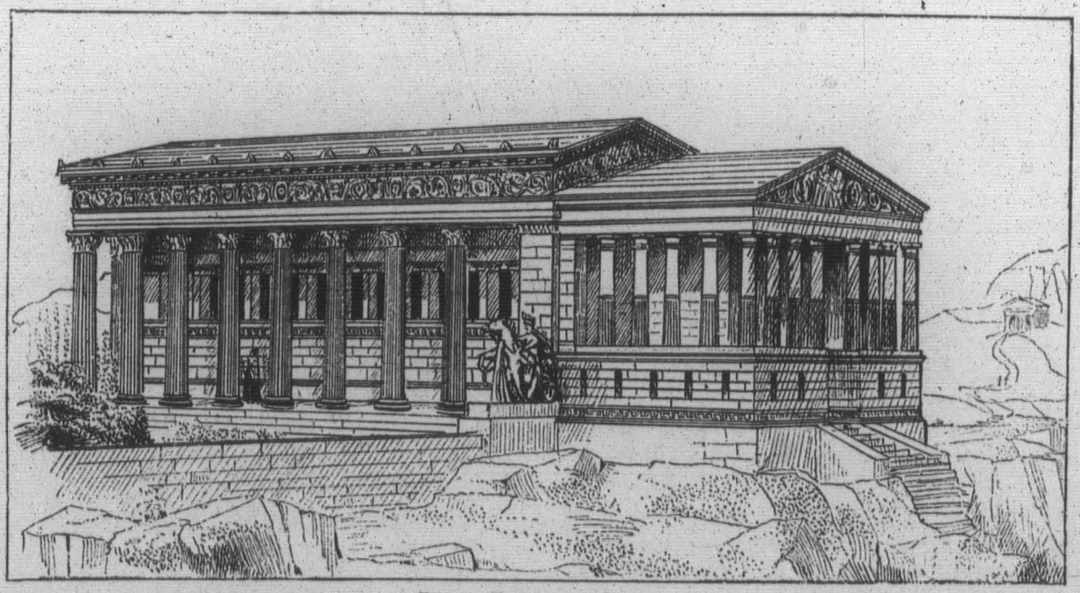


Fig. 4.—Treatment on Plan C.

instance of that peculiar character which M. Yriarte, in his brilliant work on Venice, mentioned as specially belonging

* "Picturesque" is sometimes used as if it had the same meaning; but by common consent we associate the picturesque in buildings with age, and the consequent harmony with the tones of nature. Few people would ever call a perfectly new building picturesque, though it may be very characteristic: while a building which appeared tame and characterless when new may become very picturesque in age or in ruin.

to Venetian architecture, viz. that, in contradiction to the usual mode of building, Venetian building tends towards a system of having all the voids below and the solids above. What is curious is that the Ducal Palace did not in its first form represent this Venetian peculiarity as markedly as it now does. The weight of wall on the front arcades did not exist originally, as is shown by old engravings (one of them published in Yriarte's work above named); this loading of the arcades with a mass of wall was an alteration afterwards, and in some respects an injudicious one, and there can be no doubt that this upper portion of the building is a very poor piece of design, if it can be called design at all. Yet such is the interest excited by the piquant effect of this mass of building on a network of arcades and tracery, that it has received the admiration of thousands upon whom rigidly thoughtful and logical architectural design would be thrown away. The kind of character which gives the Ducal Palace this charm is one belonging especially to Gothic and Oriental architecture; it is the reverse of the Nottingham Castle arrangement, and is not found in classic architecture, though, as Uncle Toby said, "it might have been, if it had pleased God." The special piquancy consists in the apparent constructional anomaly of placing the heavier part of the building highest instead of lowest; and the same motive translated into columnar or classic architecture, as suggested in Fig. 3, would probably (with the aid of time and association) have produced the same kind of interest as the Gothic specimen; unexpected transposition of the usual logic of building design being the element of character in both instances.

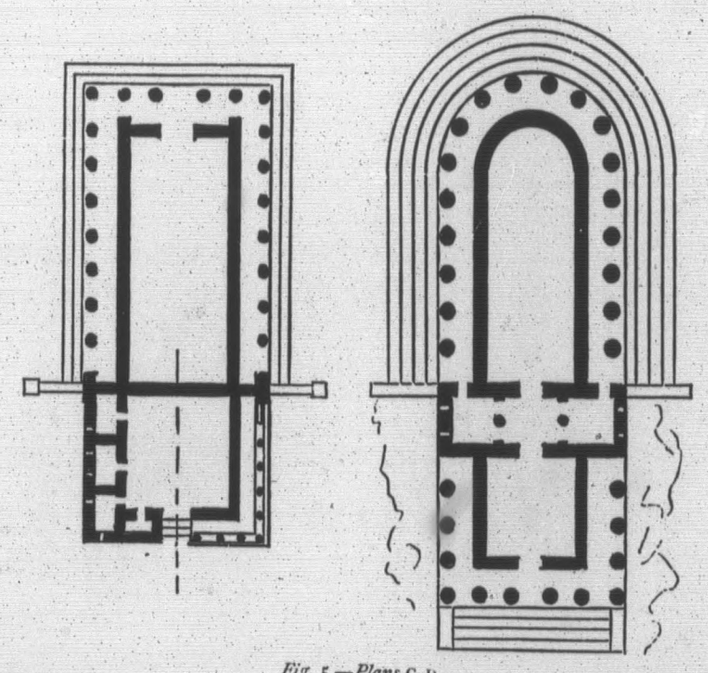


Fig. 5.—Plans C, D.

"Expression," as before observed, is chiefly concerned with the relation between the real purposes and plan of the building, and its architectural composition. When the exterior conveys a wrong or insufficient idea as to the arrangement of the plan; when it fails to notify to the spectator the salient point of the plan, or treats as of equal importance two portions which are really of very unequal value, the building is either false or deficient in expression. A familiar and common instance is the habit which architects constantly have of giving the same design to both wings of a public building, for instance, one of which is occupied by festival apartments and the other only by offices. This relation of plan to design may be illustrated more systematically in another paper. But an illustration of the subject will be found in the consideration of the Greek type of temple, and its plan and design. The Plan A, Fig. 2, is the typical plan of a Greek temple, with its external colonnade, enclosing a *cella* divided into two parts, the temple and the *opisthodomus*, or back temple, which was often a treasure-house. The external design of this—supposing it to have been a Doric temple—would not have lacked character, certainly. It would have had the most marked character of strength, repose, and refinement of detail combined. But its expression would have been false. With its unbroken colonnade all round, and the treatment of the two ends of the building in precisely the same manner, it conveys the impression of a single great inner chamber the whole length of the building. There is nothing externally to show either that there are two—except the fact of a door at each end—or that one is more sacred than the other, or where one ends and the other begins. Now, supposing that, for ritualistic reasons, it were practically necessary to keep the external ambulatory unbroken all round, could the Doric temple have been so treated as to preserve something of its unity of effect and yet express its interior plan? Fig. 1 (and Plan B) give a suggestion of this. The steps, which add to the dignity of the building, are continued only round the temple portion. The metopes are sculptured over this portion, but over the *opisthodomus* they revert to their original function as merely openings for light and air. The temple portion is shown as lighted from the roof, according to Mr. Fergusson's suggestion. The columns round the *opisthodomus* are given a rather shorter and thicker proportion, being raised on a continuous base, and have only sixteen, instead of twenty, flutings. Their capitals, also, might be treated in a rather plainer and heavier manner, still ranging with the others. Finally, the wall sculpture on the outside of the *cella* begins where the temple commences, the wall of the back temple being left plain. Thus the whole exterior takes an increase in richness where the sacred portion of the interior begins, but so as to preserve an appearance of unity and repose in the main. The bas-reliefs, be it observed, are put where they can be seen, near the level of the eye. It is an extraordinary anomaly in that almost perfect building, the Parthenon, that such logical artists as the Greeks should have put their exquisite external frieze up in the angle of the wall and ceiling of the colonnade, where it could only be seen in shadow and much foreshortened. If a modern architect were to invite the leading sculptors of to-day to execute work in such a position, fancy the chorus of derision that would go up from the sculptors!

Of course it is still open to question whether we may not prefer the absolute external symmetry of the Doric temple to the slight breaking of this in order to give true expression. It is the same kind of question as between two types of feminine beauty. We may see a very handsome face about which, nevertheless, we say, as is so often said, "She wants expression;" we may see a face full of expression and

interest which is not handsome; and the two sources of beauty are rarely found together—the one seems rather to exclude the other. So in architecture; expression, for the most part, excludes symmetry.

The other two examples are variations on the same theme, with greater freedom of style and a more marked contrast of parts than can be attempted under the restriction of the severe Doric style. They show the *opisthodomus* and the temple as separate buildings grouped into one, with a symmetrical relation to one another, but with marked difference of detail. In Fig. 4 (and Plan C) the back temple is a treasury and armoury, built solidly, and placed on the edge of the rock so as to be difficult of access; the more ornate temple extends into the gardens beyond. In Fig. 7 (and Plan D) the same kind of contrast is observed, but the plan is different; the back temple is now the entrance, and its outer portion shows two stories, with the contrast between the lower and upper one which gives character; the inner porch interposed between it and the main temple, on a similar principle,

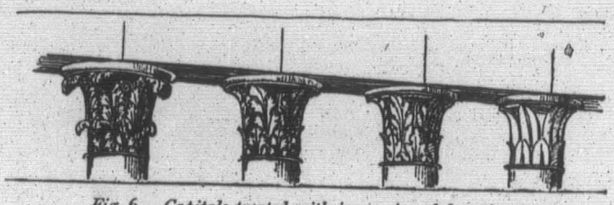


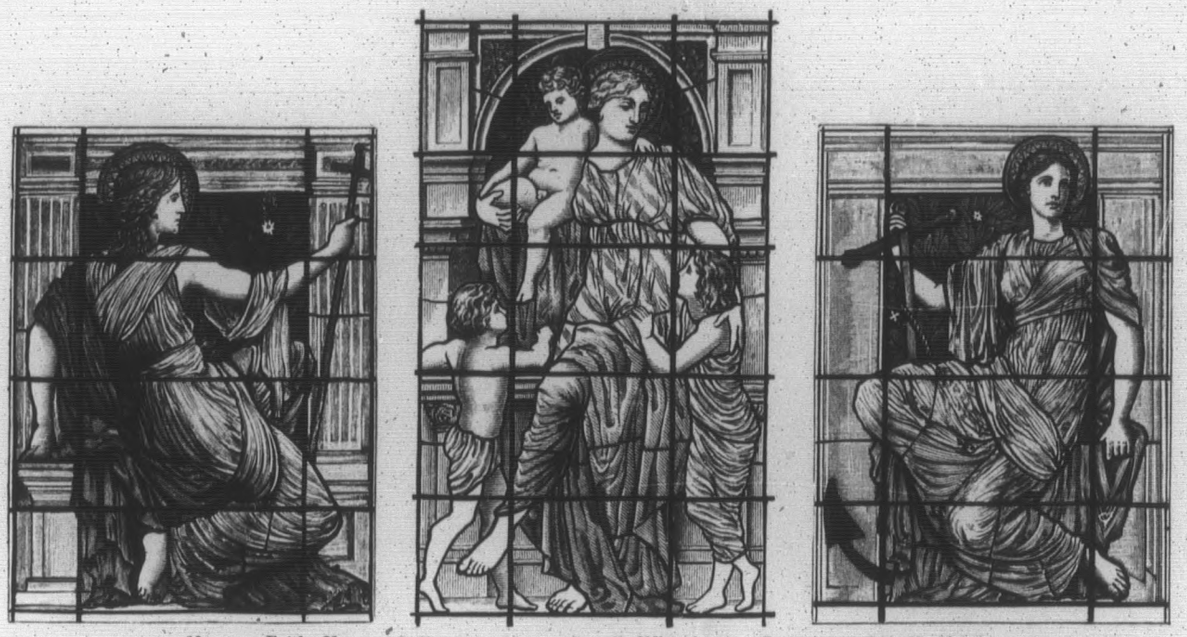
Fig. 6.—Capitals treated with increasing elaboration.

is a mass of solid wall till it clears the roofs, when it takes a lighter and ornamental form. The apsidal termination of the main temple is a source of effect that lends itself most happily to columnar architecture, though it is very "unorthodox." The building now assumes some resemblance to the arrangement of a church of the basilica type with a spacious narthex. The increased richness towards the temple end (what would be the "east end" in a church) might be more emphasised by designing the capitals of the columns with constantly increasing richness from the entrance end to the apse, keeping the same main lines but adding detail in each example, as indicated in Fig. 6; though the amount of variation shown here is rather too great, and would be better distributed over double the number of capitals. Where the very greatest dignity and stateliness are required in a building, it may be suitable and worth while to set carvers to repeat the same identical capital several times over, as closely as if it had been a cast from a model; though it is a question even then. Except in such a case,

Fig. 7.—Treatment on Plan D.

the interest and expressiveness of the details would be greatly increased, and rendered more artistically interesting, by successive modifications of detail, than by the process of precise repetition. Had the classic revival in this country been accompanied by any attempt to play freely with the elements of the classic style, instead of being carried out in a frigid and pedantic spirit of copyism and almost mechanical repetition of details, it might have afforded a new departure for a "Free Classic" suited to modern life, much more hopeful than is presented by the so-called "Free Classic" now in course of introduction, which is in fact much more "free" than "classic."

H. H. STATHAM.



No. 12.—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Messrs. Powell, Whitefriars. Designed by Mr. H. Holiday.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.*

No. III.—STAINED GLASS.

AMONGST the numerous Art revivals that have taken place during the present century in this country, none of them has received more patronage and artistic attention than painted glass.

It is not many years ago that Munich, Paris, and Brussels were continually quoted as producing pre-eminent work; but a quarter of a century has changed all this, and now it has come to pass that our second and third rate artists are employed by Munich *entrepreneurs* on account of the style of the English work.

Nor is it in style alone that the leading ateliers in London have attained this cosmopolitan pre-eminence. The careful manipulation of our glass painters and their feeling for the execution on the material, the brilliancy and solidity of the English-made glass, the solid and strong plumbers' work, are all in advance of any foreign examples, and the productions of our best men of to-day are only second to the best ancient work.

It is not within my province now to enter upon the lamentable decline of the art in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; it is probable that the exquisite beauty of the material has in later times induced those expert in other branches of Art to essay designing for this. The opportunity of painting in precious stones will always attract the artist, and good design will almost always be in demand, notwithstanding the patronage that is bestowed on the multitude of cheap and crude work, much of which is intended by the patron as little more than a tombstone or memorial of some departed worthy of his house.

No. 13.—St. Pancras. Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

History records the name of the most famous artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who were in the habit of working for glass, and in its revival in the last century no one took greater interest than the first president of the Royal Academy of Arts; and many of those who have been elected to the dignity of Academicians have recently done very fine works for translation into painted windows. Of these Dyce, Prescott Knight, Street, Poynter, Marks, and Burgess are well-known names in England; whilst Ingres in France, and Schnorr in Germany, and other artists of as great repute, have executed cartoons. Amongst living men, many who cannot claim the distinction of Academic title, but whose work is distinguished and whose names are well known, design for glass, and some of their works will be the object of the present article, which paucity of space compels me to confine to the productions of the most distinguished ateliers.

There are, of course, other artists, whose names I shall not

* Continued from page 57.

have an opportunity of mentioning, doing good work; but many of them are essentially imitators in style of some of those whose designs will be commented upon, and their work too often is marked rather as the product of a recipe rather than of spontaneous composition or intellectual effort. The same heads, the same draperies, the same motive that mark the work of a leading artist are repeated, until one is tired of the same old tale; yet one singular characteristic is that, whilst none of it is really like old glass, most of it affects antiquity. But as the gist of this article is not critical, I must confine my remarks to indicating the names of the artists and makers of the best painted windows recently produced. Applications have been made by this Journal to all the most celebrated firms for descriptions and situations of some examples of their works.

No. 14.—Enid, Geraint, and the Earl Doorm. From Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid." Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne. Designed by Mr. Bayne.

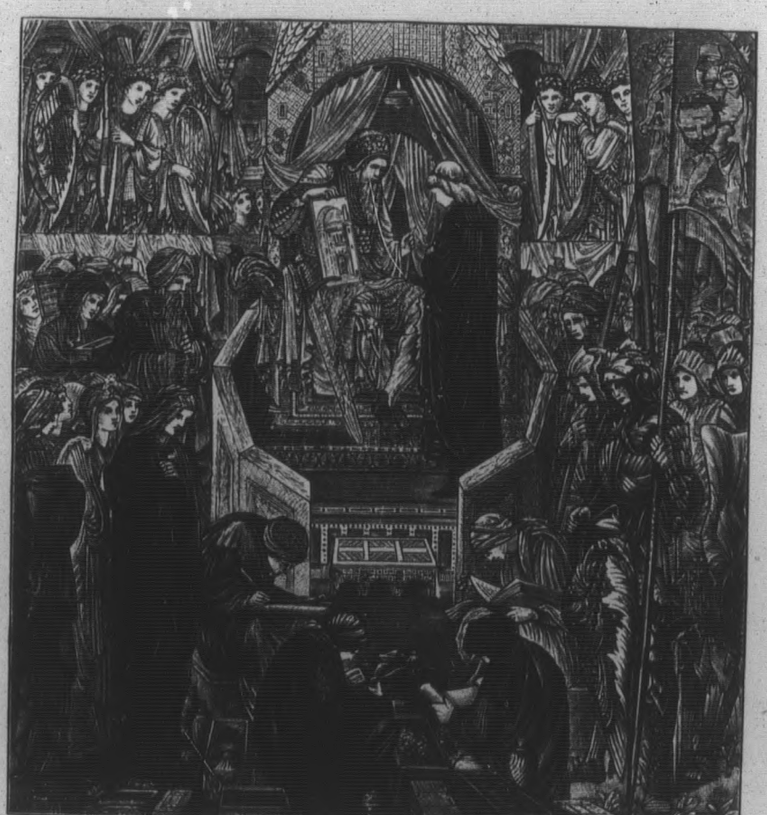
Before proceeding to this, however, it may be well if I shortly explain what are the best tests of excellence to apply to any work in stained glass. First, note if it remains quietly in its position in the apertures of the stonework, so that the design and figures are not so large, nor the colouring so obtrusive and gaudy, that it comes forward, asserting itself and striking the eye more than accords with, or before, the general proportions of the building.

Not that the question of a work's excellence as manipulative art is more valuable than its historical or devotional value, but that as far as possible both should be allied, and all made to be subordinate to the general undisturbed repose of the edifice.

If satisfied as to the general *tone* of the work, next examine it in detail, the motive of the composition, the drawing and expression of the figures, the details of the ornament, the manipulation of the painting.

Then as to the glass, see that it is our good old friend "pot-metal," and that the plumbing, leadwork, and fixing be proper and substantial. All these things go to make up a window, as much as good pigments and sound canvas do that of an easel picture. Let the paint and canvas perish, where is your picture?

There is, of course, a difference in each window according to the ability of the artist who designs the work and draws the cartoons, and the efficiency of the painter who manipulates it upon the glass. These two qualities very seldom are found in combination one with another. A good manipulator is seldom or never a good designer, and very few artists nowadays have the patience to work on glass. It is an art which, when exercised in its full perfection, requires as much manipulative practice, and more chemical knowledge, than many others.



No. 15.—David giving instructions to Solomon for building the Temple. Messrs. Morris & Co. Designed by Mr. Burne Jones.

Commencing with the designs exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. I think all amateurs will agree with me in saying that they were not equal to even the average work now done in this country;

there were few exhibited, and those not moderate were bad. At the same time those hung were probably the best sent in.

As far as my recollection serves me, Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham, are one of the oldest firms of glass-painters, for on the retirement of Augustus Welby Pugin from his connection with Wailes, of Newcastle, he formed an engagement with the late Mr. John Hardman, and his designs were for many years executed in this establishment. In fact, the style of the work of this firm has been, and is, marked by all the peculiarities, the merits, and the vices of the "Puginesque" school, and their view of mediæval Art is, to a great extent, founded on his. The work of this firm has an excellent reputation, and that of its member, Mr. John Powell, is always in great demand. He is assisted by another partner, Mr. Maycock.

The example given, No. 18, is from a drawing by the first-named artist; it illustrates a window in Downside College, near Bath, the subject being the Adoration of the Lamb. This church is ultimately to be filled with glass, by this and other firms, and it will afford an opportunity of fairly judging what is the present condition of the art.

The best recent windows of this firm are to be found at Wadhurst Church, Sussex (The Seven Dolours); St. Martin's Parish Church, Birmingham; All Saints, Clifton; St. Sidwell's, Exeter; St. Mary's, Nottingham; and the Parish Church, Newbury.

Mr. William Morris, the principal member of the firm of Morris and Co., has received assistance from artists no less eminent than Mr. Burne Jones and the late Dante Rossetti. Our engraving of work by Messrs. Morris is a window executed for Trinity Church, Boston, United States, and designed by Mr. Burne Jones. It represents David giving Solomon instructions as to the Building of the Temple (No. 15). Strong in composition, characteristic in its drawing and of beautiful colour, this work is destined to show

No. 16.—To the Memory of the Crews of H.M.S. Atalanta and Eurydice. Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

young America, in a more potent manner than words, the drift and character of this branch of the modern æsthetic school. Scholastic in its foundation, the art is of a very elevated style; the pose of the figures, their air, the draperies, and the general accessories, even if occasionally slightly exaggerated, never degenerate into the commonplace. The feeling for the ideal may to some appear strained in the excessive tallness of the figures. Yet the artistic, the poetical, and the ideal are always considered of more value than the mere transcript of natural forms, however correctly drawn. At an important epoch in the art, and when all designers were under a misapprehension concerning the brightness of the ancient colours—an error into which even the best men had fallen—those who designed for this firm were the first to detect their error, and to lead the way to the use of a mellower and more easily harmonised key of colour.

The following are the most recent of this firm's operations:—St. Peter's, Vere Street; Woodlands Church, Glasgow (east window); Hopton Church, Great Yarmouth; Cattistock Church, Dorchester; and Allhallows Church, Allerton, near Liverpool.

Another firm of long standing and considerable reputation

is that of Messrs. Ward and Hughes, of Soho. At the time they started, about forty years ago, there were but two or three ecclesiastical window designers. This establishment was particularly brought into notice by Mr. Winston, one of our greatest authorities on Glass-painting, and the name of the late Mr. Nixon, who was at one time employed by this firm, will be found continually quoted in his works.

The glass designer is in some part indebted to this firm for the excellent material at present in use, for it was at their establishment, in 1845–51, that Mr. Winston, Dr. Medlock, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Hughes made analyses of ancient glass, and commenced the manufacture of small quantities of new glass from the information obtained. These experiments were afterwards continued at Messrs. Powell's and at Messrs. Hartley's, which firms, with Messrs. Chance and Mr. Green, are still our best makers.

The following are the best recent specimens of Mr. Hughes' work:—In St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside; Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill; St. John's, Deptford; St. Martin's, Lincoln; All Saints, Middleton Park, Barnet; Handsworth parish Church.

The firm of Messrs. Clayton & Bell is neither so old as that of Messrs. Hardman or Messrs. Ward and Hughes. I believe Mr. Clayton started in life in a sculptor's atelier. Be that as it may, his name will always be recognised (associated with Mr. Bell, who was a favourite pupil of the late Sir G. Scott) as a leading spirit in the art of designing cartoons for glass. Neither is it as designers alone that Messrs. Clayton & Bell have rendered themselves remarkable, for the management of their vast establishment requires an unusual amount of administrative ability, great artistic taste, some scientific knowledge, and much endurance. Notwithstanding the number of designs that this firm is called upon to produce, Mr. Clayton tells me that they make a point of personally superintending, and, if it is necessary, working upon, every one of their productions.

No. 17.—The Second Advent. Messrs. Lavers, Westlake, Barraud, and Westlake.

Our illustration, No. 13, is now placed in St. Pancras Church. This is a *classical* building, and no ancient authority for filling such an edifice ever existed. Not that there is any lack of Renaissance classical work, but that it is nearly all more Roman than Greek; it remained, therefore, for Messrs. Clayton & Bell to adopt some modern style. Upon the success of this adoption it is too early to pronounce a final opinion. It looks well *in situ*, and the only critical remark one is inclined to make is upon the predominance of the modern rectangular quarry background. One excuse for this is undoubtedly its economy. The lower subjects, without the quarries, are an excellent series of windows.

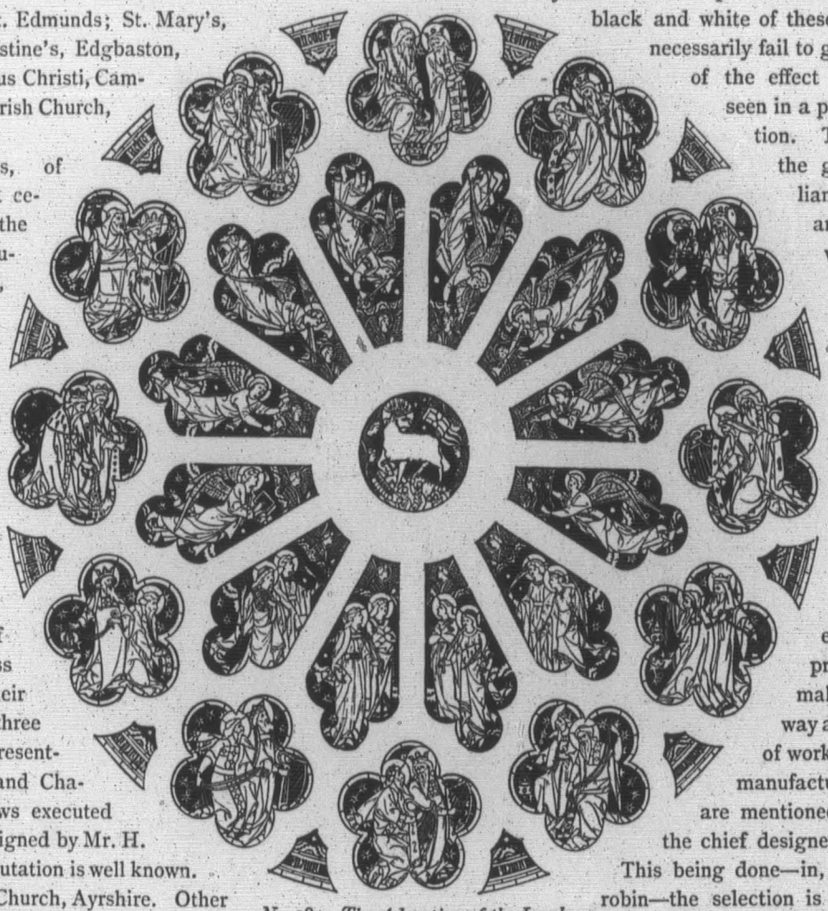
Other recent important examples by these artists are in the Chapter House, Westminster; the south transept of Canterbury Cathedral; the Cathedral of the Holy Incarnation, Garden City, New York; windows in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and that at Portsmouth to the memory of the crews of the *Atalanta* and *Eurydice* (No. 16).

We now come to the firm of Messrs. Lavers, Westlake, Barraud, and Westlake, of which the present writer (being a member and supervisor of the studio) will only remark that some of their recent works include windows in Henley Church; St. John's, Glastonbury, by P. Westlake; the 'Raising of Lazarus,' etc., in Christ Church, Woburn Square; the hall windows for Sir H. Peek, at Rousden, near Lyme Regis; at Ashby de la Zouch; at East Garston, near Newbury, Berkshire; and at Ledbury (No. 17).

Of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne's work we give an engraving from the pencil of the last-named member of the firm (No. 14). Their best recent work is in St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds; St. Mary's, Warwick; St. Augustine's, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Corpus Christi, Cambridge; and the Parish Church, Fulham.

Messrs. Powells, of Whitefriars, have a celebrity all over the world for their beautiful glass vessels, and for the manufacture of antique window glass. As makers of glass windows they are one of the oldest firms now existing, and many who have since become leaders in other establishments, either as makers of glass or of glass windows, learnt their art there. The three plates (Fig. 12) representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, are from windows executed by this firm, and designed by Mr. H. Holliday, whose reputation is well known. They are in Dunlop Church, Ayrshire. Other works by them are in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; at Tamworth; at St. Martin's, Brighton; at Muncaster; and at Mossley Hill.

Messrs. Burlison and Grylls are one of the most recently established houses, but their work has an excellent reputation; as has also that of Mr. Kemp.



No. 18.— The Adoration of the Lamb. Messrs. Hardman.

It may be advisable to point out that the transcripts in black and white of these painted windows, necessarily fail to give a complete idea of the effect of the work when seen in a properly placed position. The translucency of the glass, and the brilliancy of the colours, are qualities which a wood engraving cannot express; but the general feeling of the designs may readily be understood from the illustrations which accompany this paper.

In conclusion, let me observe that neither the arrangement of the engravings, nor the priority of naming the makers, indicate in any way a superior excellence of workmanship. The best manufacturers of stained glass are mentioned, and examples of the chief designers' work are given. This being done—in, as it were, a round robin—the selection is left to the reader; and it only remains for me to thank the various manufacturers and designers for permission to publish these specimens of their labours.

N. H. J. WESTLAKE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

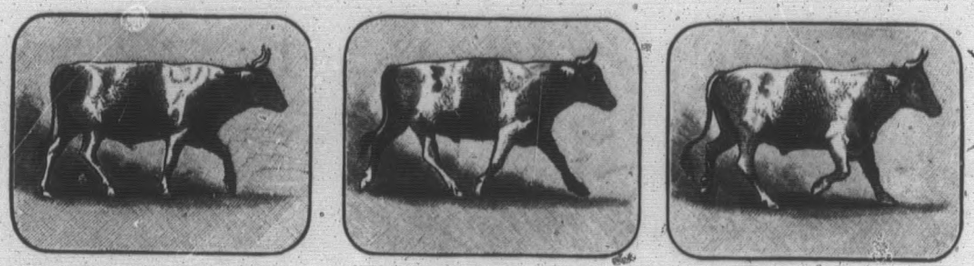
'EVENING IN FINISTERRE.' Etched by E. Salmon, after a painting by Jules Adolphe Bréton. The scene of this picture, by one of the most noted masters of the French school, is laid in the extreme western department of France. It is a poetical rendering of a wayside gossip of the villagers after work, when "the day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of night;" when the crescent moon is beginning to show its light amid the "gloaming;" when the records of the day are made up in the chat of the Brittany peasantry, in the quiet hour when everything in nature seems clothed with mystery. It has been said that Jules Bréton flatters not the homely in nature, though he comprehends the grave, serious, and vigorous poetry of the country, which he expresses with love, respect, and sincerity. He was born in 1827, and is an officer of the Legion of Honour. The picture from which our etching is taken was in the Salon of last year, and we are indebted to Messrs. Goupil & Co. for permission to etch it.

'IDALIA.' Fac-simile of a drawing by Thomas Riley, a rising young artist, who is at present engaged as an assistant to Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A. It was drawn in green chalk, the same size as the plate now published.

'CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS.' By J. E. Millais, R.A., engraved by Thomas Brown. This is described on page 92.

IDALIA.

FROM A DRAWING BY THOMAS RILEY



Series No. 1.—Trotting Bullock.

MOVEMENT IN THE PLASTIC ARTS.*

IN our first article upon this subject we came to the conclusion that, as the unassisted human eye can, after a little practice, analyze the slow motions of a quadruped, and perceive the real attitudes through which a biped passes in its fastest movements, no purely arbitrary fashion of representing those movements need be tolerated in the arts which speak the language of imitation. We have now to explain, by the light of Mr. Muybridge's photographs, the faster paces of quadrupeds; secondly, to examine the various fashions in which those paces have been represented by sculptors and painters; and, finally, to inquire how far the latter should accept the results obtained by the scientific use of such mechanical processes as instantaneous photography.

We shall, until we approach the end of our subject, confine our attention to the natural paces of a quadruped—the walk, which we have already considered, the trot, and the gallop. In the trot, so far as Mr. Muybridge's photographs will carry us, the action of the legs and the succession of the footfalls are the same for all four-footed animals. A comparison between our first series of illustrations and the last three cuts

Series No. 2.—Trotting Horse (driven).†

of our second series, is enough to show that the action of a trotting horse is practically identical with that of an ox, in spite of the greater lightness of frame and superior elasticity of the former. The stride is not so equally divided as in the walk; the diagonal feet—the off hind and near fore feet, and *vice versâ*—come to the ground with a near approach to simultaneousness, while the interval which separates the successive footfalls of the laterals is comparatively great. To those who watch a trotting horse with the knowledge of these facts in their minds, it seems incomprehensible that, within the last few years, writers have been found to contend that a horse never has all four feet suspended at once during the gait in question. With old and heavily-built horses, the feet may drag along the ground during that part of the stride in which, with younger and lighter specimens of the race, they are entirely clear; but even then the weight of the body is entirely unsupported by the feet, and, as Fig. 2 of our first series of cuts will show, such a comparatively clumsy animal as the ox

Series No. 3.—Trotting Horse (ridden).

is, when going at a slow trot, free of the ground twice in each stride. In representing this gait artists have fallen into fewer mistakes than in either the walk or the gallop. The almost synchronous action of the diagonals, and the consequent proximity to which a fore and a hind foot are conspicuously brought twice in each stride, amounting in the case of a fast trot to actual clashing, has prevented them from going very far wrong. Many examples might be quoted where the true movement is shown with an accuracy little inferior to that of an instantaneous photograph. On the other hand, the most famous picture of the most famous of living animal painters contains a quite impossible rendering of the trot. The animal in fault is the grey horse moving away to the right in Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' The moment chosen is when the two off feet closely approach each other under the horse's body; the near feet should then be thrust out, the one well in rear, the other well in front of the animal. Instead of this,

* Continued from page 19.

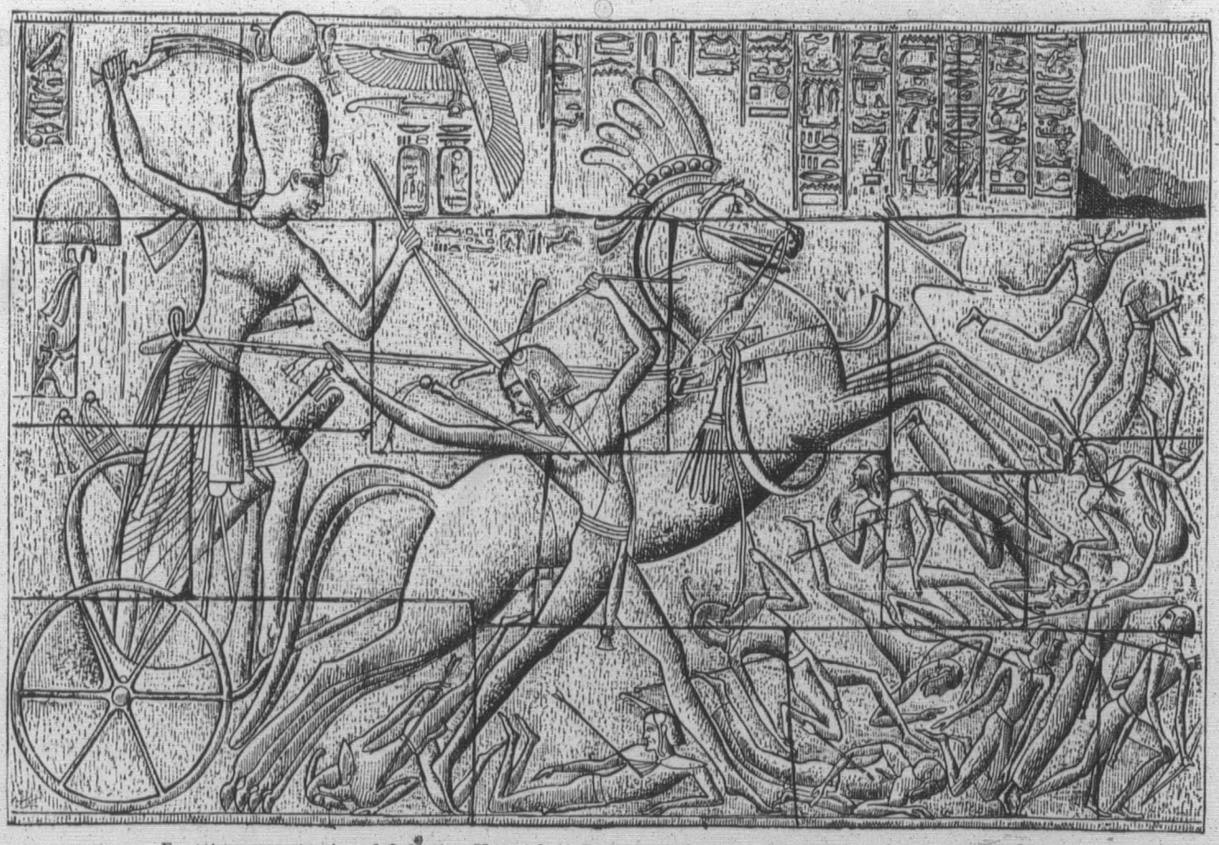
† The black dots indicate the off, or right, feet.

we find the near fore leg still doubled up under its belly, in such a fashion that the horse must come down on its nose before the limb in question can come to its support. It may be said that the "arabesque" of the picture required that the leg should be drawn in such a position; to this we may answer, that an artist of Mdlle. Bonheur's powers might surely

Series No. 4.—Galloping Horse.

have found means to reconcile pictorial effect with at least apparent truth, especially in a work in which imitative realisation holds such an important place as it does here.

We now come to the gallop. This, as the fastest and most characteristic pace of the horse, is at once more interesting than the walk or the trot, and more difficult to explain, as it is quite beyond the grasp of the human eye. Before the powers of instantaneous photography were understood, at-



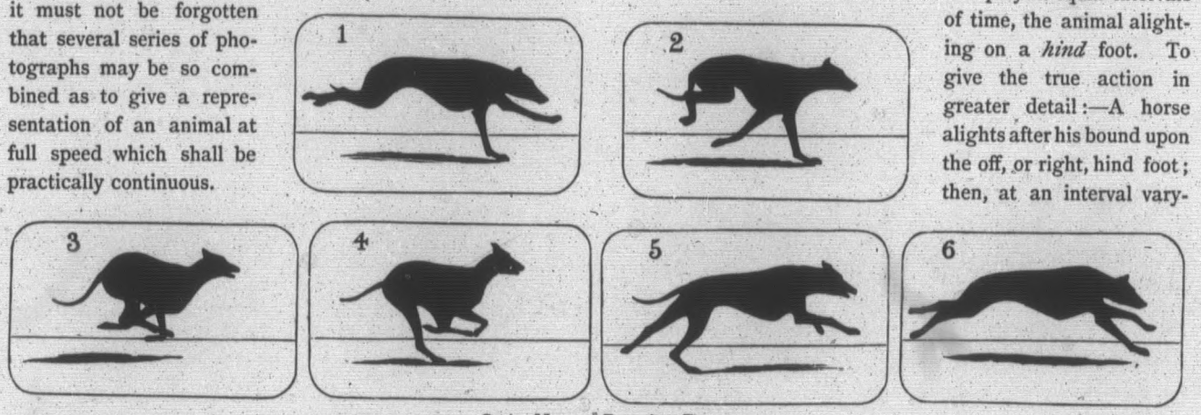
Egyptian representation of Galloping Horse (from Perrot and Chipiez's "History of Art in Ancient Egypt").

tempts were made to analyze its movements by the help of more or less complicated machinery. Perhaps the most ingenious of these experiments were those conducted by a distinguished Frenchman, Professor Marey, who devised a pneumatic apparatus in which a tell-tale disk, held in the hands of a rider, was connected by flexible tubes with elastic

Series No. 4 (continued from above).—Galloping Horse.

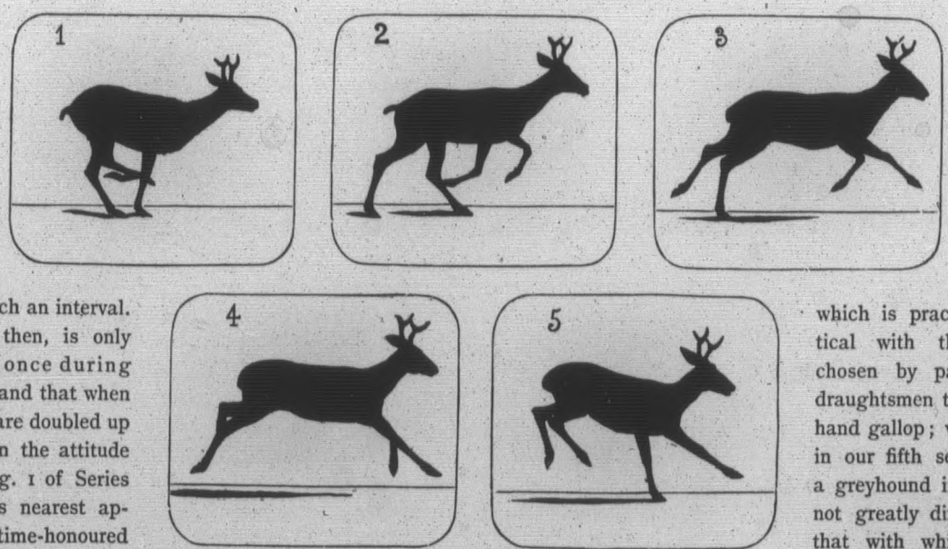
balls inserted under the soles of his horse's feet. By these means the rotation and, to some extent, the duration of the footfalls, were automatically registered. But it is clear that such a contrivance could not give results that would be completely satisfactory. It would leave undecided many disputed points in animal mechanism, such as the carriage of

the limbs and the angle of the foot on reaching the ground—both of which have been the subject of much discussion—while it could hardly fail to affect in some appreciable degree the action of any horse to which it might be attached. None of these objections apply to investigations carried on by photography. The one point which may, perhaps, be urged against the latter is the want of continuity in its results. But the interval of a foot which divides each attitude photographed from the next is obviously too short for error to creep in; and, moreover, it must not be forgotten that several series of photographs may be so combined as to give a representation of an animal at full speed which shall be practically continuous.



Series No. 5.—Running Dog.

Speaking roughly, the popular conception of the horse's gallop, from the time of the ancient Egyptians until the present day, may be described as a succession of bounds, in which the animal left the ground with his hind feet, and alighted on his fore feet. In such a motion by far the greater part of the work would fall upon the hind quarters and thighs, the fore legs acting merely as supports. Still speaking roughly, the real action is indeed a succession of bounds, but one in which all four legs take part in the work of propulsion, and come into play at equal intervals of time, the animal alighting on a *hind* foot. To give the true action in greater detail:—A horse alights after his bound upon the off, or right, hind foot; then, at an interval varying with the rapidity of his gallop, the near hind foot comes to the ground; next comes the off fore foot; while the last effort of propulsion is made by his near fore leg. It is only during the flight through the air which follows upon the raising of this foot that the animal is completely clear of the ground. Mr. Muybridge, in one of his lectures, hazarded the conjecture that in the case of a very fast horse—such as a Derby winner—there might be an interval between the raising of the near hind and the falling of the off fore foot, during which he would be entirely clear of the ground; but the fastest of the animals used for his experiments—a racehorse of some repute in America—showed no sign of such an interval. The horse, then, is only suspended once during each stride, and that when all his legs are doubled up under him in the attitude shown in Fig. 1 of Series No. 4. His nearest approach to the time-honoured position which represents a gallop in most pictures, ancient and modern, is that shown in Fig. 6 of the same series. If we turn from the horse for a moment and examine the action of two other quadrupeds, we shall, however, find something that distantly resembles the conventional gallop of the studios. Our sixth series of cuts consists of five attitudes selected from a single stride of a running deer. It proves that the animal in question bounds from his hind, and alights on his fore legs, much as horses were believed to do before these investigations began. In Fig. 4 of this series a deer is shown in an attitude which is practically identical with that usually chosen by painters and draughtsmen to suggest a hand gallop; while Fig. 6, in our fifth series, shows a greyhound in a position not greatly differing from that with which we are familiar in 'The Finish for the Derby,' and other productions of that kind. The action of a dog at top speed is indeed that of the horse exaggerated; but he is clear of the ground twice in each stride: once when all his legs are doubled up beneath him, and once when they are stretched out "fore and aft." The deer, on the other hand, is only clear when his legs are in the latter position. His gait is a very peculiar one; among his successive attitudes there are none which correspond to those illustrated in Figs. 1 and 3 of the fourth and fifth series respectively. His



Series No. 6.—Running Deer.

feet touch and leave the ground in reverse order from those of the horse and dog, the first to strike being the right fore, and the last the left hind, foot.

The conventional gallop of modern art can point to an unbroken descent from the earliest representations of the horse of which we have any knowledge. Putting aside the rude carvings of prehistoric times—some of which, however, show a surprising eye for form—we may say that the Egyptian and Assyrian bas-reliefs contain the earliest existing attempts to portray or suggest rapid motion. Our illustration on p. 90 shows Seti I., the second king of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, in his war-chariot. It dates from about 1700 B.C., and is one of the first representations of that outstretched attitude with which the world has since become so familiar. It has one characteristic in common with the modern treatment of the gallop which is not to be found in those Assyrian bas-reliefs which follow it in artistic chronology. In the Egyptian relief the attitude is impossible as well as untrue; legs and body are elongated in a fashion which the structure of the horse would not allow, while the Assyrian artist is, as a rule, at fault only so far as the action itself is concerned. One of the finest productions left to us by the ancient monarchies is the bas-relief of an Assyrian king and his followers at the chase, which is now exhibited in the Assyrian basement-room at the British Museum. The king represented is Assur-bani-abla, or Sardanapalus, the grandson of Sennacherib, who reigned about B.C. 650. In this piece of sculpture the horses are all shown in a position corresponding more closely to that in Fig. 5 of our fourth series of cuts than to any other; both hind feet, however, are on the ground, and both fore legs horizontally outstretched. The resulting attitude is one into which no horse ever puts itself, but it does not appear to be quite impracticable, like that in the Egyptian relief, as neither the body of the animal nor his limbs are more drawn out than his joints would permit. From those distant times onward the pictorial treatment of the gallop has not greatly varied. Examples might be quoted from the arts of ancient Greece, of Japan, and even of mediæval Europe, to show that men have now and again attempted to break through the monopoly of a single attitude, but on the whole they have been unsuccessful; and until the experiments of Professor Marey and the successful investigations of Mr. Muybridge led some of our draughtsmen to innovate upon the old tradition, the sign which stood for a galloping horse varied but little from that shown in our largest woodcut. The action of the human eye—when looked upon, not as an isolated piece of mechanism, but as a purveyor for the brain—is by no means rapid. It is true that the retina is capable of receiving an image in an inconceivably minute fraction of a second—a fraction very much smaller than that required by the most rapid of photographic plates*—but the time required for transmitting such an impression to the brain, and so completing the act of perception, is from a third to an eighth of a second. The successive impressions, or rather the continual modifications of a single impression, are blended together on their arrival in the brain, and any one of them which retains its identity longer than the rest dominates its fellows and imprints its own character upon the whole series. Such impressions are those given to the retina by the limbs of a horse at speed—first, when doubled up beneath its body, and, secondly, when extended to their farthest limits. At these extreme points of oscillation a certain minute section of time has to elapse before the contrary motion can be set up. The dominating impressions received by a spectator from a galloping horse are, therefore, two in number—the first an exaggeration of Fig. 1 in our fourth series of cuts, the second a similar exaggeration of Fig. 6 in the same series. That the great majority of artists should have chosen the second of these two attitudes to suggest a gallop is due, perhaps, rather to æsthetic instinct than to any more profound reason. Whether this and other conventional symbols of motion should be modified or not in consequence of the revelations of the camera, we shall consider in a final paper.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

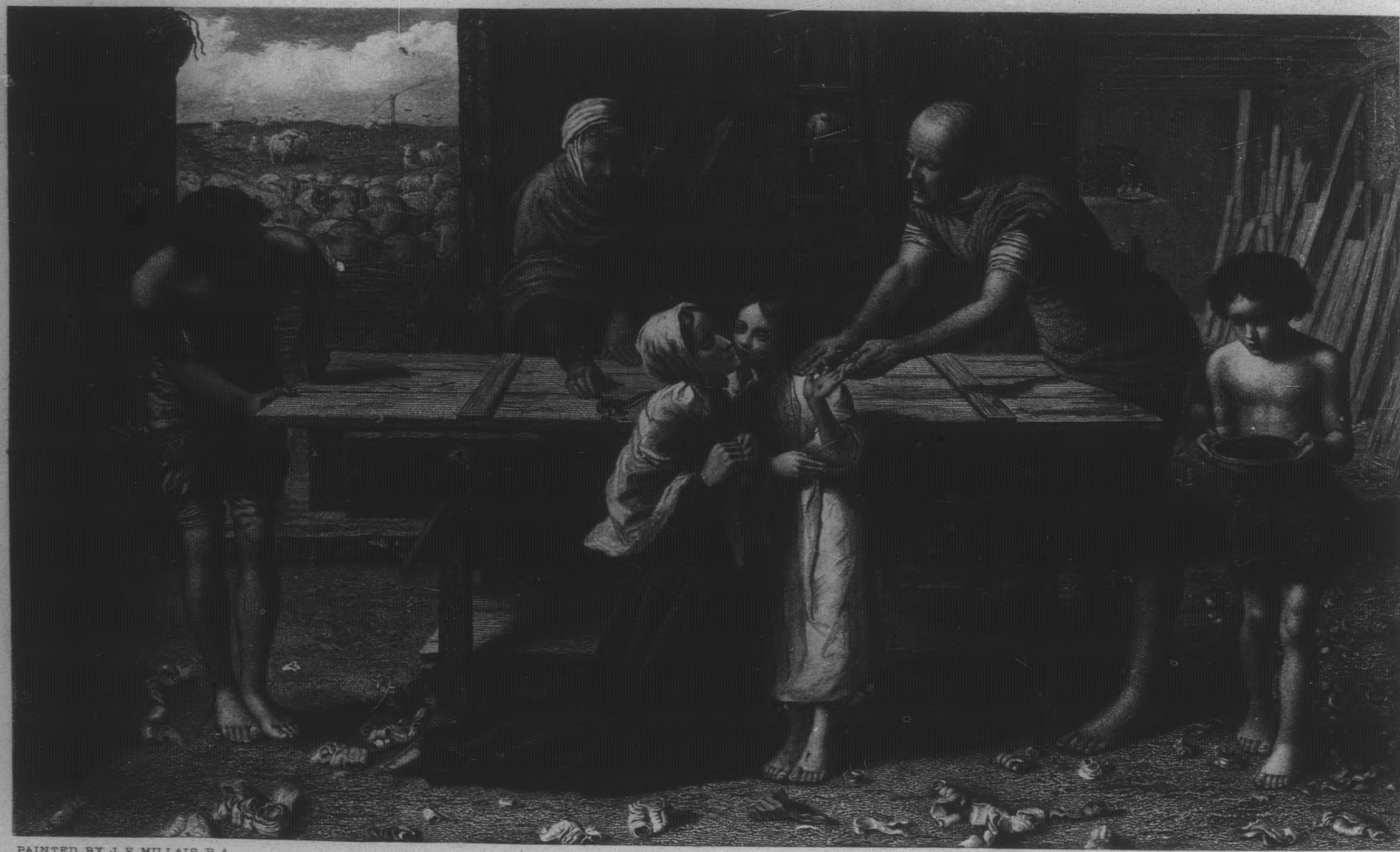
MILLAIS'S 'CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS.'

THIS picture was painted in 1849, and exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1850, under the title of "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."—*Zechariah* xiii. 6.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the Notes which he wrote to accompany the exhibition of Mr. Millais's works in 1881, describes this as "one of Mr. Millais's efforts in ascetic sacred Art. Historical accuracy in detail is aimed at; there are no nimbuses or haloes, no broad cloaks of purple and blue. The half-naked carpenters ply their labour with rude tools, the Divine Child shows to Mary an ominous wound in his palm. John pours water in a wooden bowl; Joseph looks on with concern less intense than that in the worn and Scotch features of the Madonna. Mr. Millais represented an aged couple with an only son; departing thus from the traditions of Art, which make Our Lady young and beautiful. Here tradition has all our sympathy. There is much symbolism in the picture. The dove broods in a suggestive attitude. The sheep, shepherdless, flock from the green field, and look with interest at what is going on in the house. The labour of this picture is immense. Observe the curled shavings on the floor, the painting of John's wooden bowl, and of the water therein, the tools, the striped waist-cloth of the workman. The figure of John is beautiful and sympathetic; there is little touch of the divinity in the expression of the child."

"It is admirably painted, and the ordinary observer who now contemplates it, finds represented there the agony of the sacred maternal passion and the reverence of humility and truth. None the less Mr. Millais did not feel a permanent attraction in ascetic Art. He moved on to other fields."

* It has been proved that a perfectly distinct image can be made upon the retina in a space of time not greater than one-millionth of a second.



PAINTED BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS BROWN.

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK BEER, ESQ. CAMBRIDGE GATE.

BRITISH EXHIBITIONS.

ROSSETTI'S PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—A year ago it would not have been possible for the public to have entertained any really definite idea of the life-work in Art of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for a fixed determination on the artist's part not to exhibit any of his paintings, combined with a limited circle of purchasers, practically rendered his Art-work to the majority a mere reputation.

It may seem almost incredible, in the future, that a man could have lived to the age of fifty-three; that a painter could have pursued his art for over thirty years, and yet have a considerable reputation based merely upon the enthusiastic acknowledgments and claims of a few: yet such has been the case. The collections, therefore, at the Royal Academy and Burlington Fine Arts Club must be in the nature of a revelation to the great majority of Art lovers. With eighty-three compositions in the fifth and sixth Galleries at the former, and with a hundred and fifty at the latter, opportunity has at last been afforded for critical and appreciative judgment on a more general scale than has hitherto been possible.

As far as public opinion can yet be gauged with approximate certainty, it is evidently in a puzzled condition as to the full meaning and import of these unusual pictures—now attracted by their glory or richness of colour, now repelled by palpably weak and even bad draughtsmanship; again attracted by impressiveness of subjects, or the strangely potent expressional power of some of the artist's finest figural creations, and again repelled by an insistent monotony of facial type; a facial type too unusual to be generally considered ideally beautiful, frequently of too morbid a characterization, it may be, to appeal to natures who find their ideals in the healthier and more vigorous women of familiar and contemporary life. As for the critical estimate, such will and has already proved as contradictory as usual; and the fact remains that critics and public must both agree in acknowledging certain radical faults in the work of the great artist who so recently passed away; and, having acknowledged these, proceed to consideration of Rossetti's pictures as to what of beauty and value they do represent.

A dual claim has been insistently made for Rossetti as an artist—that he is amongst the greatest of modern colourists, and that he is the most individually poetic painter that English Art has seen. As to the first of these claims, there can be little hesitation in admitting that Rossetti's faculty of colour was at once extraordinary and powerful, that it has at times a splendour, and at times a subtle loveliness exhibited in like degree by no living artist; on the other hand, it cannot be denied that this colour-glory occasionally becomes excessive, and that now and again it is not genius, but paintiness; and that, especially in the representation of flesh, the artist often falls short in a manner that surprises even those best acquainted with his inequalities. There is one little picture at the Royal Academy which is absolutely perfect in colour throughout; but contrast with 'Il Ramoscello' the flesh-painting in, for instance, 'Dis Manibus,' 'Mnemosyne,' or 'The Salutation of Beatrice' (unfinished, however), and the result will not be advantageous to the more ambitious compositions. But though there is a damaging inequality in work by Rossetti of this kind, it would be as absurd as it would be unjust to state that he was incapable of painting flesh truly, and therefore beautifully. An accusation that has not infrequently been brought against him since the opening of the Royal Academy, is his incapacity to paint texture—an accusation again, which, while not involving any issue of vital importance, has been somewhat too sweepingly asserted; and it may be remarked that those who knew the artist himself must recognise with what half-amused and half-disgusted acceptation such a charge, put seriously forward as sufficient condemnation, would have been received.

Regarding Rossetti's draughtsmanship, it must be confessed that an almost wilful inaccuracy, in addition to evidently unconscious "wrong-seeing," is not infrequently apparent; yet the contradiction exists that he could at times not only draw, but compose, correctly. It is in composition that his lack of thorough technical training is most evident, his grouping, unlike his colour, seldom being masterly.

The second claim is one which can be advanced with what would be absolute conviction, were it not for the shadow of doubt that encircles the phrase, "poetic Art." What constitutes "poetic Art?" Most would agree in thinking a poetic picture to be the poetically represented semblance of an individually felt poetic fact or idea, but others would maintain that the only true poetic painting is that which is true to the scene or landscape represented, and at the same time flawless as regards technique; and it would thus come about that a 'Morland,' for instance, true to nature and artistically executed, but absolutely devoid of any sentiment beyond the merely artistic, would be preferred to an inaccurate but impressive, because poetic, 'Turner' or 'Rossetti.' But, as in poetry there is a *literary* love of nature in contradistinction to that of the heart, so in Art there is a poetry of painting that signifies something much more than the technical excellence, however high a standard such may reach, of the mere craftsman.

Perhaps Rossetti, the poet, dominated too much Rossetti, the painter, but the fact remains that the artist holds a high and unique position, and that, with all technical drawbacks, he is the most *impressive* painter our time has seen.

Amongst those pictures which have excited most attention at the Royal Academy are the 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' 'Found,' 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' 'Veronica Veronese,' the Triptych from Llandaff Cathedral, 'Mariana,' 'Monna Vanna,' 'The Blue Bower,' 'Fiammetta,' 'The Blessed Damozel,' 'Proserpina,' 'La Pia,' and 'Dante's Dream.' Amongst those in which the artist is pre-eminent as a great painter may be noticed the exquisite 'Veronica Veronese,' 'La Bella Mano,' with its marvellous hues and gradations, 'Monna Vanna,' the artist's own ideal of physical loveliness and a supreme example of luxurious splendour, and 'Mariana,' with its rich and magnificent depth and lustre of blue. In addition to these, perhaps in a sense before these, should be named 'The Blue Bower,'

wonderful in executive mastery, but otherwise repellent—repellent because it is the only picture by the artist which could be called vulgar in its impressiveness, if not in its separate characteristics. In it we see sensuousness, which has yet, perhaps, no single sensual feature, carried to excess. The 'Found' is the most dramatic of Rossetti's paintings, but unfortunately must ever remain unfinished. The 'Proserpina' is not so fine an example as that belonging to Mr. W. A. Turner and exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club; and perhaps some may consider 'The Blessed Damozel' at the "Supplementary Exhibition" superior to that at Burlington House; both, however, noble and impressive works as they are, being unequal to the poem. The reason for this is the untranslatability of the latter to canvas; perhaps also the artist's not having borne in mind (to quote from Mr. Pater) "that the words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into form." The 'Dante's Dream' is Rossetti's *chef-d'œuvre*, and is thoroughly characteristic, representing him at his best in the figure of Dante, and at his worst in that of Beatrice; and it is fortunate that not only the Liverpool picture at the Royal Academy, but also the replica, with double predella, and the early and beautiful original in water-colour, are on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

The latter, in addition to having much the richest collection of the artist's water-colour pictures and designs—the whole exhibition, indeed, being more truly representative of at least one important period than that at Burlington House—has several interesting oil paintings, conspicuous amongst these being the portrait of 'Signor Gabriele Rossetti,' done by the artist when quite a youth, the impressive 'Lady Lilith,' the splendid portrait of 'Mrs. Morris,' the 'Beata Beatrix' with predella, and several before referred to. Special interest will be taken in such early designs as 'Kate the Queen' ('The Queen's Page'), 'Cassandra,' and many others known, even amongst those acquainted with the artist's works, more by reputation or limited photographs than in themselves. Amongst the portraits at Savile Row, those of Prof. Ruskin, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Dr. Hake will attract most attention. It is, however, to be regretted that such a poor and in every way unsatisfactory replica as that of 'Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee' should have been exhibited, as, failing the original, the photograph in the main gallery is infinitely preferable.

ITALIAN ART LOAN EXHIBITION, GLASGOW.—The Corporation of Glasgow, alive to the importance of the promotion of Art-education among the population of a manufacturing city, have organized a series of winter exhibitions, which, it is to be hoped, will stimulate and guide a healthy progress in Art-taste and knowledge. This year an Italian Art Loan Exhibition has been opened. The exhibits include drawings, artistic work in metals, medals, bronzes, ivories, pottery, furniture, textiles, glass and laces. The series of fifty drawings by the Italian masters, contributed by Mr. John Malcolm, of Poltalloch, is especially valuable. It includes examples by Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Fra Bartolommeo, and others. The Duchess of Edinburgh lends the water-colour drawings made by Herr Stohl, of famous pictures by great masters. The famous "Cellini" shield has been lent by the Queen. This shield is reported to have been presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Among the bronzes and ivories there are a few examples that certainly are not what they profess to be. On the other hand there are many admirable specimens of Middle Age Italian work. In the patient labour, the fine sense of beauty, the earnest spirit in which the designs are conceived and carried out lie the lessons which, it is to be hoped, the workmen of Glasgow will take to heart and apply to the details of their own handicrafts. Mr. Gladstone sends several ivories and jewels—not all good. The Duke of Buccleuch's ivory tankards are splendid. No. 715, an ancient Italian coffer, and a beautiful example of inlaying, comes from the Marquis of Lothian. The South Kensington Museum authorities have lent a collection of Italian Art objects, and a series of framed original drawings of Italian architecture and decoration. The exhibition will probably remain open until the spring.

EDINBURGH.—The Architectural Exhibition recently held here was well patronised, and deserved its popularity. Architects of nearly every style and school, both of the present and the immediate past, were represented.

PAISLEY.—The seventh exhibition was opened in the Art Institute on Dec. 21. There are 379 pictures in oil and water colours exhibited, most of them of small dimensions.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On January 16th the members of the Academy elected the following as Associates:—Benjamin Williams Leader, landscape painter; Francis Holl, engraver; and Thomas Brock, sculptor. The first was born in Worcester, on March 12th, 1831, and his baptismal name was Benjamin Williams only, but on entering the artistic profession he assumed the surname Leader as a distinction. *The Art Journal* has frequently published engravings from his works, and so long ago as February, 1871, gave a lengthy critique on his Art. Mr. Holl was also represented in this Journal by 'The Siesta,' issued in February, 1882. Mr. Brock is the sculptor of the first plate of our Chantrey series (see 'A Moment of Peril' in last month's Journal), and the words we then employed in describing the statue were almost prophetic of the artist's early entry into the Royal Academy.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN.—We are pleased to announce that Mr. Ruskin has been again elected Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, recently rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. B. Richmond.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.—At widely different parts of the world schemes are afloat for holding International Exhibitions. The last announced are one of the Fine Arts to be opened in Munich in July, and to close at the end of October; and one of all the various sections usually brought together, to be held in Calcutta at the end of the year, and to close on February 29th, 1884.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—To judge by the number of communications which we have received, the announcement made by us last month as to

impending reforms in the constitution of this society is exciting considerable interest amongst water-colour artists. The following suggestions appear worthy of consideration at the hands of the society:—That any limitations which tend to exclude desirable members should be repealed; such as that which only allows six out of the seventy-six to be ladies; or which renders foreigners ineligible, save as honorary members, and then only permits them to exhibit two works. It is also pointed out that the objection to increasing the number of members on the ground of insufficiency of wall space, might be met by limiting the number of works which each member shall send to some reasonable number—such as six. In the present exhibition, out of 274 works, 114 are sent by 13 members, one sending 13 and two 12 each. The Old Society is so slow in its movements that already the Institute has cut the ground away from under it in the matter of the water-colour schools, which it is announced they will shortly open free to properly-qualified students.

LIVERPOOL.—The Roscoe Professorship of Art at the University College is still vacant, and there is no immediate prospect of its being filled up.—A charming work by E. J. Poynter, R.A., has just been presented to the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery. The subject is 'Psyche in the Palace of Love.' The work was a commission by the local committee of the Social Science Congress, which recently met in Liverpool.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—The gallery here will shortly receive a very important addition in an oil painting by Turner, 'London—Autumnal Morning,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1801, and presented to the Colony by Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., the sculptor. It would be well if a few of the wealthy Australian colonists now in London would follow Mr. Woolner's example.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Herkomer, in a recent letter to the Editor, makes some interesting observations on New York. He says: "The American winter has hardly set in yet, but the air is most exciting, and one is apt to get nervous in such a climate. The light is too strong, and glaring, and must be reduced for painting purposes in a room. The houses are all overheated, and terrible for a foreigner at first, going from one extreme to another. . . . The Art public is yet young in New York; there is a general feeling of 'not-quite-sureishness' about them that is most pardonable, because Art has only lately taken up their attention. Exquisite embroidery is done here, and also silver work. . . . I have a splendid subject in hand—the 'Emigrants at Castle Garden,' where hundreds huddle together, waiting for employment, and all in their original costumes. But it is so gigantic a theme that I hardly think I can do it justice."

MR. MUNGO BURTON, A.R.S.A., died at Edinburgh on December 1st. He was best known as a portrait painter, but also exhibited figure pictures.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE city of Paris will shortly be enriched by two monuments, raised by public subscription—one, by the sculptor Crauk, will be erected in the Rue de Rivoli, behind the Oratoire. It represents Admiral Coligny, the noble victim of St. Bartholomew's night, standing between allegorical figures of Religion and Patriotism. The other monument is to Dr. Paul Broca, founder of the Société d'Anthropologie. It will be placed before the new School of Medicine.

M. Falguière, the new Academician, has been commissioned to take a mask from the head of M. Gambetta; M. Croisy, a sculptor whose works are justly appreciated, has been asked to do the same with General Chanzy. MM. Bonnat, Bastien-Lepage, and Antonin Proust were also able to make sketches. To M. Bastien-Lepage the friends of M. Gambetta gave the task of designing the funeral car, which, however, was heavy and mediocre. At a time when an endeavour is being made to simplify the funerals of the well-to-do, it surely might have been possible to conceive something combining simplicity and dignity.

Death has already this year been making sad havoc in the ranks of French artists. Maurice Poirson has just died at the age of thirty-two. In 1869 he entered the studio of Cabanel. Among his most remarkable works were 'L'Absolution,' 'Le vieux Capitaine,' 'La Procession,' 'Les Invalides,' and 'Les Moulières'—the latter gaining a medal in 1875. Pollet, an eminent engraver and etcher, who lived at Mayenne, is also dead. He was born in 1811, and acquired in the school of Ingres and Paul Delaroche that correctness in design and elegant purity of line which allowed him to interpret with much power the 'Jeanne d'Arc' of his first master and the 'Jioccatore di Violino' of Raphael. Pollet was besides a water-colour painter of the first rank. The demise of the painter Cathelineau is also announced. He was a student of Eugène Delacroix, and had special success in pictures of animals, especially of dogs. The death of the sculptor Clesinger completes our too lengthy list. The last works of this artist showed visible failure, and the critics were compelled to say that their general feeling was theatrical, composition loose; and, above all, that the anatomy of the equestrian statues of Marceau, of Hoche, and of Kleber, executed for the École Militaire, was inaccurate. But we should not forge the important part taken by the sculptor in the great artistic movement of the century. We should remember the fervour which, in days gone by, his 'Femme piqué par un Serpent' aroused, as also the 'Bacchante couchée,' whose realism was the talk of the Salon of 1848. He died before he had completed the statue of Carnot, which was commissioned by the State for the Champ de Mars.

The Société Internationale des Peintres et Sculpteurs opened their first exhibition on January 9th at 8, Rue de Seze. The contributions leave much to be desired. We notice, as the best, the exhibits of M. Cazin, four compositions by M. Duez, two remarkable pictures from M. Stott, some vigorous canvases by M. Sargent, and the studies which M. Bastien-Lepage made in England. But a number of the works are indefinite sketches loudly coloured, negligently painted, and with useless violations of harmonies.

The jury in the competition for the statue of Étienne Marcel have selected three sketches, the authors of which must compete for the final adjudication. The design by M. Idrac, which is first of the three, is incontestably the best; the second and third are by MM. Fremet and Marqueste.

In the Ledru-Rollin competition MM. Laurent, Steiner, and Capellaro have been chosen to compete for the commission.

And now, when we have said that the project of the triennial Salon has called forth an energetic protest, signed by the greatest as well as by the least known artists; that of the £28,000 surplus from the 1878 Exposition, the Chamber has laid aside £20,000 in order to purchase *objets d'art* for the national museums, we have, we believe, given a complete *résumé* of the artistic events of the first month of 1883.

NEW ETCHINGS AND BOOKS.

'HIS LEGAL ADVISER.' Etched by V. Lhuillier, after a picture by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.—Mr. L. H. Lefèvre continues in the subject before us his humorous series of plates, which he began with Marks's 'Jolly Postboys,' and Crowe's 'House Painters.' The face of the client, hopelessly endeavouring to explain his case, is admirably etched, and is more successful than that of the attorney; for, if we remember the picture aright, the latter's expression merely conveyed a natural inability to grasp the details of the case, but in the etching he appears to be doing his best, by a frown and a glare, to drive away what little coherency there may be in his client's ideas. If the plate only attains to the popularity which the picture achieved when in the Academy, no doubt the publisher will be well satisfied.

'THE OLD WHITE HART INN YARD.' Etched by Percy Thomas.—Messrs. F. S. Nichols & Co. have done well to commence their Art publishing by a selection of subjects in their neighbourhood, and assuredly none more noteworthy could have been found than the old inn so oftentimes mentioned in Shakespeare, the headquarters of Jack Cade, and ever memorable as the meeting-place of Mr. Pickwick with Sam Weller. The plate has been etched with delicacy and care, and is a worthy preface to the series of etchings of Old Southwark.

"RAPHAEL." By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Vol. I. (J. Murray). The first instalment of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's life of Raphael contains abundant evidence of that patience in the collection and examination of materials which distinguishes their earlier labours. They have, however, set about their task, as they practically acknowledge on their first page, with a strong bias towards one of the many views which may be taken of Raphael's life and Art. Their first volume treats of those obscure years in the great painter's career which have afforded matter for speculation, and sometimes heated controversy, ever since the simple narrative of Vasari received its *coup de grâce* at the hands of modern investigators. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle answer such questions as, "Where did Raphael learn the mechanism of his art? who was his early teacher? was he the author of the Venetian Sketch-book?" very positively indeed. Perugia and Perugino they say to the two first, and as to the third they base much of their argument upon its assumed authenticity. Most of Raphael's recent commentators agree that he did not enter the bottega of Perugino till 1499, and that in all probability he was indebted for his early training to Timoteo Viti. The new biography brushes aside the evidence upon which this theory is based with very scant ceremony, but in spite of their careful research, its authors have failed to bring forward a single fact which is inconsistent with its truth. They base their belief in Raphael's Peruginesque education on the Venice Sketch-book—a piece of evidence which is in strong need of corroboration—on the asserted existence of a Raphaelesque feeling in the pictures painted by Vannucci towards the end of the fifteenth century, and upon a chronological arrangement of his pupils' work, for which, as we venture to think, no sufficient justification is forthcoming. They do not attempt to account for the absence of Peruginesque feeling in many of Raphael's earliest works—an absence which becomes very significant when we remember how he almost merged his own personality in that of his master in pictures, such as the 'Sposalizio,' which were certainly painted at Perugia.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF D. G. ROSSETTI." By T. Hall Caine. (Stock.) "D. G. Rossetti." By William Sharp. (Macmillan & Co.).—A strange fate has decreed that the artist who hid himself away in Cheyne Walk, and for years could not bear so much as a daylight stroll on the Embankment, has now been shown to us, with quite exceptional intimacy, by biographers who are beginning to assume the proportions of a little crowd. Biography, if the most interesting, is also one of the most difficult, of all departments of letters—a fact which we were prepared to find forgotten by ardent young disciples, hastening into print with dicta and disclosures about the departed master, and we took what prospective consolation we could from George Eliot's observation that "to judge wisely one must know how things appear to the unwise—that kind of appearance making the large portion of the world's history." Let us hasten to add that such is not the interest of the two biographies before us—both of them loyal tributes to the memory of Rossetti. They have, moreover, a certain literary flavour which will make them pleasant reading to students and *dilettanti*; and, in spite of minor, though sometimes sufficiently marked blemishes of style, and even slight grammatical aberrations, in which Mr. Sharp is the greater sinner of the two, both authors have done their task in a way which will win them distinction. Neither of them was an old friend of Rossetti; but the relation between the poet-painter and Mr. Hall Caine, who lived with him, was a very intimate one during the last year or two of his life, and had been preceded by a correspondence, Rossetti's share of which is now given to the world. Mr. Sharp has been content to devote himself mainly to the collection of facts about the achievements of Rossetti as a poet and a painter, dwelling reverently on all the processes of his labour; but Mr. Hall Caine has given, before all things, a portrait of the man, at once splendid and terrible in his genius and his misery—a master who attracts our homage, but compels our pity.

ART YEAR BOOKS.—We have received the United States Art Directory and Year Book for 1882, being a guide for artists, Art students, and travellers (Cassell & Co.). The Year's Art for 1883 (S. Low & Co.) is also just published, having been increased in bulk by fifty pages. Amongst the new features is a list of the members of the Royal Academy from 1768, which is now published for the first time.

We have also received "THE BIBLIOGRAPHER," vol. ii. (E. Stock), which contains many communications of interest to artists—including Book Illustrations, old and new—and the Woodcutters of the Netherlands.

"PATTERN-BOOK FOR ART METAL WORKERS," Part I. (A. Fischer. 1s.), containing eight well-drawn plates of iron work, ancient and modern, but with no English examples.

PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM ROFFE.

THE MOUSE.

GLASGOW.

GLASGOW claims to-day to be the second city of the empire, in population and importance as a centre of industry; but its first start into life is owing to monks and missionaries, and not to merchants and manufacturers. The origin of Glasgow is obscured in the mists of tradition, and the disputes of antiquarians about Picts and Scots and Culdees have not helped to clear these mists away. About the middle of the sixth century, however, there emerges from the clouds, although after all in only a dim and confused fashion, the figure of the founder of the See, St. Mungo, who, judging by the numberless legends that cluster around his name, must have been a man of power and insight. The details of the legends may be all fables, but the very fact of their having grown and survived, shows that St. Mungo was something greater and stronger than the majority of the half-barbarian priests of his day. It is probable that he established the see about 543, and under his successors, who were not always either scrupulous or possessed of Christian meekness, it grew in wealth and importance. St. Mungo pitched his tent on the banks of the Molendinar—a brattling pellucid stream for many a long year after the worthy saint's time, now a covered-up cesspool—and there the Cathedral was eventually built. From the Cathedral and its surrounding piles of buildings used for ecclesiastical purposes, the town spread slowly down towards the Clyde. Under the reign of the bishops, Glasgow was devotedly Roman Catholic; after the sweeping times of the Reformation she was as fanatically Puritan. In modern Glasgow, the puritan spirit still lingers, bursting out every now and again in most strange and unexpected manifestations. But modern Glasgow, unlike the

Glasgow Bridges and Conveyances. Steamer, Train, and Tram.

little burgh that nestled under the shadow of the Cathedral, is indebted to no church or hierarchy for either the circumstances that called her into existence, or the spirit that has inspired her to growth and progress.

The date of the Union with England, 1707, marks the beginning of the Glasgow of to-day. She was a burgh in 1175; a royal burgh in 1636. The Union lifted her into the position of one of the chief commercial cities of the kingdom. When by that act the restrictions on trade were abolished, Glasgow advanced by rapid bounds. Just as in the old days the life of the city had gathered round the Cathedral, so it now gathered round the Trongate, and the Cross, and the Tontine, where merchants congregated and laid far-reaching schemes and pondered over new fields for enterprise and traffic. In the American and West Indian trades, Glasgow men—pawky and indefatigable—found a veritable El Dorado. To sugar and tobacco, many of the best-known West-country families of the present time owe their prosperity and position. "The tobacco lords" in the eighteenth century were the aristocracy of Glasgow. In all the pride of bushy wigs and scarlet cloaks, they strutted along the *plainstanes* at the Cross, and woe betide the unlucky wight of low degree who ventured to address them without becoming reverence.

The perseverance and the energy of the people of Glasgow have turned to good account the natural advantages of their situation. The river Clyde, which in its early and innocent days prattled over pebbles between banks golden with broom, has been deepened and widened into a great channel of commerce; the coal and iron that seam the district have been made a centre of supply for all the world. The steam-engine, which had its birth in Glasgow and has revolutionised men's ways of dealing with nature, has been a powerful aid in this

mighty process of development. Ship-building, spinning, coal-mining, iron-founding, chemical works, engineering works, and calico-printing, have all contributed, or are still contributing, to the wealth of the city and its neighbourhood. With the course of years, while the general progress has been marvellously great and steady—in the beginning of the century the population was about 80,000, it now amounts, including the inhabitants of the suburbs, to over 750,000—individual branches of commerce and manufacture have had their vicissitudes, their palmy days and their days of tribulation. Some once-flourishing trades—such as cotton-spinning—have dwindled into comparative insignificance; others, such as the manufacture of steel and of shale oil, have risen to supply their place. The Exchange of Glasgow has had its times of panic, when commercial trust seemed shaken to the centre. The last ordeal through which it passed was in October, 1878, when the City Bank failed. Ruin was carried into hundreds of homes, but the storm has passed, and the havoc it has wrought has not been altogether without its accompanying good. One thing Glasgow can proudly say: the creditors of the Bank have all been paid in full.

Looked at as a commercial city, Glasgow is one of the finest in the kingdom. It has not, of course, the picturesque beauty of Edinburgh, but it possesses a beauty that, in its own way, is quite as striking. Handsome public buildings are not lacking in it; but public buildings, after all, do not make up, they only colour and tone, the general appearance of a city. A town must depend on its streets for its reputation for beauty. Glasgow streets are broad and straight, and have a massive and solid look. The line of Argyle Street and the Trongate, extending for over four miles, is admirable: Burke declared it to be in his day one of the finest streets in Europe. Gayer promenades and more brilliant shops are now to be found in Sauchiehall Street and Buchanan Street. Among the chief public buildings are the Royal Exchange, the New Halls, the Art Institute, and various city churches, railway stations, clubs, and banks. We have not many relics of antiquity left in our midst; the town is essentially modern, full of the hurry and bustle of the nineteenth century, and too apt to be forgetful of the centuries that went before, and helped to make the nineteenth possible. We are not, however, altogether without witnesses among us to the life of the past. Glasgow people are justly proud of the Cathedral, and always make their country cousins visit it, and those of the citizens who know anything of the bygone centuries cast sometimes a reverent glance at the gateway of the College Station of the North British Railway. It is about the sole remaining vestige of the old University of Glasgow, now made into a railway station—the university within whose precincts Watt perfected his invention of the steam-engine, and with whose memory are connected the names of Adam Smith, Burke, Jeffrey, Macaulay, and Campbell. The new University stands on Gilmore Hill, overlooking the West-end park, and facing the terraces and crescents where the merchant princes dwell—a silent preacher to them of the truth, too often forgotten in Glasgow, that there is a greater power in this world than money.

A Steam Ferry-boat.

In 1866 a most important movement was inaugurated. The City Improvement Act was passed by Parliament. It empowered the authorities to demolish nearly the whole of ancient Glasgow, and disperse a population of fifty-one thousand souls, whose dwellings had become unfit for human habitation. These dwellings lay, for the most part, in the neighbourhood of the Cross, the old centre of the commercial activity of the city, and had once been inhabited by the wealthiest and most respectable classes of the community. But as Glasgow spread westward these streets fell, year by year, into the occupation of lower and lower strata of society, till their state became almost a scandal to civilisation. Subdividing, overcrowding—the utter neglect of all the laws of cleanliness and decency—made the district a hot-bed of vice, disease, and crime. In some of the most densely populated quarters the mortality was at the rate of 70 per 1,000. Thanks to a few public-spirited citizens, the Improvement Act was passed, and the work of reformation set on foot. Old buildings and streets were demolished, light was let into the dark haunts of iniquity, new thoroughfares have been opened up, and commodious dwellings erected for those who have been displaced by the renovations. The general death-rate has fallen from about 30 per 1,000 to 21 or 22. The operations have cost more money than was at first anticipated, but the work done is a noble one. It reflects credit on those who originated and carried it out, and is well worthy of imitation in every other large town.

To the west end and to the south of Glasgow lie green parks and handsome terraces, that seem to be all untouched by the smoke that hangs over the busy and toiling part of the city. The suburbs of Glasgow have many beauties, and in spring and summer their flush of green carries the thoughts far beyond the tall chimney-stacks of St. Rollox and the ceaseless roar of the stony streets. The West-end park lies on the banks of the classic Kelvin, renowned in song; and the South-side park overlooks the battle-ground of Langside, whence the hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, fled to her fate in England. In the West-end park stands the fountain, designed by James Sellars, that commemorates the introduction into Glasgow of Loch Katrine water in 1859. And surely we may say, with Bacon, that in gardens and fountains we have the purest of human pleasures, and great beauty and refreshment.

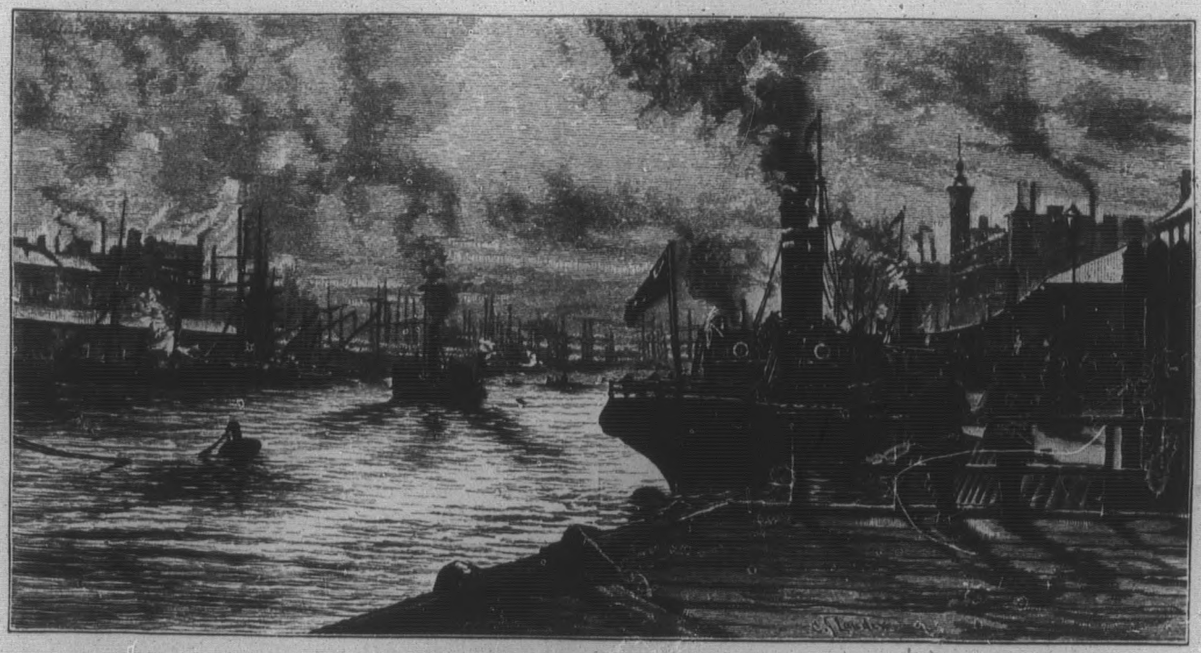
The oldest and most celebrated of the public parks in Glasgow is the Green. It extends to about 140 acres along the river, above the bridges. It is the people's park, and has seen many notable gatherings—such as the review by the Young Chevalier of the Highland host during the rebellion of 1745, Chartist meetings, and volunteer reviews. The bridges across the Clyde are eight or nine in number. The most famous is the Broomielaw Bridge, designed by Telford; the most hideous is the Caledonian Railway Bridge, whose

designer's name had better remain "unhonoured and unsung." The demands of traffic are now so great that it is threatened we must have ere long, far below where the present harbour begins, either a swing-bridge or a subway.

Among the great schemes of the future for the adornment of Glasgow and the promotion of the comfort of the citizens is the erection of municipal buildings. The plans, by Mr. Young, of London, have, after much preliminary municipal bungling, been approved, and the range will fill up the east side of George Square, which is in itself the resting-place for the statues of the great and little men whom Glasgow has thought worthy of honour. Among the crowd, Scott's monument is there, the first to be put up in Scotland to the great novelist; Flaxman's John Moore, one of the noblest of that sculptor's works; and memorials of Burns, Peel, and Campbell.

The river Clyde has been made, of its present importance at least, by the citizens of Glasgow, and in turn it has made them. Glasgow without the Clyde would be like *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out, and yet it may be said that thirty or forty years ago, when the river was of less importance than it is now to the prosperity of the city, it entered more into the thoughts of the inhabitants. There was then about Glasgow a fuller flavour of a seaport town than there is now. The streets had not extended so far inland from the river-side; men, tired with "the thirst for idle gold," were wont to stray more by the banks, round which there lingered still the inviting freshness of an almost rural solitude; and travellers to "the coast" sailed all the way, and did not, as their custom now is, take rail to Greenock, and so miss all the fresh-water reaches of the stream.

The Clyde is a wonderful testimony to the enterprise, science, and energy of man. Mr. Deas, the engineer to the River Trust, has, in an interesting volume, told the story of the fight with opposing forces. The river was originally a shallow meandering stream, so insignificant in its proportions that only the smallest of boats could float over its banks and



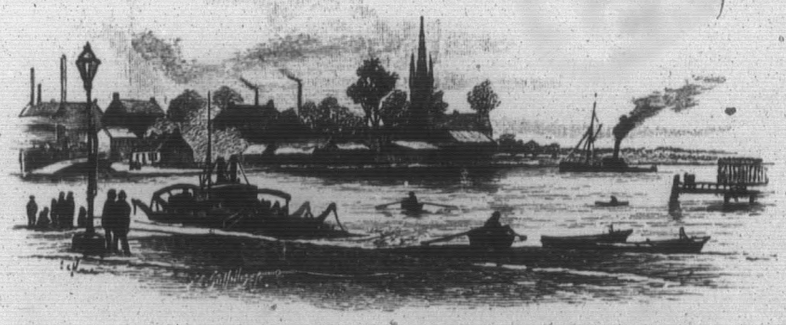
The Broomielaw, Glasgow.

quicksands. In 1565 the first attempt was made to deepen its waters, and the operations with that object have since then engaged the skill of the most noted engineers of the country, among them, Smeaton, Golborne, Watt, Rennie, and Telford. In 1768 Golborne initiated, in its main features, the work that is still carried on. He advised the deepening of the river by dredging and the contraction of it by rubble jetties.

"In 1755 the depth of water in the harbour at low tide was 18 inches, and in 1806 it was thought wonderful that a vessel of 120 tons could reach the Broomielaw. Ships of 3,000 tons now float where a cotton-mill stood in 1839, and Anchor liners, drawing over 22 feet and of 4,000 tons, come to the quays. At Dumbuck, twelve miles down from Glasgow, the depth in 1789 was two feet; at present no obstacle exists there to the passage of an ironclad."

These results have been obtained by the unwearying exertions of the River Trust, which numbers twenty-five members, representing the municipal and trading interests. Dredging, embanking, drilling and blasting sunken reefs go on continuously. The dredging-machines, the diving-bells, the barges laden for transport to Loch Long with the sand and mud raised from the river's bed, are familiar objects in the busy life of the Clyde. Better than all vague descriptions, the following figures, kindly furnished to me by Mr. Deas, will give the reader an idea of the magnitude of the work. The total area of land belonging to the Trust is about 200 acres. The length of quays and wharfs in the two harbours (upper and lower) and in the two docks (Kingston and Queen's) is over 10,000 lineal yards, and the area of shed space about 115,000 square yards. The depth of water at spring tide varies from 15 to 25 feet, and will before long be 30 feet in the Queen's Dock. In 1800 the length of quayage was only 382 yards, and the acreage of quay road and shed space was 3 acres. The latter is now close upon 60 acres. In 1800 the revenue of the Trust was £3,320, it is now £265,000. In 1862-63 the tonnage of vessels inwards was 1,530, of vessels outwards 1,527; the corresponding figures for 1881-82 are 3,046 and 3,050.

The quay-sides are much like the quay-sides of any other seaport town. We have the usual mixture of nationalities. The American trade, the West Indian, the Mediterranean are among the most important. The names of the Anchor, the Allan, and the State Lines are famous all the world over. Fruit-ships come in from Spain: cattle-sheds tell of the development of late years of a new branch of trade with America. Gaunt Highland skippers superintend the discharge of slates from the quarries of Western Scotland: from the Dublin and 'Derry steamers come the unmelodious voices of pigs and oxen and poultry. Iron bars and tubes and machinery—curious of shape and, to the uninitiated, mysterious of purpose—sulphur, coals, grain-bags, and onions are piled upon the quays, or fill the admirably arranged sheds that line the river. Cranes, hydraulic and steam, movable and stationary, aid the strength of man in the loading and unloading of vessels. The ceaseless hum of toiling life is everywhere. Against the sky are outlined the intricate tracery of topgallant masts and stays and braces; bunting and triced-up sails flutter in the wind. Across the river puff the steam ferry-boats, ugly but most useful. Out in the stream lie smart Yankee clippers and square-built Dutch schooners, gaily painted French barques and dingy lighters. Threading through the mazes are the innumerable river steamers and panting tugs. When the day is fine and a fresh breeze is blowing, and the water sparkles in the sunshine—for even Clyde water can sparkle—the sight is one to gladden the heart with its revelation of man's energy and his infinite power of resource.



Govan, near Glasgow.

The great industry on the Clyde banks is shipbuilding. The yards border the river for miles down on both sides, and the clang of hammers is incessant. Shipbuilders are busy now, and have been for some time. Strikes have often interfered with the prosperity of the trade. Too little forbearance, unreasoning greed, a foolish desire to kill the goose for the sake of the golden eggs, can work much mischief. The names of the Clyde shipbuilders—of the Napiers, the Thomsons, the Stephens—are household words wherever a ship floats. One of the largest yards is Mr. Pearce's, formerly Elder's. It covers seventy-four acres: it employs over 6,000 hands. In a year it has turned out about 30,000 tons of shipping and 70,000 horse-power of engines. Such a yard is a wonderful sight, especially to any one whose ignorance begets in him a wholesome respect for the marvellous capabilities of machinery. Huge hammers welding gigantic shafts, drills punching iron plates as if they were cardboard, knives of tenacious strength cutting steel as if it were cheese, the skeletons of mighty ships growing into compact forms and fair proportions, whirling belts and glowing furnaces, black-faced men toiling as never fabled gnomes toiled in a German mine, agile rivet-boys running along girders slung at dizzy heights—the unaccustomed visitor walks beside these with wonderment and a feeling almost akin to dread. There is a suspicion of something demoniacal in the power that is displayed and in the nearly human intelligence of the patient-working machines.

In 1812 Henry Bell launched the *Comet*, practically the first steamboat that ever sailed. Between her and the *Iona* of to-day—the floating paradise of tourists—what a difference! The *Comet* was thirty-five tons burden, and her engines three-horse power. Sometimes she stuck fast on the river banks. There is a legend current that on one occasion the passengers had to jump overboard and push her along. Contrast this with the *Iona*, with her elegant lines, her steam steering apparatus, her dining-saloon and baths and retiring-rooms, and all the luxuries of a first-class hotel. The steamboats sailing between Glasgow and the lower reaches of the Frith are legion, and they are all required. In summer the Glasgow people, "gentle and semple," love holiday-making. The fogs of winter, heavy with chemical fumes, and the cheerless rains that too much abound, put the people into the right condition for enjoying, when sunshine and long days come round, an escape to the hill-sides and the scent of the bog myrtle. And probably there is no city in the world where the inhabitants have within so easy reach, as they have in Glasgow, the fairest gifts of heaven in the way of scenery.

The illustrations for this article are from drawings by a young Glasgow artist, Mr. C. J. Lauder.

ROBERT WALKER.

THE WALL PAINTINGS IN BERLIN.

I HAVE observed over many years in Berlin a remarkable growth of mural painting, and now at the moment when British Art may be taking a new departure, I think the experiences of a neighbouring nation will prove interesting and instructive. Our Royal Academy is giving prizes to designs for frescoes, and promises to bear the cost of carrying out compositions possessed of sufficient merit. The President, by his antecedents and his example, is eminently fitted to lead the movement; thus the discomfiture that came upon fresco and water-glass in the Houses of Parliament may possibly be retrieved by a new revival of monumental painting. Therefore I think the experiences in Berlin, in some sense the sister city of London—experiences alternating between failure and success—may with advantage be recounted.

There are especial reasons why Prussia has made herself conspicuous in that revival of the noble art of monumental

painting which distinguishes modern Germany. As a kingdom she was fired by no ordinary ambition, and so in fashioning a national school nothing short of the highest walks in Art could content her. Moreover, a capital city worthy of the monarchy had to be reared, and the new palaces, offices, churches, and museums presented wall spaces inviting, and indeed demanding, adequate decoration. At the same time the teachings of academies and universities tended to monumental art; noble thought sought embodiment in noble form; drawing was mastered as the language of ideas, the human figure was studied as the highest of created types, and composition matured for narrative and dramatic action. Training thus thorough and conceptions so lofty could hardly find adequate sphere in easel painting. Furthermore, in Prussia, as with other nations in times of revival, the artist took inspiration from the historian, philosopher, and poet. Cornelius and Kaulbach, identified with Berlin, had for contemporaries Goethe and Schiller, Niebuhr, Bunsen, and Lepsius; they breathed a common atmosphere of the intellect and imagination, and imbued their designs with the spirit of the times. In short, the Art revival in Prussia presents phases in common with the Renaissance in Italy; the master arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting joined hands and united forces, and the architecture of Berlin, taking its models from Palladio and Bramante, naturally called to its aid that art of wall painting which culminated under Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Cornelius, the great master of fresco painting, lived and laboured the last ten years of his life in Berlin, and though his vast cartoons for the decoration of the projected Campo Santo were never carried out, they serve within the National Gallery as a grammar or groundwork for the construction of all monumental Art. The day is gone for such grand epics; mural painting has, like easel pictures, passed to styles more naturalistic and picturesque, but such essential principles as proportion and symmetry in form and composition, gravity and dignity in motive and conception, must remain unchangeable. Kaulbach followed, with a free hand, his master Cornelius; on the walls of the spacious Treppenhaus of the New Museum he painted in water-glass scenic eras in the world's history. Daniel Maclise, R.A., sent specially to Berlin, reported in 1859 to the Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts as follows:—"Of these works it may indeed safely be said that they form a series of the noblest embellishments of one of the grandest halls which architecture has as yet dedicated to the development of a kindred art, and here too is to be viewed in perfection how transcendently imposing are the results when the two arts are harmoniously combined." This eulogy finds but faint echo from posterity; the process indeed is permanent, but proves opaque and muddy, lacking the purity and lustre of fresco. Hence water-glass has fallen into a discredit from which it will not recover either in Germany or England.

Two or more generations of mural decorators may be counted in Berlin. Carstens, the classicist, at the close of last century adorned the house of the Minister Heinitz with frescoes from the Greek mythology: these almost unique examples were, on the renovation of the old structure, swept away. The Prussian Government, always intent on the discovery and encouragement of talent, gave Carstens a pension the better to prosecute his studies in Rome; but Berlin, save in a few drawings, contains no further trace of the classicist who ranks as the Flaxman of Germany. The architect Schinkel also took inspiration from Greece, and claiming the universality pertaining to the great masters, made designs for the pictorial embellishment of the portico to the New Museum he constructed. The compositions, which naturally assumed a pseudo-classic form, were painted on the walls, life scale, by the scholars of Cornelius. These semi-external pictures have reached the last stage of decay, just when their grandiose style has fallen into disrepute. Berlin, like London, has suffered under failure, but nothing discouraged by the fatality of tentative experiments, she profits by experience, changes processes, improves styles, and gives fresh commissions.

The Old Schloss, a ponderous palace of six hundred apartments, begun by the father of Frederick the Great, though showing little remarkable in the way of Art, gives proof of the persistent practice of wall painting. The ceilings are decorated in the florid manner habitual throughout Europe during last century: the scenes, often life size, show the flaunting style of the Italian and French decadence, while from floor to cornice an elaborate system of polychrome proves an insatiable passion for colour, all the more astounding from the utter absence of taste. So far the old school, now out of date. Entering the Chapel, which rises into a spacious vault beneath the imposing external dome, the eye encounters the new school of Christian Art, brought thirty years ago from Düsseldorf by Director Wilhelm Schadow. Eight years went to the exhaustive cyclus of usual Biblical subjects, with hundreds of Saints standing out from gold grounds; originality was out of the question, yet an impressive effect has been gained, the whole vault is filled, as it were, with a chorus of glory and praise. The Old Schloss stands a huge monument to mural decoration: in outlying rooms, shut off from the public, walls are covered with views of old Berlin, painted ceilings combine with woven tapestries which serve as backgrounds to old German glass, metal work and ceramic ware. Such is the treatment which renders wall painting no extraneous intrusion, but an essential and inseparable part of a concerted whole.

Museums and Picture Galleries, no less than Palaces, have received, and are still receiving, appropriate decorations: pictures are thrown upon lunettes and other spaces which architects seem expressly to provide for the brush. The idea has been to elucidate the works of Art exhibited: thus classic sculpture is surrounded by pictures of the Grecian temples it once adorned. The effect gained is as if in our British Museum the bare walls of the Elgin, Halicarnassan and Lycian Rooms were clothed with glowing scenes from historic sites in Greece and Asia Minor. The Trustees of our Museum have peculiar advantage in the possession, under the Henderson Bequest, of masterly sketches by William Müller of the identical tombs brought from Lycia. These broad, scenic drawings, with slight modification, would transfer forcibly to the walls. The example set by Prussia need not be costly to follow: in Berlin have always existed adept artists or artisans who, at moderate price, turn out fairly good decorative work. It were a mistake to suppose that all mural painting must be final: on the contrary, much is, and always has been, tentative and transitory. Early schools make way for later, as seen in old Italian churches, which conserve successive layers of frescoes. The first stratum, when decayed or out of date, was painted over. Thus equally in Germany or England first failures might lead the way to final successes. A building, like a man, outlives a coat: clothing or costume may change with season or with fashion. A wall painting is but a cuticle to be cast off and renewed: such were the forms and functions of frescoes in the olden times, and such are the

possibilities of mural decorations in modern Germany or England.

The Berlin National Gallery had hardly been built when Professors Bendermann and Janssen, of Düsseldorf, and August von Heyden, of Berlin, received commissions to decorate the walls; and as recently as last autumn Paul Meyerheim might be seen on the top of a scaffold painting a ceiling. It were too much to assert that such efforts must be "epoch-making;" yet by these continuous encouragements artists are saved from starvation while working out a vocation.

The Bourse, within stone's throw of the new National Galleny, as a matter of course could not be deemed complete without some attempt at wall painting. Even the roaring hades of a stock exchange, it was thought, might turn, with advantage, an occasional glance towards serene heights. The subjects, appropriately selected for two lunettes immediately beneath the roof of the large hall, were Agriculture and Commerce. The task was entrusted to August von Kloeber, one of the many artists of repute within theatres.

The new Rathhaus, like other recent buildings, enlivens the dead monotony of street architecture by coloured terra-cottas; at the same time, the ornate interior exemplifies the polychrome to which Germany betakes herself, with more appetite than taste. History gives melancholy proof that the right application of colour to architecture is the most perilous of Art problems, and in our day, both at home and abroad, the happy mean has been often overstepped by a rash leap from whitewash to vivid crudities of the paint-pot. Time, however, does much to tone dissonance into harmony.

In modern Germany, as in mediæval Italy, mural painting has been widely diffused and popularised; thus an art accounted arduous and costly, as pertaining to the Church or the palace, descends to private dwellings, and ministers to the common uses of daily life. And the industry and talent thus called into play are but further proof of the axiom that wherever exists a demand will come a supply. It is not uncommon to find in exhibitions designs, or preliminary sketches, for painted ceilings or corridors in town houses or country villas. And so great a facility has been acquired by a superior class of Art workmen, that effective tableaux are at trifling cost extemporised in hotels, restaurants, and cafés. Indeed, the President of the Academy does not deem it derogatory to lend a florid pencil to the most popular of refreshment places. All such handwork, of course, possesses novelty and individuality beyond machine products. Occasionally domestic decorations are of the finest quality: the Villa Warschauer, at Charlottenburg, has a billiard-room entirely clothed with fancy creations, by an artist no less distinguished than Rudolf Hanneberg. The painter, possibly shirking the physical strain of working direct on the wall, preferred canvas, but a tempera medium without shine gains a surface not unlike fresco. Moreover, the structural spaces are wholly filled, and the figures so distributed as to conform to the architectural proportions. Thus we find, as in all schools having the advantage of an architectonic basis, that fundamental and enduring principles dominate over the accidents of mere materials, and that the Art treatments consolidated for walls import dignity and immobility to works of the canvas or easel. Surely these are reasons why we should not allow wall painting to die out in England.

It has become so far the recognised policy of Prussia for government buildings to set forth events or ideas which concern the nation, that no sooner had the architect reared Unter den Linden, the handsome quarters for the Ministry of Instruction and Worship, than P. Schobelt, a Berlin artist trained in Rome, received instructions to paint the ceiling of the principal hall. The space to be covered is about equal to that of the Farnasina Palace; the subject pertains to the general apotheosis of the Arts; the style is late Italian, corresponding to the florid Renaissance, to which Berlin architects have always been prone. State patronage has seldom been on the side of simplicity and severity.

My recent search after wall paintings led to the pleasant discovery of a young artist, Hermann Prell, in the midst of compositions which, if I mistake not, will make his reputation. The Architectural Institute, in the Wilhelm Strasse, has a Fest Saal fifty feet square and forty feet high; the structure is ornate in gold and coloured marbles, and the intervening spaces are now receiving fresco paintings up to the same decorative pitch. The compositions treat a somewhat trite theme—the progress of civilisation as exemplified in great Art epochs: Germans have a copious facility for elaborating such historic cycles. Here the series reaches back to savage life and aboriginal races; next comes civilisation's dawn—a monk is seen in the act of painting; then a Gothic cathedral receives consecration, and so the spectator is led to the Renaissance, and thence through the roccocco period to modern times. Three pictures on the remaining side are reserved for antique Art in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The largest dimensions are ten feet by eight feet, the figures are life size, some of the backgrounds are gold, the process is pure fresco. The style belongs to the eclecticism which at present finds favour throughout Europe—a compromise more or less accordant between classicism, mediævalism, and modernism. One advantage of mural painting is that it affords ample sphere for Art evolution. An easel picture is circumscribed, but a wall is as a world which finds room for all.

Among recent works undertaken in Berlin, the most important is the conversion of the Zeughaus, or Arsenal, built the beginning of last century, into a military museum. The structural changes consequent upon altered uses include the throwing up of a spacious dome, supported by massive walls. The surfaces thus gained were forthwith devoted to wall paintings. The intention is that the Prussian Arsenal, like the Palace of Versailles, shall emblazon the nation's glory.

Four principal walls, about twenty feet by ten feet, have been assigned to Professor Camphausen, Director Werner, G. Bleibtreu, and K. Steffeck. The subjects, including the proclamation of the present Emperor at Versailles, are all national. The manipulation follows usual routine: the preliminary painting is entrusted to pupils: the material is known as "Andreas Müller's Wax Medium:" the plaster surface is dry and comparatively smooth, and the execution proceeds by easy stages. Assuredly the stigma cast by Daniel Maclise on fresco, as the triumph of the plasterer yet the torture of the painter, does not here hold good. But, as might be expected, the facility of the new process proves a snare: the pictures are laboured and overloaded: they are wanting in breadth, simplicity, and definition of form. In short, so ill do they fulfil the conditions of monumental Art, that the authorities talk of painting them out or of covering them with curtains!

The decoration of the Arsenal culminates with a signal success within the dome. Herr Friedrich Geselschap, en-

trusted with the work, distinguished himself, as I stated in *The Art Journal* of August last, in the competition for the mural decorations within the Kaiserhaus, Goslar, and the judges thereupon commended him to the Government as worthy of some important commission. Herr Geselschap is one of the latest products of Düsseldorf, not on its Christian but on its classic side. However, like the best of his brethren, he owes more to Italy than to Germany. He has struck out a path independent of his predecessors, Cornelius and Kaulbach, and diverged from his contemporaries Bendemann and Janssen. His manner is self-formed: he has studied much in Rome; and in presence of the antique and in contact with Michael Angelo, has struggled after the grand style. On the completion, after three years' labour, of his first important work, he received warm congratulations, and the Government, in acknowledgment of his deserts, has given him additional commissions.

The new dome of the Arsenal affords a creative painter ample scope. Its diameter is about fifty feet, giving 150 feet to the annular picture which, as a band or continuous panorama, runs round the inner circumference like a figure composition within a Greek tazza. The width or depth of this encircling band is about ten feet: the figures are upwards of forty in number, and rise to heroic dimensions: the ground is of a luminous yellow, gaining somewhat the brilliance of gold. The effect is eminently decorative.

I have to thank Herr Geselschap for having personally explained his picture and the process he employs. The theme is the triumph of ancient Greece over land and sea. Historic characters do not come across the scene: the composition is not a history, but an allegory and epic. The figures, costumes, and treatment are classic, yet the whole is fitted to the actual place and the present time by symbolic reference to the Franco-German war, with the Emperor as hero! The cyclus has been distributed into equal parts—the one tragic, the other triumphant. The tragic drama reaches a climax with an overthrown monarch; in contrast, on the opposite side, comes a conquering emperor, crowned by Victory. The triumphal car is followed by warriors bearing trophies, and by Hymen and Flora scattering flowers. The story receives further amplification by aid of Muses and minor deities, with usual attendant figures: the groups are symmetrically balanced, and flow continuously in an unbroken circle: the treatment, as in Greek vases, inclines to the flat: the outlines are strongly pronounced: the aim has been to carry the composition forcibly and lucidly from the lofty dome to the eye of the spectator when standing on the pavement below. The mark is not missed, because the laws of science fashion the art.

The completed picture has gone through the accustomed stages: first a sketch, then studies from the life on heroic scale. Next the cartoons, in the usual way, are traced on the walls, care being taken to pronounce strongly the outlines, as was the practice of the Italians. Afterwards the forms are modelled in light and shade: not till then is colour given: first comes the lightest tone, say of the flesh, next darker tints and shadows. The process admits of retouchings and corrections, but purity and brilliance are best secured by painting in at once. The medium, which is somewhat singular, Herr Geselschap believes he discovered from remains at classic Tusculum; yet the method has points of contact with Italian practice, and for this reason an Italian was employed to prepare the plaster surface. The mortar consists of old lime and marble dust in equal parts: the inner coat is coarser, the outer finer. When the plaster is quite dry, it is rubbed down, smoothed, and cleansed; the surface is then fit to receive the pigments. The colours are prepared in a peculiar way: they are mixed with one-third old lime and two-thirds "white cheese." The latter may be supposed to furnish a fatty or glutinous constituent. Water is used as a dilutant; but the colours, when set, become impervious to moisture. The pigments preferred have the warranty of experience: minerals and earths, including zinc-white, are relied on as enduring, while vegetable colours, chromes, and white lead are avoided. Herr Geselschap has the ardour of an enthusiast: he believes he has discovered the process of the present and of the future, and with characteristic generosity he offers to tell and teach young artists his secret.

Yet the much-debated question of technique or material obtains no decisive decision in Berlin. All modes are practised; fresco is not yet a lost or forsaken art; and fresco passes almost imperceptibly into some of the many phases of tempera. Indeed, tempera may be said to stand in the same relation to fresco as dry point to etching proper. Also to be noted is the simultaneous practice of water-glass, invented in Germany and then imported into England, but now extinct in both countries alike. More recently have been widely used "Andreas Müller's wax colours," answering somewhat to Mr. Gambier Parry's "spirit-fresco" as practised by Sir F. Leighton. The latest novelty is the so-called "Cheese medium." Of the invention of processes verily there is no end; chemists and artists alike are intent on new discoveries, and what may be the method of the future is still problematical. Anyhow, it is some consolation that a painter, if only in possession of an idea or a style, can have no difficulty in selecting an adequate vehicle for giving out what he may chance to have within him.

Art education in Prussia is more in the direction of mural decoration than in England, where even Royal Academicians give themselves to Christmas cards rather than to the composition of epics. In Berlin the aim is higher: Schools of Art rigidly teach form, proportion, composition; the figure is mastered in relation to structure and ornament, and a style built up befitting national monuments. I have seen in the Kunst Gewerbe Schüle, which corresponds to the School at South Kensington, oil studies from the nude life size; also figure compositions in colour to the scale of walls. If we contrast such arduous studies with innocent flower-paintings for plates or fans, we may better understand why England is behind the Continent.

The conditions under which wall painting has been revived, and is still practised in Berlin, are the following:—First, the existence of public buildings and national monuments. Second, adequate patronage from the State and from public and private bodies. Third, the presence of an efficient school, or staff of artists, specially trained to monumental painting. The concurrence of these conditions in England seems not improbable. Like antecedents and causes bring corresponding results; and signs are not wanting that, after a period of torpor, not to say of abasement, High Art may gain rightful ascendency. In fine, I rest in the persuasion that both at home and abroad the hope of the future lies in Wall Painting.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

SEYMOUR HADEN'S 'COWDRAY.'

I AM asked to say a few words to introduce to the public Mr. Haden's 'Cowdray.' It is not one of his greatest etchings; it is not one of his most insignificant. Did I possess a chosen proof of it, I should neither destroy it as being unworthy of an accepted master, nor cherish it as one of half-a-dozen *chefs-d'œuvre*. It has its own distinct value, and one of the reasons for its value is, that it is thoroughly characteristic. It is done in spontaneous though faithful obedience to Mr. Haden's theories; it has the charm of freshness and the virtue of vividness—a virtue always underrated, and never more underrated than now, by the Academical mind, both in Art and in Literature. It has the characteristics of his work generally, and it has also the characteristics of that later time to which it belongs.

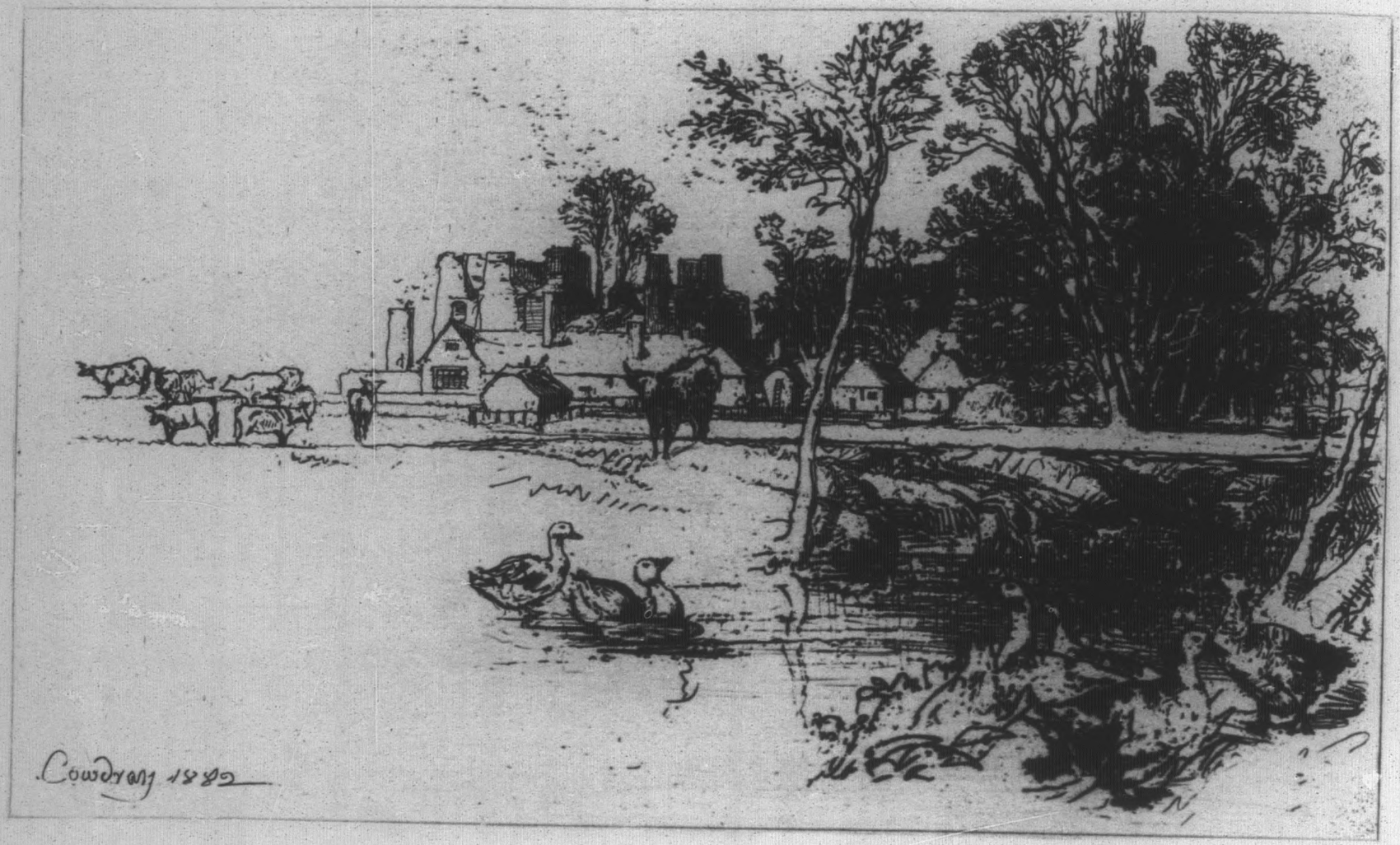
Seymour Haden, like many artists of mature years, has gone through several periods. There was the period of delicacy and daintiness—almost of artistic timidity—the time during which were executed those few and rare plates, chiefly of Roman themes, which the public does not know, but which the catalogue of Sir William Drake precisely chronicles. The time was 1843 and 1844. There was the period—following it at a very considerable interval—in which the artist practised his art with the joy of assured freedom. It was the time of the first manly decisiveness. It began in 1859, the year to which belong 'Mytton Hall' and 'Egham,' and that unsurpassed masterpiece, 'The Water Meadow.' Between that period and a third—if we choose to establish a third—I do not want to make too great a contrast. The differences that divide the second time from the third are infinitely less than those that divide the first from the second. The change was gradual, and gradually, as it seems to me, the effects that the artist sought for became broader and broader; detail, which had never been strongly insisted upon since the mature time began, was held to be less and less significant, and the etcher proceeded more and more to cherish that unity of impression which is rightly apt to seem more and more precious to any artist of potency. The decisiveness was more marked, the energy more accentuated, the effort more strenuous, since more immediate.

'Cowdray' is of this later time—thus far, the latest time. It has the virtues of decision and of swiftness. It is not a record of innumerable facts, but the brilliant and vivacious selection of a few. The appreciation of it will, therefore, be greatest among artists and artistic men, though these will be more keenly alive than any others to whatever may be its real deficiencies. It has made full, though speedy, use of the picturesque accidents of an inhabited country, which presents to the view not alone the bending of the foliage over the stream, nor its rising into the sky, nor the stretching of flat land towards the line of the horizon; but, along with these, the various dips and waddlings of these domestic birds of the foreground, and, in the background, the gabled house and its homely lattice, and the hay-mow and the towers.

I wonder whether Mr. Haden would himself agree with me that where it is defective it is defective on the technical side, or, as I should say, almost on the mechanical side of an etcher's work. The rough proof that lies on the table as I write seems a little heavy in the background. Is the background a little over-bitten, or a little too richly printed, or will all be well when the plate reaches the public, and so the criticism have to be withdrawn? But of one thing I am very sure, that if this 'Cowdray' were not an etching at all, but a drawing with the broad nib of a pen, it would still have other qualities besides the quality of spiritedness, and one of these it is both interesting and *à propos* to insist upon. That is the quality of expressive draughtsmanship. Persons who have no entrance into Art—merely learned or merely showy gentlemen, without artistic sensibility—persons who have amassed much curious knowledge, or have learnt how, at half an hour's notice, to be as smart as Swift, "about a broomstick"—do not know this simple piece of truth, how much at the bottom Etching is draughtsmanship, how much at the bottom Sculpture even is draughtsmanship. Such might conceive that Seymour Haden could be a good etcher and yet be a bad draughtsman. That is, *tout bonnement*, impossible—let me say it as plainly as my infirmity of language will allow. If Haden drew badly he would etch badly. The half of what we like in his etchings is the expressiveness of his draughtsmanship. It is through this acquirement—for which he had, of course, much natural facility, but which he has likewise had need carefully to cultivate—that he comes into communication with you. An inexpressive draughtsman is an ineffectual etcher, however so well he fortify himself by the devices of the craft. Many of these devices will help him in one way or another; nay, something of the special charm of etched work may even belong to the adroit employment of them, but the cleverest use of them can never prove that he knows how to etch if he does not know how to draw.

'Cowdray,' like the greater 'Greenwich,' is a happy example of draughtsmanship—of draughtsmanship not in itself laboured, but the result of labour. The lines drawn on the plate are few, but many lines were drawn during many years before these were drawn, or these few lines would have been very wrong instead of very right; they would have been fussy, and confused, and fidgety, instead of selected, expressive, and firm. Work done in Mr. Haden's method, sharp and terse, is not even for the beholder of it an idle amusement. It is an intellectual exercise. The artist who performs it takes much for granted in respect of the person who is to witness it. The best work of Haden, as of Whistler, has this at least in common with the work of Rembrandt—the greatest seventeenth century master of the art they have done so much to revive—that it exacts something as well as gives something. It expects mind to meet mind and memories to meet memories. And when this happens and it gets what it expects, this terser and selected art—as precious in a picture as in literature itself—is on the way to be understood.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.



COWDRAY

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY E. SEYMOUR HADEN.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED.

St. George and the Dragon.

THE "TEMPIO MALATESTIANO" AT RIMINI.

FROM an artistic point of view, the motive of M. Charles Yriarte's book* is the "Tempio Malatestiano," one of the most strange and fascinating monuments of the early Italian Renaissance. The first glimpse of the unfinished façade is singularly interesting. It is at once manifest the idea is taken from the Roman arch still standing at Rimini. But while adopting the form, the architect, by tripling the arch, giving a more massive character to the cornice, and especially by the beautiful ornamentation, like that over the portal and the band below the base of the columns, has attained an effect more imposing than his antique prototype, and also more satisfying and imaginative in its details. The lateral façades are a modification of the same design, each with their seven deep bays, surmounted by circular arches, and in the profound shadow of every recess is seen a sarcophagus of antique form. Here the idea may be said to be entirely original, and there are certainly few effects in architecture more impressive than the façade and south side of the Tempio, seen from an angle, as in our illustration. The sarcophagi were intended for the remains of the philosophers, poets, and artists forming the literary court of Sigismund Malatesta, the founder, or rather the second founder, of the church; for this distinctively classic edifice, so antique in form and feeling that it might almost have stood in ancient Rome, was originally a Gothic church of the thirteenth century. The primitive walls stand even to the present day, only clothed in classic robes instead of their earlier mediæval vestments. Entering the church, we find the same transformation has taken place, or, to speak more correctly, was intended; for Sigismund died before the alteration of the interior was completed, and his descendants failed to complete his magnificent scheme of a monument to the Malatesta family.

Exterior view of the "Tempio Malatestiano."

If the exterior is impressive from the Roman grandeur of the design, the interior, or such of it as is completed, surprises by the novelty and strange beauty of its invention. Here the lines of the Gothic building are preserved, Gothic arches enclose the chapels, but in place of the original columns are square pillars with classic capitals; and these pillars are panelled with marble bas-reliefs of lovely female forms, fanciful allegories, and winged genii. Everywhere the eye wanders it finds the same profusion of ornamentation; but the prodigality of invention never runs into excess, it is an exquisite embroidery that never destroys the form of the building. This is undoubtedly owing to the low relief of the figures. These tall angels, with their flowing drapery and outspread wings, at a distance seem part of the wall itself, suggesting only a certain undefined richness of surface; as we approach them the beautiful lines seem gradually to take form, till at last the spiritual presence stands revealed in all its ethereal loveliness. Never was marble so spiritualised. Sculpture here has freed itself from materiality and attained the region of pure poetry. Nowhere is the sentiment of the Italian Renaissance more profoundly expressed, nowhere is its subtle influence more

* "Un Condottiere au XV. Siècle: Rimini. Études sur les Lettres et les Arts à la Cour des Malatesta." Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: J. Rothschild.

strongly felt. It has all the delicious modesty of Art still in its adolescence, and with it the wayward fancy of youth.

Bas-relief: Group of Children.

Its exaltation is spontaneous, springing from the exuberant delight in the exercise of awakening powers. Its daring has no touch of bombast, but is rather the naive impulse of a fervid imagination. And, above all, is that intense yearning for beauty and worship of antique Art, and learning, and poetry, which lies at the root of the Italian Renaissance. True, neither the antique form nor the spirit is attained, yet in the last century, when even the names of the sculptors were forgotten, some of these slabs were supposed to be antique

Bas-relief: Mercury.

bas-reliefs; the more accurate information of to-day, however, recognises that both the design and sentiment are purely fifteenth-century Italian in their expression and inspiration. Impartial criticism is compelled to admit that the Art does not attain the ideal elevation of the finest period of Greek sculpture; still, the spirit that imbues these graceful female forms, the sweet smile that plays on their lips, their candid glances and beseeching air, come nearer to our hearts, touch deeper chords of feeling than the consummate perfection and calm self-possession of their antitypes.

It must, however, be stated that the sculpture of the Tempio only represents one phase, and that not the highest, of the Art of the Renaissance. There is here neither the masculine imagination, the dramatic conception, nor the magnificent executive power of Donatello; nor is there the earnestness of Signorelli, nor the deep religious feeling of the Umbrian

Base of column: Figure of Botany.

masters. This world of beautiful imagery owed its origin to the caprice of a despot; to perpetuate his glory all these forms, gay or pensive or graceful, sprang into being. He caused to be carved on the façade, in Greek letters, that the Tempio was dedicated to the Immortal God. It was as a monument of his own glory, and that of Isotta, whose interlaced cyphers are seen on every side, that the edifice, which was to rival in splendour the most stately temples of ancient Rome, was really dedicated.

Reference has been made to the square pillars supporting the Gothic arches; it is in the panelling of these pillars that the sculptors have displayed their greatest wealth of imagery and poetical invention. On some are found personifications of the Theological and Cardinal Virtues; others have the Arts and Sciences represented by a series of female figures, so pure

and lovely in conception, displaying such a rare gift of execution in the modelling of the nude form and the cast of the draperies, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that they were mistaken for veritable examples of classic Art. Again, in other compartments, we find the Greek gods and goddesses conceived in a spirit of delicious naïveté, and with these are associated inventions of which the principal motives are the signs of the Zodiac. But perhaps the most fascinating of all are the compositions of children, winged genii, either playing on musical instruments, supporting shields or garlands of flowers, or disporting themselves in all the abandonment of infantile gaiety. These groups of children alone would make the Tempio famous, for they must certainly take rank with the finest presentations of infancy in Art. They at once suggest Donatello's frieze in the Bargello, and Luca della Robbia's dancing and singing children, now in the same building. They may not equal Donatello's in perfection of execution, neither have they the superb energy of his immortal creation, yet they are of the same race, they too are animated by the same divine joyousness, they represent the sentiment of the pure delight in life, the intoxication arising from the sense of existence. They are truly a hymn of life, the jocund chant of the new birth, of the era of light and freedom, of the peaceful triumphs of Art and Science, whose dawn was then arising. It is not all mirth and frolic though, for there is an air of tender pathos, almost seriousness, in some of the infant faces as they bend over their harps or virginals; they seem to hear solemn tones of deeper meaning than come from the pipes and tabors of their companions. Are these faint chords the revelation of some higher knowledge, of some hitherto unimagined good, or are they the first far-off forebodings of disaster?

Portion of the Interior of the Tempio.

It would be impossible in this notice to attempt any explanation of the scheme and purport of the series of illustrations contained in these panels, or to enter into the question of their authorship. Their attribution has long been a matter of discussion, much of which has arisen from the errors of Vasari. On all these matters there is a full account in M. Yriarte's book. He has given the result of recent investigations relating to the sculpture of the Tempio, and may be said to have definitely determined the portions executed by the various artists who worked on the building; and in doing so has brought into notice a master of rare accomplishments, Agostino di Duccio, much of whose productions had hitherto been matter of conjecture. M. Yriarte also does full justice to the many-sided genius, Leo Battista Alberti, the architect of the façade and exterior of the building, and the planner of the scheme of the interior decoration. We have only noticed the artistic element in M. Yriarte's book; equally admirable are his sketches of the political aspects of Rimini at the dawn of the Renaissance, the function of the condottiere, and the history of the Malatesta family. Specially picturesque is his study of Sigismund Malatesta, whose adventurous career has all the interest of romance. Whether as a picture of one of the most stirring epochs in modern history, or as a contribution to the artistic literature of the Renaissance period, the work is equally valuable.

By the kindness of M. Rothschild we are enabled to place before our readers specimens of the two hundred illustrations, giving the exterior view of the principal front, referred to above; bas-reliefs in the interior, representing respectively St. George and the Dragon, one of the groups of children, Mercury, and Botany; while the last represents a portion of the interior, showing the chapels and the square pillars.

GEORGE MASON: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

CHAPTER II.—WORK IN ITALY.

THERE is poverty and poverty. That which is elementary and simple, and consists in the lack of bread, is, paradoxically enough, the most tolerable; and that which is complicated by the details and intricacies of modern life—the borrowings, bills, insurances, and mortgages—is the most bitter and oppressive. To be hungry, to be alone, to be free from debt, is a form of detachment from the things of this world which may well set the heart at liberty. Perhaps no one has passed a sleepless night on account of his doubts as to the morrow's dinner; and if we go several steps nearer to primitive life, we shall find the kindliest forms of want—the net has come up empty to-night, but there will be fish to-morrow; or one fig-tree is found without fruit, but the traveller pushes on until he finds one that bears figs in plenty. "Take short views of life," said Sydney Smith, in giving advice for the bettering of a melancholy spirit—I permit myself the quotation inasmuch as it is not a joke; and perhaps nothing helps so much to shortness of views as the doubt about fulfilling a vital want recurring, as does the necessity for food, every twenty-four hours. The future goes into abrupt and remote perspective, for the chances of the present are engrossing; and a reactionary movement against the conditions of civilisation might reasonably take as its point of departure the theory that man was intended by nature to live upon difficult and precarious food, for that otherwise the past and the future are too present for his peace. It was to something very much like this natural poverty that Mr. Mason was reduced in his Roman days; only, instead of waiting upon nature, with her chances of weather, wind, or water, as the primitive poor man does, he was obliged to wait upon the wishes of that class of Art patron which wants works of Art (generally simple animal subjects) for excessively small sums. So precarious was this rather mysterious market that, as Mr. Aitchison, A.R.A., has told us, the young artist was reduced to the most primitive of wants. A bare studio, a vacant buffet, and what is almost worse, a vacant stove, imply no slight hardship in the cutting, shrivelling Roman cold—a cold which, though not so robustious as that of England, has the unpleasant quality of chilling the warm reaction of the heartiest exercise, and of discouraging instantly such attempts at a "glow" as the British constitution bravely makes according to its good custom.

The gentleman whose name has just been written was Mason's companion in his hardships. The friends bore their irresponsible and light-hearted sufferings together. They talked—work being by no means absorbing—so long as there was light and a certain warmth in the day; but when the Ave Maria arrived, the *ventiquattr'ore*, or last hour of day, at which the Roman world of rich and poor goes unanimously to dinner, the painter whose Art was to be so important in his time betook himself to bed. After-dinner chat is good, and chat by a fireside or by yellow lamplight is good, but the healthiest wit will not keep warm dinnerless, cigarless, and before a fireless stove. Mason's wit would certainly have kept a group of friends warm if wit could have done it. His old companions repeat phrases of his charming talk, and assure us that there never was so gay and fanciful and bright a talker. But, failing a Boswell and a note-book, how little remains of the past delights of the freshest of the arts—the art of talk—the indeliberate literature which unites the fancy of the pen with the impulse of the impression! Something can be remembered, but much is as completely lost as the passion of the actor, the note of the singer. No wonder, then, that mankind, which more and more looks before and after, should steadily grow more strongly inclined to abandon the practice of the indeliberate for that of the deliberate literature. Of the deliberate literature not a fancy, however slight, not a paradox, however quaint, is lost; nay, the seeming hesitations of thought, which are like an artistically lost outline in a picture—a delicate pen can preserve even these for the enjoyment of morose and solitary readers. No wonder the silent art of literature has become a very habit of the world! But those who have loved a talker know that the dear personality evident in voice, eye, and manner, no less than in the words, makes a meeting better than a book. In Mason's case the memory of his friends seems to record no wit that was not good-natured, none of those facile faults against charity, the frequency of which is one of the most humiliating of human facts. Sweetness preserves as well as salt, and the kindness of Mason's light-hearted wit has no doubt helped to make it memorable. "There is nothing better than kindness," said Thackeray, varying the assertion in many phrases; and who does not feel the sadness, pleasure,

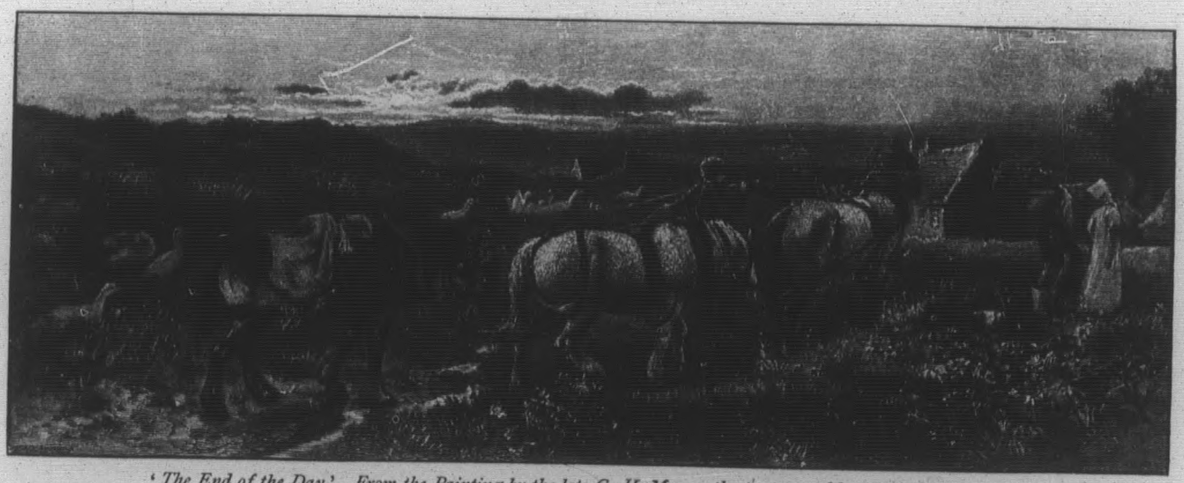
* Continued from page 45.

and humility of that discovery—a discovery made for men long ago, but made by few men satisfactorily and convincingly for themselves. It is with a certain loss of self-respect that we smile at the records of venomous wit—the wit of Rogers, for instance; and perhaps the more modern mood of mind, with all its faults, has this of good, that its strong (and commonly condemned) sense of the pathetic in humanity will more and more discourage scorn. It was not pathos, however, that made Mason's jokes so genial, but the natural largeness of a kind and young heart. We who know him only in his pictures, with their pensive character, are hardly prepared to hear so much of his constant joyousness.

Of his projects for future pictures he talked much, and it is to be noted that these projects were inspired by romantic interests. With him a picture began oftener in a verse of poetry than in the love of an "effect." And in this matter our more modern painters, who work for the more thorough and complete distinctness of the several arts, and who hold that a picture has its interest in its exclusively painter-like merits, might be inclined to think that Mason's art partook too much of the literary quality. Now I confess that I share the preferences of those who love the literature which is most literary, the poetry which is most poetical, the Art which is most artistic—who hold that the worker in bronze, as the worker in language, triumphs chiefly as he binds himself by the necessities (and even by the limitations) of his material, and not as he forces it into the forms natural to other materials; but I do not see that Mason's art was ever anything but purely and legitimately artistic. If a stanza suggested a picture to him, certainly a stanza was never necessary to explain or illustrate it. He assuredly had no part in that vicious versification of our catalogues which more than any other little thing betrayed the national weakness. He may have had the emotional literary imagination, but he had the impressionary artistic eye; and whatever "human interest" he may have given to his landscapes and figures by weaving a story for them in his own mind, he never thrust that story upon us: we were allowed to rest satisfied with the "human interest" of the artist's interpretation of his subject. For instance, his 'Cast Shoe' was intended as an illustration of Coleridge's verses—

> "Like one that in a lonely road
> Doth walk in fear and dread;
> And having once turned round, walks on,
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread."

But happily, as I cannot but think, the artistically simple title spares us the fiend. The artistic instinct must have been



'The End of the Day.' From the Painting by the late G. H. Mason, the property of her Majesty the Queen.

indeed strong in him to triumph so completely over his extra-artistic tastes that, whatever "story" he made for his picture, the only "story" it tells the spectator is that of the meeting of Nature with her painter.

But much of the studio talk had that happy reference to future work which proves how completely the artist had liberated his heart from the conditions of the present. He was still in the time when fate kindly withholds that fruition which ends while it fulfils hope. During all the time of privation his hopes ran on clear of it, and his buoyant heart was kind to all near him. During the Roman troubles he helped to succour the wounded citizens shot down in the streets by the belligerents. He always had an artist with him who was poorer than himself, and generally a dog also, saved from the cord or the river. He sheltered for three weeks a friend whose house had been pulled down. The destitute, and children, and animals loved him, and he was the confidant of a hundred griefs—of the silent as well as of the voluble woes.

Some idea of the sudden and severe poverty from which the young artist suffered at this time may be gathered from such facts as these. During his first Roman winter he had no bed, but slept on the tiled floor of his studio with no covering but a piece of carpet left behind by a former tenant. Once he lived for a fortnight upon polenta and salt, bought with his last half-paul. At another time he passed three days and nights without eating, in the strength of a farewell banquet; but having a bed then he kept himself warm, and, though almost resigned to death, suffered little. But the absurdity of dying of hunger roused him to thought. He was sure that a piece of bread might be picked up on the Pincio; among all the children who were taken up the hill for their morning walk, provided with that early and supplementary luncheon which French children call their "dix-heures," there would surely be some over-fed little Roman who might drop or throw away a superfluous cake. Mason rose and dressed, and staggered up to the sunny walks. There, in effect, he found a bit of cake lying on a seat: perhaps it was a piece of the *plonchek* by which an enterprising Roman confectioner made a desperately phonetic attempt to attract such English as might be

sighing—like Mr. Burnand's Briton who went "to Boulogne for a bun"—for the plum-cake of home. But it was lucky for the famished man that some child had had too much "dix-heures" that day, for the fragment from its feast probably saved his life, at the cost of such pain, however, that as he leant upon the bench for support some passers mocked him, giving his faintness the explanation which is the first to occur to the English mind, but which is generally less ready abroad. "After that," said Mason, "something or somebody turned up." What made his life doubly difficult was the absence from Rome of strangers that year. It was the time of the French invasion; Mason's brother volunteered into Garibaldi's force; the little banalities of the wintering world were suspended, and all who make serious profit of the tired little routine of Roman seasons fared ill. Mason fared like the discoverers of old masters and makers of mosaics, the guides and hotel keepers. Their patrons were gone, and the practical Italians, whose idea of luxury does not consist in the indulgence of minor ornamental tastes, were more practical than ever, their minds being full of serious events.

In time the privations he endured had their inevitable effect upon Mason's health. He fell ill of rheumatism and inflammation of the lungs, and the athletic frame was reduced to infantine weakness. At this time he was tended by his affectionate friend, Mr. Aitchison, who was wont to bring him a light meal of cold chicken, innocent of plates or knives and forks. It was during a slow convalescence that Mason received a commission to paint a cheap picture of L'Ariccia. The commission-giver drove him down to the place. Several friends were of the party, among them a gentleman to whom Mason chanced to relate some old North Staffordshire hunting experiences. "Why, we must have hunted together," exclaimed the stranger; "I am Watts Russell, a country neighbour of the Masons." The acquaintance thus begun was renewed. After his stay at L'Ariccia, which helped to restore his health, Mason returned to Rome, and Mr. Watts Russell called upon him. Mason was at work, seated on his painting-stool, so his visitor sat on the bed, and while smoking a pipe there saw the beauty of the sketch which the artist had made for his landscape. Mason gave it to him, and the next day received fifteen dollars in return, and the valuable advice to raise his prices. "Why not ask fifty dollars?" The artist replied that he would willingly ask it, if any one would give it. "Then take the commission from me," said his adviser; and that day closed the time of obscurity, privation, and unworthy work under the pressure of daily want. Such is the account Mr. Aitchison gives of Mason's preliminary studio-life. Genius revived by money is almost as pathetic as genius dying for lack of it. But after this one incident of his rescue, we shall not need to associate Mason's genius with the clink of gold again. Though he frankly made money by his work, he never worked for money after he had been set free to follow Art in earnest.

It was a noble and epic nature which Mason now studied in Rome and in the Campagna. As the human creature in Italy has sometimes a dignity which is simply the dignity of his humanity, so the landscape in Italy has the dignity of nature—essential, not accidental. Later on Mason fell in love with that kind of subject which has its interest in the individual characteristics of hill-side, or field, or tree; for landscape, like portrait painting, has its lyrical individualities, and its epic or primitive generalities. And modern taste has long been tending to the study of individual character, individual incidents, nay, individual accidents, as the most interesting and intimate of all studies. We may trace this tendency through its various signs—in the realistic portrait and bust by which the artist shows his respect and care for the unit on whom he is at work; in the significant lyrical phrases whereby Wagner expresses the course of thought as a symmetrical melody could never express it; in the humble passages of landscape chosen by the painter for the sake of the personalities of a little scene he loves; in the novel and the poem, with their analysis of motive and emotion; and finally—for have not all things their inferior correlative and parallel?—in the journalistic personality which is so fast taking the place of the general-hearted and large political interest with which men used to read their newspaper. But this modern taste, this tendency to pore with pleasure over parts, and even over fragments, is checked by the study of Italian nature, humanity, and Art, which possess completeness, composition, and the primitive or typical dignity. Mason's receptiveness, and his capacity for varied sympathies, were assuredly shown in this double and various achievement—the nobility with which he rendered the noble Campagna and the noble Roman figure, and the tenderness and intimacy with which he treated the attaching and separate charms of nature in her moments of confidence.

Mason's Roman work quickly developed into its perfection, and that perfection was such as would have proved his greatness, even if he had had no future. A great impetus was given to the progress of his art by a visit to the International Exhibition held at Paris in 1855. What the sight of the tentative work and the inferior work which surrounded him in the present, and what the sight of the triumphs of painters passed away could hardly do, was done for him by the contemplation of the best achievement of his own contemporary world. He was fired with confident hope and ambition. The pictures at Paris represented the sum of what the world of 1855 could show, and Mason must have felt that while there was much there over which he could win a cheap victory, there was much also which could afford him the more generous joy of emulation. Mr. Aitchison—to whom I am indebted for all these pleasant memories—met him in Paris by chance, and Mason, judging himself for the first time among his peers, delivered the happy verdict, "If I live, I will astonish them all!" Returning to Rome, he addressed himself to larger labours. He drew not well only, but nobly—some good drawing and some good colour both having a certain nobility which is something besides correctness in drawing and something besides beauty in colour. The power of line shown at this time, and the directness and completeness with which he rendered strong action, are very striking in the work of a painter who in after years betrayed not unfrequently a certain weariness of hand, and chose to render no strong action whatever. Some of the Roman sketches are low-toned, but most of the pictures are radiant with colour and light. In the earliest works, such as the 'Villa Cenci,' there is a certain hardness and unsympathetic brilliancy, attributable partly perhaps to the careful insistence which is a hopeful sign of young work, and partly also to the influence of Bavarian Art, said to have been rife in Rome just then. The 'Cattle at a Drinking-place on the Campagna' has the same characteristics; but the strong delicacy of the painter asserts itself in the pure greys and tender sunshine of

the 'Italian Farm-house.' 'Nelle Maremme'—a group of men with their bullocks bringing a heavily laden cart through the loose soil of those solitary marshes near Ostia—is a masterpiece of power. Mason has here grasped the very heart of the action of his figures. And who does not know the common failure in this matter—when the motive is clear, the position right, the muscle tense, but yet the heart of the thing has not been taken hold of? Nothing is more satisfactory than to find, as we find in these great Roman pictures of Mason's, an intensity within the tensity, and a thoroughness which no violence can ever hope to simulate. Besides its strength, 'Nelle Maremme' has a mastering kind of beauty; so has 'Ploughing in the Campagna.' In one of the sketches we have the motive so much beloved in after years; but the 'Girls driving Cattle' of that day are hurrying through the sudden dusk of the South, under thick woods which are crowned by the castle where the demon Cenci was murdered. The girls who drove cattle home again and yet again in the later pictures had no such suggestions of adventitious interest. They were surrounded by only the pathos and poetry of those great natural events—the setting of the sun, the dew-fall, the rising of the wind on the wold, the appearing of stars.

The picture illustrated in this chapter belongs, of course, to a later date, but it is the continuation of that pensive class of subjects which had evidently won upon Mason's mind before his departure from Rome. Return from labour is one of the incidents of rustic life with which the painters have done something to cloy us; but that something has been done in imitation of Mason, and we go back to the original cart-horses and geese in his pictures with unimpaired freshness and sincerity of feeling. In the present instance he has made his returning group into a kind of procession which has its religious dignity. The little farm is the goal of tired feet, of patient hoofs, and of idle wings; and all have an unity of motive resembling that which inspires a system of slowly progressing clouds. If the pathos of the scene is obvious, it is certainly not too much insisted upon, neither is it sicklied with cheap and importunate little allegories of the close of life, and so forth, such as have been too popular in our English school.

The painting forms one of the Osborne collection belonging to her Majesty the Queen, who has graciously permitted the engraving to be made.

ALICE MEYNELL.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition opened at Edinburgh on 17th February is above the usual average of excellence. Aid has been given by members of the Royal Academy who are honorary members of the Scottish Academy, and the native school is represented by many good and promising works, while some of the younger artists show distinct progress. Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Phryne at Eleusis' occupies a central position between the doors of the south octagon, its isolation serving to bring out strongly its rich tones and powerful harmonies. From Mr. Millais is shown 'Caller Herring;' Mr. Orchardson sends 'The Farmer's Daughter,' a sweet and dainty picture hitherto unexhibited; Mr. Pettie, his Eugene Aram picture, 'He talked with him of Cain;' Mr. MacWhirter, 'Ossian's Grave;' Mr. T. Faed, 'I cannot, mother, I cannot;' Mr. Alma-Tadema, a portrait of his daughter bearing a vase with flowers; and Mr. Calder Marshall, 'Cinderella,' a statue in marble.

Three large and notable works by Scottish Academicians

'The Night's Catch.' By W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.

occupy central positions. The first is 'The Last Sleep of Savonarola,' by Mr. George Reid, of which an engraving was given in the December number of *The Art Journal*. In 'St. Columba rescuing a Captive,' by Mr. Herdman, of which

'The Missing Boats.' By R. Anderson, A.R.S.A.

a part is engraved in our large illustration, the artist has contrived a striking and dramatic group. The prevailing note of the picture is taken from the robes of the monks, and there is a rich harmony and purity of tone observable which will make the work rank high amongst the productions of this distinguished colourist. Mr. Reid also excels in portraiture, showing his small and vivacious likeness of Dr. John Brown ("Rab"), Professor Tait, Dr. Bain, Rector of Aberdeen University, and a head of Sir W. Fettes Douglas, President R.S.A. In another direction Mr. Reid shows equal power in a large view of 'Loch Skene,' a dreary moorland and mountain scene, with patches of snow in the clefts, a rich and powerful study in subdued light. Mr. Lockhart, pursuing his Spanish studies, shows a large figure subject, 'Gil Blas relating his Adventures to Sedillo.' The licentiate is in a roar

of laughter, much to the distress of his attendants, while Gil Blas speaks into his ear with a cleverly represented air of suave rascality. Another fine work is 'The Last Voyage,' by Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., representing the funeral procession at sea of a Viking chief. In its strong sunset sky, and its grouping and detail of the figures on board, this picture is very striking.

The new Academician, Mr. W. D. Mackay, is represented by a number of pastoral landscapes with figures, tender in feeling and full of light and air. Mr. D. Farquharson, elected Associate in November, shows, besides smaller works, a finely conceived view of the 'Links of Forth,' as seen from Abbey Craig, near Stirling. Mr. R. Macgregor, another new Associate, continues to work in those low-toned figure subjects, mostly of humble life, in which he has previously exhibited. Mr. Lorimer, the third Associate elected in November, is represented by various portraits. Mr. W. B. Hole appears this season in a new walk, essaying marine subjects. In 'The Night's Catch,' of which we give a sketch, there is effective breadth in the rendering of the figures, and the rippling water and fine morning sky combine to make up a telling picture. In a Falstaff scene from *Henry IV.*, Mr. Hole gives a capital interior, the figures being drawn and painted with good dramatic and technical power. The President, in 'Benvenuto Cellini,' shows a work painted so long ago as 1856, the subject being the master showing a gold *repoussé* salver to a patron. Sir Noel Paton exhibits a charming conception, 'Puck and the Fairy,' with a graciousness of touch and harmony of colour never surpassed by this imaginative artist. Mr. MacTaggart's peculiar power in rendering seaside compositions, with children, is this year seen strong and telling in a number of works. Mr.

Portion of 'St. Columba rescuing a Captive.' By R. Herdman, R.S.A.

Smart essays a new departure, discarding grey and misty hills for rich and green landscapes. Mr. Vallance has one large work, 'The Fish Auction;' and Mr. Cameron, in 'Holding the Skein,' supplies another of his cabinet gems. Mr. Aikman exhibits several works of which the main elements are a pearly sky and subtle evening woodland effects. Mr. Beattie Brown, in a large painting, 'Kilkool, County Wicklow,' has succeeded in giving strength and brilliance to a charming scene. Of other members not named, it must suffice to say that Mr. Campbell Noble, Mr. D. Murray, Mr. Wingate, Mr. R. P. Bell, and Mr. Alexander sustain their former position.

In the water-colour room Mr. R. Anderson, A.R.S.A., takes the strongest place, and we reproduce his large and fine drawing, 'The Missing Boats,' in which the tragedy of a tumultuous sea is powerfully suggested. Amongst the younger artists several works press for notice, prominent amongst them being an interior, 'Going Out with the Tide,' by Mr. Robert Noble. Mr. C. Martin Hardie gives a large and clever studio interior, with portraits of the artist, of 'The Surfaceman' (A. Anderson), and other literary and artistic friends. Mr. R. G. Hutchison's picture of the 'Recreation Room' in Edinburgh Castle on the eve of the Black Watch leaving for Egypt is full of character. Mr. Arthur Melville's Egyptian pictures, in oil and water colour, are of much merit; and in landscape, Mr. R. Scott Temple—in his telling 'Light Beyond'—Mr. D. Cameron, Mr. G. W. Johnston, Mr. H. Chalmers, Mr. J. Heron, and Mr. J. Kinnear, show promising and progressive work. In the sculpture, 'Pandora,' a life-size figure by Mr. Clark Stanton, and a spirited group, 'Tel-el-Kebir,' by Mr. W. B. Rhind, deserve to be named.

ART AS AN HISTORICAL FACTOR.

EVERY literary epoch is marked by some great tendency which distinguishes it from all that have preceded and from all that shall follow it. That through which we are now passing: out of which, as some think, we are beginning to emerge, has been called a scientific epoch. All subjects are treated scientifically. There is a general attempt to bring all things within the domain of law, to investigate causes, to pursue effects. Facts are no longer observed for their own sake, but for the sake of the principles that underlie them, and are regarded as a means to an end, not as the end itself. "Laws," it has been said, "not phenomena, are the true object of all scientific research."

The domain of science has thus, within the memory of living men, been vastly enlarged. We have seen the growth of a Science of History, a Science of Language, a Science of Religion, a Science of Art. The attempt is ever being made to deduce certain fundamental principles which lie at the root of these and the like of them. We endeavour to make clear the lines of growth and decay along which they have travelled, and in so doing we strive to separate between the changing garment and the changeless fact which it clothes. "As the only philosophy now possible is the History of Philosophy, so the only religion is the History of Religion"—thus has it been written. Under the Changing lies a Changeless, under the Seeming a Real; and this Changeless Reality is only in these days to be discerned by considering the varying cycle as a whole.

It is now beginning to be seen by the more thoughtful classes that the same principle must be applied to Art. With much talk of Art there is little production. We are too fond of building by rule, of painting in accordance with scientific principles; our work is conscious, and fails to charm. Science, as applied to Art, cuts at the root of all productive vigour; it reduces the artist to the level of a machine; it does away with the possibility of that spontaneousness from which alone any work of real Art can come. Our artists have become actors, they are for ever playing a part; they pose before the world in a certain assigned manner, and therefore they fail to enlist the sympathies of those whom they address. It is at once felt that they are actors; that this which they represent is not really what they feel, and the representation of "genius in pangs" is but a picture of an india-rubber mask, which, left to itself, assumes its own broad grin.

But this same spirit of investigation which ruins formative Art and makes that for the present impossible, brings with it many possibilities which we should not be slow to turn into actualities. Of the many powers which man possesses, he can use but few, and those only within limits. When one avenue is closed, another opens, along which he may march to annex new lands. If no Minster with its sovereign spire and clustering pinnacles, reared by our hands in symmetry and grace, shines in the mid-day brightness of an English sun, or stands out in purple contrast before the flaming portal of the west—if we may not drape our walls with the fresco-glories once granted to Italy, nor adorn our halls with marble figures vying with the creations of nature in nobility—if no Dante is here to sing to us his melancholy song, no Shakespeare to present us with the living images of the people of our day, we are not therefore left forlorn. We, too, have our work; the eternal stars still look down upon us; and we, even as our forefathers, stand between two eternities, in endless exchange of night and day.

To the present writer it seems that the history of Art, in its widest sense, is the work appointed for the artists of our day; that to this all men should turn in whom the artistic, the poetic spirit (call it what you will), finds a place. It is for them to look, with such keenness of vision as their scientific principles can give them, upon all the works of the generations of the past; to investigate, with the aid of their fellows, who work along other lines, the principles which unconsciously prompted the men of different epochs. Thus it may be theirs to deduce from the ever-varying growth of this great tree of Art the spirit of life which lies below it, animating it as a whole, being to it as the sap to that Life Tree which our Pagan ancestors figured, whose roots were planted in the dark past of chaos and death, and whose branches tossed themselves in the brightness of a future of gladness and light.

Students of individual arts recognise epochs of decline and fall, which each in turn has undergone. But as yet no attempt has been made, so far as we know, to regard all arts as so many portions of One Great Whole, so many manifestations of One spirit which clothes itself now in this form, now in the other, but lives alike in all ages, and shall live. Perhaps the time has hardly come, though it cannot be far distant, when such a work as this will be possible. Students of the dryer sort have devoted themselves with praiseworthy ardour to the study of one and another country, of one and another class of men, or group of associates. Materials are rapidly increasing on all hands, but they live for the most part unused. They are but materials, and the time eagerly demands some man who shall take them in hand and make them live.

A vast plain, as it were, strewed with dry bones, is this literary field of Art—bones *very* dry. We have antiquarian researches thick and heavy, full of facts rescued from oblivion, about the prehistoric races of the earth—as yet, however, no attempt to make use of those facts, to bring the men themselves back to us as *men*: no organised attempt as yet to show what we have inherited from them, what of our present life-furniture of thought or use we owe to them. Races, Indian, Chinese, Tartar, European—of all these we know many things, yet by no means all, or much that we ought to know, that we have the materials for knowing. Past generations have accumulated facts. As yet but few men have arisen to order those accumulations, or even merely to index them. At present they lie in mere chaotic heaps, not so much as drawn up in line for inspection.

But there are signs that this is not long to continue. Tendencies are apparent towards a change in all this. Men are beginning to demand that all this possibility of knowledge shall no longer remain possibility merely, but shall be made actual. These tendencies have so far appeared rather in the domain of history than in that of art. Attempts, at present somewhat crude, are constantly being made to disengage certain lines of development from the tangle of the past. Attempts are made to link together one and the other nation, to construct a family out of the human race, to find out the pedigree of this and the other flourishing branch, and so to link all together in some sort of living whole.

History of the old school—the discussion and reproduction of the written accounts which men of the past have left us of their own day—has done much. It has enabled us to follow many great changes with the eye; we are permitted to look back and watch the movements and wanderings of the races of the earth, looking through the eyes of eye-witnesses. The scientific investigator has followed, and his work has been to supply from monuments what the dumb races of the past have failed to tell us. His work continues, and may be expected to go on increasing in importance for many years. Thus some knowledge of mankind *as a whole*, as a great organism, is now possible—some knowledge of the outer look of mankind, but as yet by no means any worth speaking of, of his inner development, of the Universal Soul which lies shrouded within those outer garments of decaying flesh.

Indeed, it may be said that the idea of such a history as this of the Soul of man is somewhat startling, the possibility of it being strangely denied by some, the utility of it, if it be possible, still more strangely by others. Nevertheless, since the idea of a History of Religion (or, if you like to call it so, a Science of Religion) came prominently forward and announced itself like some new creature to a staggered world—inclined to wonder whether it were friend or blessing—great strides have been taken. For it is now seen by the more clear-sighted that this self-same History of the Human Soul is the very thing towards which all manner of philosophers, philologers, historians, art students, nay, even men of science, have been either intentionally or unconsciously striving. It has become clear that all developments of poetry, drama, music, sculpture, philosophy, from the earliest days to the present, are but different expressions of this great development of the World-Soul. Histories of Literature there have been—many such; they only prepare the way for the larger History of Literatures—rather history of the succession of literatures. So, too, it is with Art. We have Histories of one Art and another, not a few; but a history of the Succession of the Arts we nowhere find. The attempt must soon be made to show us not only the lines of development and decay followed by one and another art, but the reasons why each art in its turn gave place to the one that succeeded it. That such a work will be great needs no demonstration; that it will be long, however, may be questioned. The main lines are all that we require, outline routes across the at-present trackless waste of knowledge, by which he who desires to travel from point to point may find directions for the road.

In this History the progress and succession of the arts will be nowise to be neglected. It is probable that an historian of the kind we require will find that, for his purpose, the most important guide-posts and indicators of the way will be those self-same Arts and Religions now usually left out of the question by the history-writing class. It will not do much longer to forget that man is actually and in all time a worshipping being, possessing reverences and feelings—motive powers far greater than any mere intellectual forces usually regarded as alone such. Man, I say, is essentially a creature full of reverence, earnestly desirous, for the most part unconsciously so, of finding what is noble and following that, of finding what is base and avoiding that. Such is the upward tendency of the species, the universal human organism. Man as a whole is the Shekinah; he feels himself to be one with all that is noblest in the universe around him, in the boundless infinities in which Space and Time shrink into imperceptible atoms. Of this he is dimly conscious; of this all men, every man, even the basest—is not absolutely unconscious. "We feel that we are greater than we know." The surroundings of sense have ever been felt to be but surroundings, wrappings that shut out the appalling depths that look in upon us from every side. The more articulate have from time to time uttered this or the like of it, the more numerous dumb have felt and not uttered. All events, all actions, all movements, political or social, are but so many pictures painted by mankind dimly outshadowing the Invisible, dimly expressing the Unspeakable; they are the efforts of the Universal Soul to become conscious of itself.

The basis, therefore, of all Action whatsoever is Religion, even as the basis of all Religion is Belief. Religion is the attempt to express Belief in some outward form, to express that which *is* actually believed, not that which *should be*. So, too, the lives of men are the expressions in action of those same beliefs. A man acts in a certain way because, all things considered, he believes that that is the best way to act. Even with the criminal this is the case. Each formulates for himself his own picture of the universe, and proceeds to act thereon; according as his formula approaches truth, so do his actions attain success real and enduring, or do not attain it. This is recognised in the so-called domain of natural laws. No one attempts to alter natural laws; the attempt of all is to discover them, and act in strictest accordance with them. Exactly the same is the case with moral laws, which indeed are nowise distinct from natural. What has the progress of the human race been but towards the discovery of and obedience to the eternal, actually existing Laws of God—laws which cannot be disobeyed any more than the laws of nature can? The man who wishes to sail round the world does so by aid of monsoons and trade-winds, things which he can nowise alter or command.

This History divides itself into two parts—really nothing but different aspects of one thing—the History of Art and Religion, and the History of Science. The latter is the History of the discovery of the laws of thought manifested in the material garments of thought; the former is the History of mankind's growing consciousness of the Invisible-infinite of which he forms a part, the History, that is, of his Feelings or Beliefs. It is with this alone that we shall deal in the remainder of the space allotted to us.

The claim which we make for Art is a high one, and will not, perhaps, be readily admitted. It behoves us therefore to define accurately what we include in the class of Works of Art, or rather what we exclude from it. All objects shaped by man perform one of two functions, or else, rightly speaking, they differ in no material respect from shapeless lumps of matter. They are either made for use or for ornament. The least developed savage needs a cup to drink, a canoe in which to traverse rivers and lakes, and possibly certain clothing to cover himself. It is the reaction of his material surroundings

on the man himself that gives rise to the needs which he thus attempts to satisfy. His creative powers are called into play mediately and through the demands of the material garment of sense. But these self-same creative powers do not always act from such promptings merely, but from others far deeper and well-nigh inexplicable. A wonderful thing is that Creative Instinct implanted in the depths of humanity, almost definable as the quality which divides man from the brutes. The prehistoric savage has left traces which show that to him, too, it was not wanting. Bones have been found where once the far-off cave-dwellers made their homes; upon the polished surfaces of these, with a sharp flint point some artist of those forgotten days has traced the image in outline of the beasts of the forest—mammoth and deer. Wonderful to think of is this far-off brother of ours, sitting there in the past before his cave-door, laboriously scratching out beast after beast—and for what use? He, too, even he, has seen the heavenly light shining across the dark path of his life; he, too, had found a brother spirit even in the beast of the chase. He has looked upon the world and seen that it was wonderful, and in the fulness of his heart he sets to work to make the like—he, for his part, scratching it on bones! Verily the same Divine Spirit dwells in man and in the Infinite. The Creative instinct that produced Worlds and Suns as well as birds and beasts, finds its counterpart in each individual and urges him, why he knows not, himself to create the like.

We may say, without fear of contradiction, that all that is made in accordance with this instinct—made simply because the maker can by no means avoid making it, any more than the joyful man can avoid singing—is work of Art. On the other hand, things produced solely for use, intended to serve some purpose and to serve that to utmost perfection—are works of handicraft, not of Art.

But there are a large number of objects which fall into both classes, or rather occupy a middle position between the two—those, namely, which are both useful and ornamental; and here we must be careful to draw the line with precision. A man requires, let us say, a cup out of which to drink; he determines to make it from a certain material. The functions which are to be performed by the cup are known, or rather may be conceived to be known. It is to hold the largest amount of liquid, whilst it is to be formed of the least quantity of material. It is to stand steadily on its base and not to be readily upset. It is to be strong enough to resist any blows that are likely to be dealt it in ordinary use. Further, it must not be porous or it will not retain the liquid; it must have a handle by which it may be held; it must be comfortable to drink out of. Now, with sufficiently developed mathematical modes of expression, all these requirements, as well as the nature of the substance to be used, might be mathematically stated, and equations could thus be deduced which would represent the form that the proposed cup should take. In other words, the form which should be given to any object intended to perform a definite purpose is to be considered as deducible solely by reasoning processes, when the purposes for which the object is intended are known. Such an object, however perfectly made, is in no sense a work of Art; it is a work of handicraft. However perfect it may be, however admirable, it is admirable for the excellence of the handicraft, not for the glory of the Art involved in the making of it. It does not express any spontaneous thought of its maker, it satisfies a demand made on him from without. Noble, no doubt, it may be in its way, nobler the more nearly it approximates to the mathematically perfect form; but the nobleness is of a different order from that of a work of Art.

But we must go a step farther. When a savage has chopped off the top of his cocoa-nut shell, cleaned out the inside of it, and rounded off the sharper edges, he has made the best drinking bowl that the materials at his command permit. Why does he set to work and polish the outside? The work involves labour, and yet the cup is nowise improved from the practical point of view; it is not rendered more lasting, steady, and capacious. If, further, he takes a sharp-pointed stone, and scratches some rude pattern of interlacing lines and whirling spirals on the polished surface; his action, when you come to think of it, seems even more inexplicable. He behaves in the same way with all his tools—his canoes, paddles, fighting gear, all are covered, in course of time, with rude scratchings, sometimes attempts at representing natural objects, but more frequently representing nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

We are thus brought face to face with ornament—that link which connects work purely of handicraft with work purely of Art. How to account for ornament?—if indeed it be necessary to *account* for it in any way. It will be well to observe that to the savage all his tools are exceedingly precious: they have cost him great toil in the making. It is this preciousness that he desires to mark by his ornament—the more precious the object, the more profuse the ornament. Nor is this the case with the savage only; it holds true for the whole human race—the lavishness of decoration of any object is proportioned to the value set upon it. No one would adorn with care a thing of fleeting value; it would be felt that life spent in such work would be thrown away, that such work was in fact a kind of suicide. On the other hand, that which is infinitely prized is felt to deserve all possible adornment, and energies spent in decorating that which is most valuable are felt to be rightly employed. Nor is this any mere empirical law; it is an instinct possessed by all men. Once prove to any one that a thing is valueless or noxious, and he will immediately and instinctively feel that labour spent in adorning it was cast away.

We are now able to draw a line of utmost sharpness between work of Art and work of handicraft. So long as a workman is labouring to produce that which is intended to fulfil any useful purpose, and that only, he is a handicraftsman, and his work is to be judged according to its goodness as handicraft. The moment, however, he begins to express in any visible manner on the thing he is making, either the joy that he has in his work or the preciousness of what he has made to him, the maker of it, he passes into the domain of Art, and the ornamentation of his work is to be judged from the point of view of Art. Lastly, there is the still higher class of workmen belonging properly to the prophet school, whose work aims at no manner of use whatsoever, but is in its essence creative—embodies under a visible form the invisible thought, and partakes of all that is grandest in the nature of man.

Under the arts of ornament are included architecture, bas-relief, decorative wall-painting, goldsmiths' work, metal work of all kinds, and all manner of similar arts and branches of Art. Under creative arts fall Poetry, Music, Painting, and Sculpture of the highest kind. The ornamental and creative arts of every day tell us what the feelings of that day were; they tell us what was most highly prized, and what was regarded as but little worth; they show us, through the garments of sense, the underlying ideas which grew in the silence

of the minds of men; they give us their beliefs in the form of symbols, their hopes in the form of dreams. They let us look into the hearts of those who lie locked in the prison of the past, whose faces we can no longer see. To all this it is high time that the historian awoke; it is high time that he begin to look about him in the daylight, and not owl-like in the dark merely. Historians, says Carlyle, for the most part come to us with their harvest of dead mice, and say, "Lo! this is the produce of the country, what there is most valuable in it; after much rummaging and hooting, this is the best that we for our part could find."

It is time that all this should be changed, that more historical students should arise with eyes that can stand the light, which indeed is everywhere around them could they but venture forth from their barns and make use of it. Thus does a great French history-writer define the modern historian: "Un esprit développé, étendu, libre, un rare intelligence politique des événements, des vues d'ensemble, un jugement porté sur les causes et sur les effets,"—all which is well, but nowise the best. What men prize tells us what they reverence; what men create tells us what they believe. Reverence and Belief constitute, or rather reflect, the soul of man; through these we may enter therein and find our brothers whom we can no longer see. Herein lies the power of history for good. If it show us the reverences and beliefs of the past it quickens our own flagging faith; it strengthens our power of adoration. The God that is shrouded in the men of every age of the past is verily the same God that dwells in us. That he should be made manifest to us in the whole warp and woof of time is what we demand, is indeed the sole work that the historian has got to do. Let him set himself earnestly and with open eyes to this, and his writings shall then become a poem. The truth of nature shall be in them, garments of beauty unlooked-for shall enshroud them; they shall be not ephemeral works for the wearying of hours, but possessions for ever capable of teaching all generations that are to come.

W. M. CONWAY.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.*

No. IV.—FRANCE—LA BIJOUTERIE ET LA JOAILLERIE.

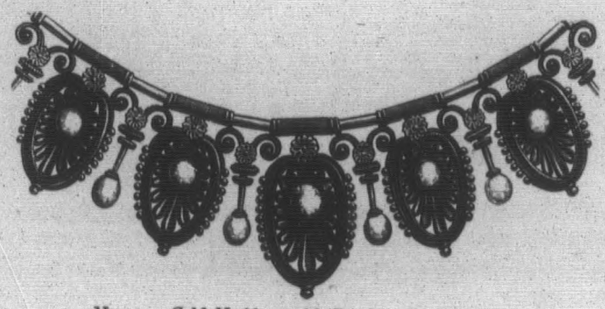
THE two branches of Fine Art industry included in France under the terms *bijouterie* and *joaillerie* may be called twin daughters of the goldsmith's craft. It is not by any means an easy task to define exactly the present condition and relations of these industries, or to gauge the merits of their respective productions, or to discover, by analyzing the quality of the work produced, whether the art which begets so many delicate treasures every year is, in point of fact, progressing or declining. Still, we shall try to present our readers with some kind of a connected statement, indicating clearly how and in what connection the dominant ideas of this art are being and have been evolved.

Jewels as articles of luxury were, we know, chiefly invented for the purposes of female ornament. They are usually made up by the workman in one of two ways: either so that the beauty of an ornament results from the dexterity with which the metal is wrought and chased, or from the skilful cutting and arrangement of the precious stones. The French terms *bijouterie* and *joaillerie* not having exact equivalents in English, it may be well to define precisely what they mean. When the metal is the important part, the ornament is classed as bijouterie; when, on the other hand, the precious stones are the leading feature, it is included in joaillerie. The distinction is of some importance, because both the design and execution of an ornament are in a measure dependent on it. For example, a piece of joaillerie ought to be constructed in such a manner that the gold or silver mounting is hidden by the diamonds and coloured stones; the gold or silver being subordinated, and performing only the humble part of keeping the stones in their places. The workman's aim should be to show off the stones to the very best advantage and in their greatest brilliancy, using only enough metal to secure the necessary cohesion. If he be really clever he will work by outline—that is to say, his ornament will be designed in such a way that it will be possible to make out, from some little distance, what is intended to be represented by the arrangement and colours of the stones. So too he will be careful to see that the decorations are strictly suited to the destination of the ornament. For example, he will not embellish a necklace in the same fashion as an aigrette, nor a bracelet like a necklace. If a joaillier in copying a flower were to set the stones askew, with intent to follow his model more faithfully, their best qualities would not be brought out properly, and so much of their beauty would be lost. It must be clearly understood that joaillerie has special rules and customs, which the workman is bound to follow and respect.

In bijouterie, on the other hand, so far from hiding the mounting under the precious stones, the object is to make the metal mounting the principal feature, and in this way occurs an obvious opportunity for additional artistic refinement; not only can the material be engraved, but it can be easily drawn, and made to assume whatever shape the fancy of the workman pleases, so that he has unlimited opportunities of impressing his handiwork with every nicety of expression an imaginative temperament can suggest. The bijoutier can command resources beyond those of any other artist. He may employ all the fast colours of enamel, opaque or clear, as he pleases; the processes of casting and chasing, or of repoussé, to model gold like wax; of stamping, to cut the metal out like lace; of niello, to imprint in two tones of colour all his fanciful designs on the champ-levé of the material; the graver to enrich it with delicate arabesques; lastly, stones whose facets and round surfaces stud the gold with all the colours of the palette—fiery rubies, azure sapphires, smooth pearls, sparkling diamonds, and emeralds of transparent greenness. For how vast a number of trinkets are his inventive powers responsible! Now a charming trifle to satisfy the pride of some rich Mæcenas in an unique piece of jewellery, now a pretty nicknack to minister to the caprice of some lovely woman, who well knows the proper jewels for setting off her beauty.

* Continued from page 88.

We see, then, that both the methods and materials of the joaillier and the bijoutier are very different; to point this out plainly is a preliminary to properly explaining the crisis through which these branches of French industry are now passing. It so happens that the progress of bijouterie proper has been checked by a curious obstacle. Feminine coquetry and fashion seem to have been for some time past disposed to look coldly on the gold bijou, in spite of the esteem it has long commanded from artists, in virtue of its power as a vehicle for the expression of very varied forms and styles, the most severe equally with the most fanciful. The difficulty has arisen from the recent importation of Cape diamonds; for now that the price of these stones has become more reasonable, people are spending their money on what appear to be lasting ornaments, in preference to purchasing those which go out of fashion in a year or two. Alas for the low degree of intelligence which is exercised in such calculating meanness. What shall we say of the delights and perfection of the bijoux of antiquity and of the Renaissance? Are the exquisitely charming productions of the bijoutiers of the reign of Louis XVI. not good enough for us to-day? In a word, how can a woman of cultivated taste possibly prefer a diamond—a thing whose beauty is measured by its size and weight—to a speaking likeness in metal, a real work of Art, able in itself to receive her thought, to set forth the inmost refinements of her taste, and by its delicacy and gracefulness to bear witness to her feelings, her character, and her whole personality?



No. 19.—Gold Necklace with Pearls. By Fontenay.

No. 20.—Indian Châtelaine. By Bapst and Falize.

Yet another cause contributes to hinder the progress of bijouterie: it lies in the general tendency of nations nowadays to appropriate each others artistic originality. Naturally a taste for imitations of foreign work, and little else but those imitations, soon has a cramping effect. In fact the bijou is so much the creature of caprice that at present it does not even hold its own for a period like a fashion: it has to submit to feminine fancy and to the changing taste of the manufacturer, as he imitates, combines, alters, and metamorphoses style upon style with no other guide than an ill-regulated imagination; for he regards not the make of the dress or the colour of the material, and so far from being at pains to hold his proper place in the art of dress, goes to work ignoring most strangely all rules of harmony in decoration.

In spite, however, of all this, we are bound to allow that Paris still contains a certain number of bijoutiers and joailliers who labour to maintain the traditions of good taste and progress among sincere lovers of the beautiful; and if they are deficient in inventive power, they make up for it by nicety of execution. Some workmen work at their own homes, others come to the workshop and place their services at the disposal of the manufacturer, who employs them to carry out designs either traced by himself or else by special artists on his behalf; hence the sameness of work so noticeable in modern jewellery. Though the fashions alter the style of jewellery every year, they scarcely affect the way in which it is worn. Bracelets, after being left off for some time, have now come into favour again. At first they were in the shape of a narrow ring, being worn on the wrist between the sleeve and the glove; then they developed into the form of a band of ribbon or a coiled serpent, and were set with diamonds, enriched with translucent enamels, or sometimes still further added to by suspending from the gold band a *porte bonheur*, a little novelty introduced from Austria.

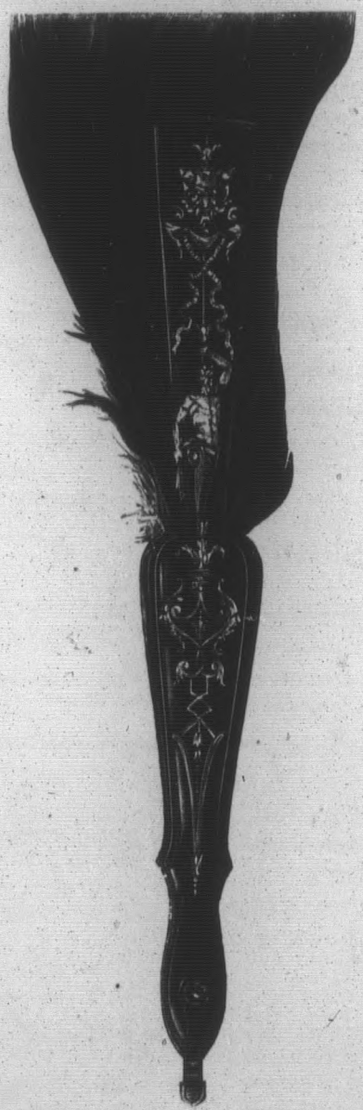
Brooches and necklaces are only seen in costumes of ceremony at balls or theatres; for ordinary wear they have been almost superseded by lockets. Pendants (the *pent-à-col* of the fifteenth century), like lockets, are much in demand. The long and inconvenient *châtelaine*, with its noisy toys, has shrunk to the dimensions of a watch-chain and swivel, worn at the lady's waist so as to show outside her dress. Fingers are no longer overloaded with massive rings; but if the setting has ceased to give opportunities for beautiful engraving, it performs instead the important function of retaining in their places precious stones of greater beauty still. And earrings, though they have for some time past been long, heavy, and grotesque, have at last returned to a more suitable size. As a general rule, it may be said that bijoux are made in so many and such different forms, that it is impossible to classify them in styles. Forty years ago they were all more or less imitations of flowers or plants. About the early years of the Empire the taste for English work called forth jewellery such as a locksmith would make—ornaments in imitation of iron rings, cannon-balls,

No. 21.—Necklace Pendant in the Renaissance Style. By Bapst and Falize.

horse-shoes, straps, padlocks, and all kinds of ironwork with nails and screws; even now people may here and there be seen wearing these curious additions to feminine beauty.

When Napoleon III. purchased the Campana collection and caused it to be exhibited at the Louvre, the bijoutiers flocked thither to draw inspiration from its antiques. Hence M. Eug. Fontenay's charming devices: his bijoux are delicately circled with the most exquisite filigree work, and while the accessory ornamentation is always thorough, it is also always suited to the dull tones of the colours of his pretty enamels.

Then M. Boucheron introduced bijoux made in red gold



No. 22.—Fan-handle. By Boucheron.

by the process of stamping, which remained in fashion about ten years. Finally the rage for Japanese work now reigns supreme.

To review and describe the principal bijoux which left the workshops of the best French jewellers in 1882 would be an impossible task, nor would such a summary be of much use to the reader. It will suffice to call attention to really characteristic works recently finished, and in so doing just to touch on the names of the most celebrated makers. Amongst the first-class artists who work in gold in preference to precious stones—the bijoutiers properly so called—we must mention such men as MM. Eug. Fontenay, Bapst and Falize, H. Duron, and Boucheron, besides the brothers Fannière, who occasionally consent to cut on a brooch or bracelet those charming designs with which they well know the art of beautifying the metal. Each of these artists imports some special characteristic into his work. M. Eug. Fontenay has been a careful student of the art of filigree, and he makes use of his knowledge with really wonderful freedom, spirit, and cleverness. He has managed to re-introduce the bijou of antiquity by adapting it to the requirements of modern fancy. It would scarcely be possible to set a limit to the variations displayed by the forms of his bijoux, whether coronets, bracelets, or earrings. He takes his lessons from nature, and is extremely clever at reproducing sprigs of plants, or the details of a flower or a fruit, in the shapes of his delicate ornaments. It will be possible to judge of his special powers by the reproduction here given of a set in gold and Eastern pearls he executed last year. It is known as the "shell set" (*parure coquille*). The necklace is set off by thirty-eight pearls placed alternately in the centres of the shells, and at the extremities of the small gold ornaments between them. These small ornaments are composed of grains and tiny threads of gold meeting each other, and soldered into their places. The whole is a most remarkable and really unique piece of work. As is the case in almost all M. Fontenay's bijoux, yellow gold is employed, in opposition to the present not very pleasing fashion, which prefers red gold.

The Indian, Chinese, and Japanese styles have been laid under contribution by the bijoutiers in their quest of elegant and new shapes. M. Falize's knowledge of archæology never gives out, and he has the knack of drawing inspiration from the whole field of antique Art without losing his own originality in the process. For his bijoux he utilises the magical effects of the translucent enamels of the Renaissance and of the Limousin *paillons*;* while he adds to their hollow and relief in happy contrast by employing cloisonnées enamels on paillons, with small projecting and uncut precious stones.

In this method he designs on bracelets names, dates, and other handsome devices. A most attractive feature of his execution is the success with which he applies gold, silver, bronze, iron, precious stones, and carved ivory to one and the same piece of work, employing simultaneously all the devices of the bijoutier and of the goldsmith. Our print of the two very dissimilar bijoux by MM. Bapst and Falize speaks for the purity of their taste, and indicates the simplicity no less than the striking boldness of their work. One is a châtelaine with watch attached, done in Indian style. The centres of the cases are occupied by graven stones, a Krichna and a Godesha, and the setting is engraved gold with stones and pearls around. The other, a *pent-à-col* in the style of the sixteenth century, has in its middle a tiny figure of Fortune in enamelled gold, standing on a round pearl inside a shell of engraved tourmaline; the mounting is of chased gold, with the addition of precious stones and enamels. This bijou is fashioned to perfection, and wrought in the richest taste; and every part of it is copied from some antique model.

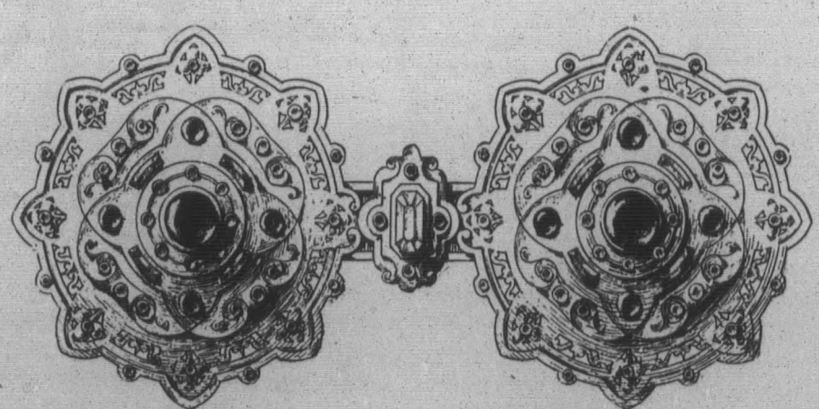
The bijoux of M. Boucheron do not betray the characteristics of a single hand; on the contrary, they give indications of all in such a style of work, and so bear witness to the clever way in which this maker has contrived to associate with him-

* *Paillon*, the small piece of copper foil at the bottom of the bezel.

self a number of dexterous and eminent workmen. Specimens of every imaginable kind of jewellery are to be seen at his establishment, nor is it possible to be otherwise than amazed at the novelty of the processes carried on and the variety of the objects to be found there—bonbon boxes, ornaments, and fans, brilliant with sparkling diamonds, magnificent sapphires, pearls, and precious stones of all possible colours. First there meets the eye a brooch in the shape of a sprig of thistle set in diamonds—simply two leaves and a flower—a surprisingly close and beautiful imitation of nature. Then a sapphire necklace, resplendent with stones of striking size and beauty. A little farther on the most complicated of joyaux, a Japanese lantern showing children of Yeddo looking towards the light within; this issues from behind the four glass sides, which are ornamented with translucent enamels, in such a manner that the luminous rays, in their passage through the glass, light up and emphasize the colouring and the lines of the figures. And, finally, a fan of ostrich feathers, having its frame inlaid in gold with a delicate arabesque, representing a faun and satyrs. The flourishes round the figures are perhaps somewhat profuse, and the stiff lines of the metal contrast a little with the yielding softness of the plumes; but, on the other hand, the chasing possesses a finish worthy of imitation, and the engraving is of a character at once quiet and striking.

No. 23.—Opera Glass in Gold, enriched by Diamonds. By Debut and Coulon.

Did we intend to set forth fully all the zeal displayed by certain clever bijoutiers in attempts to maintain and develop a high tone in their work, in spite of the obstacles interposed by capricious fashion, it would be necessary to make mention here both of many ably executed works and of the names of many different makers. We should also have to describe the institutions founded by the syndicate of bijoutiers for the purpose of training up skilled designers; their school for this purpose has for some years past numbered about two hundred scholars. Amongst them are to be found many pupils not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, who are already showing remarkable aptitude for composition or invention. A reproduction is here given of a shawl-clasp, designed and made at the École des Arts Décoratifs by a young boy named Gaudet; this really tasteful work gained a first prize last year.



No. 24.—Mantle Fastener. By Georges Gaudet.

If in bijouterie objects of real beauty are relatively scarce, in joaillerie, on the other hand, they abound. And the reason is, once more, partly because it is an easier matter to make precious stones sparkle than it is to cut out a design properly on a stem of gold or silver, and partly because for their ornaments, their earrings, or their coronets, ladies prefer diamonds.

In joaillerie, as a matter of fact, the best and most elegant productions of French makers are based on imitations of flowers. Herein M. Massin has accomplished real feats of artistic strength, for he is clever enough to know how to observe these three cardinal rules: first, to design the joyau freely and simply in outline, cutting it out, if we may so say, as a whole; next to design it so as to present a centre or guiding points of light; and thirdly, to make the mounting strong, but not heavy. By observing these rules he has produced surpassingly truthful and graceful imitations from nature—leaves or flowers of hazel, eglantine, volubilis, or water-lily, drawn out in diamonds and different coloured stones. Women are very fond of possessing several jewels in one, so the joailliers study to please them, and succeed. M. Fouquet, for instance, has made a coronet whose fancifulness is its beauty; by means of an ingenious piece of mechanism, it can be taken to pieces and multiplied into a bracelet, a pendant, and a pair of earrings. On this plan the best way, apparently, would be to have only one large piece of jewellery. A combination of enamel and precious stones has been employed by M. Boucheron in his joaillerie with very considerable success. MM. Debut and Coulon have also produced some charming ornaments by this method. They were the first to think of the plan of working large leaves in translucent enamel side by side with smaller leaves in diamonds, the contrast between the enamel and the transparent whiteness of the diamond having an extremely pleasing effect. The same makers have brought into fashion during the past year leaves and foliage worked on dull gold, and carrot flowers (a this winter's novelty). Our engraving represents an opera-glass of their make, set with diamonds. We cannot praise it without certain reservations. It is a double glass, richly ornamented with patterns in black enamel on gold, with the "lights" in white enamel. The rims of the glasses are studded round with diamonds, and the frame which holds the two barrels together is in black enamel with white

"lights," while the adjusting ring between them, by which they are worked backwards and forwards, is also set with diamonds. The bijou is one of extreme richness, and though the shape is not new, the want of novelty is redeemed by the disposition of the ornamentation, which is quiet, and not too heavy. But it is only fair to ask whether, in an opera-glass made for the delicate hand of a woman, diamonds set in relief do not offer too sharp points and angles, and such as would, after a time, tire or even hurt the hand of the person holding it.

In concluding this rapid sketch, to avoid being accused of an oversight, we must mention the lapidary's work executed by such artists as MM. Varangez or Garreaud; little cups, goblets, and a hundred other objects, very tastefully carved in hard stones, such as porphyry, lapis lazuli, aventurine, agate, etc. They are very costly works and extremely scarce, on account of the time they take to make, if for no other reason.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

THE SIGNATURES OF PAINTERS.

AT first sight this subject might appear a very dry one, and to offer very few temptations for study, but a very limited acquaintance with it will prove that it teems with instruction and interest. Some of the earliest signatures upon pictures afford almost, and, in some instances, absolutely, the only indications we have that painters of such names ever had existence. This is not unfrequently the case with the Byzantine and early Italian painters. Some few examples may be here adduced: a triptych, formerly in the Musée Napoléon III. (No. 9 of the Catalogue), is signed "Joannes Maria Scopula de Irunto, pinxit in Otranto." Except for this signature, such a painter as Scopula de Irunto, belonging to the same school as Angelo Bizamano, is entirely unknown in the history of Art. Another picture, in the same collection (Cat. No. 107), is marked "Paulus de Nisso." The picture is of the Sienese school; and here we have another painter quite unknown, except for this unique autograph. Giovanni Massone is only known by the work in the Louvre (Cat. Both de Tanzia, No. 261), which is signed "Johnes Mazonus de Alexa, pinxit." The picture is a retable in three compartments, and was found in a sepulchral chapel at Savona, erected by Sixtus IV. All we know of the painter then is deduced from the picture and its inscription, viz. that Giovanni Massone was born at Alexandria, and worked at Savona in the latter half of the fifteenth century. A fac-simile of the cartel is appended (Fig. 1).

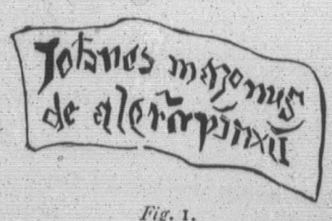


Fig. 1.

Again, Giovanni Orioli would be unknown to us but for the signature on a picture in our National Gallery, 'Portrait of Lionello d' Este' (No. 770 of the Catalogue), which is signed "OPVS JOHÂNIS ORIOLI." To take a third example from the Musée Napoléon III., almost all we know of Bartollomeo Bononi is to be found on the cartel signature of his picture of the 'Virgin and Child' (Cat. Reiset. No. 190). This should be read "OPVS BARTHOLOMEI BONONII CIVIS PAPIENSIS. 1507." From this it will be seen that he was a citizen of Pavia, and that he flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century. The picture is now in the Louvre (No. 77 of the Catalogue of the Vicomte Both de Tanzia). Fig. 2 gives the cartel in fac-simile. Another picture in the National Gallery may be cited. It represents 'St. Jerome in the Desert,' and came from the Costabili Collection at Ferrara. It is signed "BONVS FERARIENSIS: PISANI DISIPVLVS." These last words settle a disputed point, for the Maestro Bono of Ferrara has invariably been described, either as the pupil of Squarcione, or of Andrea Mantegna.

Fig. 2.

This signature, however, upon an indisputably original picture, proves that he was the pupil of Pisano of Verona, generally known as Vittore Pisanello. It is at least curious that Sir Frederick Leighton should possess a picture with the unique signature of a Maestro Bono of Venice, presumably a personage totally distinct from Bono of Ferrara. As a last example, Ambrogio da Fossano, the architect, and Ambrogio Borgognone, the painter, were once supposed to be two distinct persons, but an examination of signatures would certainly suggest their identity as the same artist; for we have "Ambrosij Bogognone, op.," "Ambrosius Fossanus, pinxit, 1490," and "Ambrogio Fosano Bogognone," whence it would appear Ambrogio the painter was known both as A. da Fossano and as A. Bogognone, and having no evidence in point, there is no longer any reason to suppose the architect and painter distinct persons. All these signatures, then, contribute a distinct fact to the history of painting, and are of just the same value in this respect as the inscriptions on classic remains, that are so valued and so carefully preserved. In other cases, the signatures of painters are of distinct value by materially aiding us to fix the duration of the artist's life, for it is indisputable that if a picture is signed and dated with a certain year, the painter was then alive. It thus happens that both the earliest and latest dates on the works of some masters are matters of lively interest. The period of the painter Nicolo di Liberatore, of Foligno (miscalled Alunno), for example, is only known by the dates on his pictures, extending from 1458 to 1499. The same is the case with Marco Basaiti, whose dates range from 1470 to 1520. The absence of dates is strongly felt in the works of the Byzantine and Russian schools, in which, being without the influence of development, it is generally impossible to fix the dates. A work of the tenth century betrays the same characteristics as one of the eighteenth or even nineteenth centuries.

The habit of many of the early Italian painters of placing

very full inscriptions upon cartels or cartellinos, is well worthy of notice. These cartels are painted representations of unfolded strips of paper or parchment. Giovanni Bellini nearly always signed in this manner, and in well-formed distinct characters; but with many others the letters are often crabbed and indistinct. An additional example is given in that of Andrea del Sarto (Fig. 3, Louvre, No. 379). The cartel of a picture in the National Gallery (No. 736), "Franciscus Bonsignorin. f. Veronensis. p. 1487," gives us the real name of the painter, who was called Monsignori by Vasari, an error which is corrected by this signature. Andrea d'Agnolo, commonly called del Sarto, from his father's occupation, more generally marked his pictures with the well-known monogram, as in the example in the National Gallery (No. 690, his own portrait), or more roughly (Fig. 4), as in the Louvre picture (No. 381, 'Holy Family'). Cartel signatures are rare out of Italian signatures. An example of F. Seghers (Rotterdam, No. 274) is given in Fig. 5.

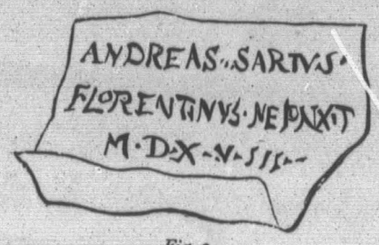


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

The practice of signing pictures with initials is far less satisfactory than with the full signature, for it has happened in several instances that painters have been in contemporaneous existence, having the same initials and the same

Fig. 5.

style of work which necessarily gives rise to complications, if any or all of them signed with initials only. Thus, in the case of a miniature exhibited at South Kensington, 1865: it was signed S. C. 1764. Of course the date precluded an ascription to Samuel Cooper, but it might have been the work either of Samuel Cotes (brother of Francis, one of the founders of the Royal Academy), Samuel Collins, or Simon Chardin (Jun.), who were all miniature painters, and flourishing at that date. In other instances some discrimination is often required; *e.g.* L. V. V. is the monogram of Lucas Van Uden, while $_{V}^{L}V$ is that of Lucas van Valkenberg. Still more open to objection are the interlaced monograms very generally adopted among the Flemish and German schools. Where the monograms are well known, of course no difficulty is presented, as that of Albrecht Dürer, sometimes very elaborate, as on a picture at Augsburg (No. 668); it is always present whether the full signature be given or not. That of David Teniers occurs on a considerable number of pictures, both of the elder painter and of the son, as for instance on the pictures by both artists at Dulwich; Sir Fred. Leighton's 'Merry Andrew' by the younger; Sir Reginald Beauchamp's 'Backbiters,' by the same, etc. The marks of Adriæn Backer (Rotterdam, No. 4); Hendrick Goltzius (same gallery, No. 92); and Crispijn van Queborn (same gallery, No. 237), are shown in Figs. 6, 7, and 8. The mark of the elder Hoskins, I upon H, is very frequent, and distinguishes his works from those of the younger painter, his son, marked I.H. The German, Dutch, and Flemish painters have displayed an especial aptitude and preference for neatly designed monograms, *e.g.* those of Johann or Hans van Achen and Crispin van der Broeck. Interlaced monograms are often more complex than those above referred to, as those of Franciabigio and Philips Wouvermans. The signature of Jan Wouvermans, brother of Philips, is given in Fig. 9. The signatures of Philips exhibited many varieties, but are all similarly contracted.

Fig. 6.

An example of interlaced signatures amongst English painters is to be found in that of James Ward. When the monogram is that of an unknown, as in a picture in the Dresden Gallery (Cat. of Julius Hübner, No. 1791), signed with an interlaced H. D., it is impossible to tell in what order the initials should be read, in this case, whether H. D. or D. H.,

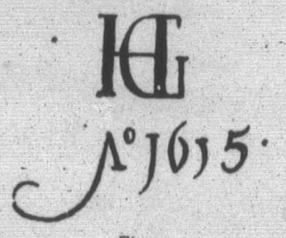


Fig. 7.

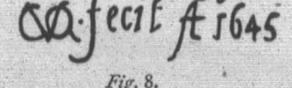


Fig. 8.

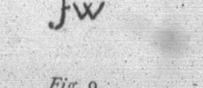


Fig. 9.

and we have thus an additional difficulty in the matter of identification. In opposition to these curt signatures are the lengthy indorsements of some artists, such, for instance, as that of Sophonisba Anguisciola, on her own portrait at Vienna —"Sophonisba Angussola virgo se ipsam fecit, 1554"—or on a picture of Johann Georg von Hamilton, the 'Imperial Hunt,' also at Vienna, signed "Jean Georg d'Hamilton, Peintre du Cabinet of S. M. I. et Catholique, A°. 1727"; or again on a portrait of the Prince Eugene de Savoy, "Ad vivum Pinxit Jacobus van Schuppen Christianissimi Regis nec non Excellissimi ac Regii Ducis Lotharingiæ Pictor Viene, 1718."

Other painters marked their works with some peculiar characteristic sign, derivable from their own name, the name of their birthplace, or some circumstance in their lives; thus, Benvenuto Tisi was born at Garofalo, in the Ferrarese, whence his pictures are marked with a gillyflower, and from this custom the painter is more generally known as Garofalo than by his patronymic. Lionel Spada signed with a punning reference to his surname, as, for example, on the 'Martyrdom of St. Christopher,' in the Louvre (No. 400, Cat., B. de T., see Fig. 10.). In 1508, the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, granted to Lucas Sunder, misnamed Müller—commonly called Chranach or Kronach from his birthplace—a winged serpent or dragon for his crest, and the artist subsequently adopted this mark upon his pictures, drawings, and engravings. Several varieties of this mark are known; on the portrait of a young lady in the National Gallery (No. 291), the dragon is without wings. Bartollomeo Passerotti frequently signed with a sparrow in allusion to his name, and Lanzi mentions two sculptors, Batraco and Sauro, who placed respectively

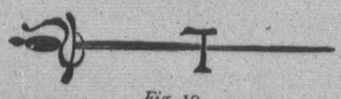


Fig. 10.

a frog and a lizard upon their productions. Palmo the Younger crossed a P with a palm-branch to his signature. Henrik met de Bles usually marked his pictures with an owl, and is therefore called Civetta by the Italians. Sotto van Cleeve signed his works with a monkey; Davidze Vinckebooms sometimes marked with a finch (Berlin, 680, 705, etc.); Gabriele Ferrantini and Gaspare Vanbitelli are both known as dagli Occhiali, because they marked their pictures with a human eye; Nathaniel Hone signed similarly; Ludger Tom Ring (the younger) signed his pictures with a contracted L. T., surmounted by a ring, as in Berlin, 700. In our own day the marks of Mr. Whistler (see the etching of Chelsea, *Art Journal*, 1882, p. 129) and of Walter Crane will recur to most readers. Sidney Starr, who inscribes an S within a five-rayed star, surrounded by a circle; and James Archer, who sometimes strikes an arrow through his monogram, are other instances.

Occasionally, too, painters have added a motto to their signatures, as, for instance, the ORATE. PRO. PICTORE. of Fra Bartollomeo, and the ALS. IXH. XAN. of Jan van Eyck. The highly elaborate signatures of this last-mentioned artist, such as that on the portrait group of Jean Arnolfini and his wife, in the National Gallery (No. 156), contrast strongly with the crabbed illegible scratches of many painters. As a general rule we may notice that the character of an artist's signature corresponds to his style of execution: thus, the robust and vigorous characters formed by Rembrandt, F. Bol, and Bartholomæus van der Helst, contrast strongly with the delicately formed letters abounding with flourishes in the signatures of Van Hijsum, Rachel Ruijsch, Willem van Aelat, and Pieter van Os; while the minute inscriptions of Adrien van Ostade, Andreas Götting (Rotterdam, 94), and Peeter Gheysels ('Dutch Fair,' belonging to Mrs. Hope), equally correspond to the miniaturesque treatment and dimensions of their pictures. Some of the early German pictures have strange hieroglyphic marks upon them, presumably signatures of some sort, and apparently unexplainable; as, on pictures by Wohlgemuth and Cornelius Engelbrecht, in the Vienna Gallery, marks of this nature recall the Japanesque hieroglyphics of Whistler and the rayed lunette of Albert Moore.

The study of painters' signatures will enable us often to decide on the correct spelling of the names. Many writers seem to cherish an extraordinary dread of spelling an artist's name correctly; to take an example from the Dutch painters, it is quite allowable to write Hysum, Huysum, Huisum, or even Huissam, but if any luckless author should dare to write Huijsum, in conformity with the painter's own autograph, he is in danger of being denounced as "pedantic," an unhappy term much used (or rather misused) by the ignorant against those of superior knowledge. The same is the case with regard to Gerard Dow, Moijaert, and many others, which may be written Dow, Douw, Douv, or Moojaert, Moojaart, Mooyaert, or in any other possible way, except that in which the owner himself wrote it. Most writers on Art persist in writing Terburg, while the painter himself signed G. T. B., or more generally with the T. B. interlaced or contracted, while when he did sign in full, it was G. Ter Borch; similarly with regard to a modern painter, who invariably signs Hermann ten Kate, nearly all writers, English at least, agree in writing Herman Tenkate. It must not, however, be assumed that a painter's signature is always entirely reliable for the spelling; thus, Dietricij (according to the majority of his signatures) also wrote Dietrich, Ditericy, Dyterici, and several other forms; we have also three forms of the nickname of Nicholas Klassze—Berchem, Berghem, and Berighem, all indisputably authentic; Bakhuijsen also spelt his name in several ways, and several other Dutch and Flemish painters have varied their signatures. The habit of many Italians of Latinizing their names occasionally offers a difficulty in ascertaining the correct spelling. Vittore Cappaccio wrote Victor Carpatius, or Carpathius, also Victoris Carpatio; Vasari calls him Scarpaccio, which is not warranted by the signatures. Under this classical guise, the names are not always readily recognisable, *e.g.* Andreas Mediolanensis for A. Solario (of Milan); Mariocti Debertinellis is the Latinized version of Mariotto Albertinelli. Amongst Englishmen, we find Isaacus Olliuerus of J. Oliver, and of Cosway, R^dus. (*i.e.* Ricardus) Cosway is common on his works.

English painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries appear to have been especially shy of putting their names to their pictures. Reynolds appended his name to not more than a dozen of his works at the outside; among them are the landscape at Port Eliot, signed and dated 1744 on the back of the picture; 'Lady Cathcart and Child' (in the possession of the Earl Cathcart), signed "J. R., 1755"; 'George, second Earl of Warwick' (at Warwick Castle); 'Miss Ingram' (at Poulett House, Lyme), signed "J. R., 1757"; 'Viscount Malden and Sister' (at Cassiobury Park), signed "J. Reynolds, pinxt. 1768"; 'David Garrick as Kitely' (Windsor), inscribed on the back, "David Garrick, æt. 52, 1768, J. R. pinx."; 'W. Lambton' (at Hornby Castle), signed "J. Reynolds, pinxt. 1768"; 'Lady Cockburn and Children' (in the possession of Lady Hamilton), painted in 1773, signed "Reynolds, pinxit"; his own portrait (at Florence), painted in 1775, inscribed on the back with a Latin reference to his mayoralty of Plympton; 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse' (in the Duke of Westminster's collection, replicas at Dulwich, Longford, Langley Park, and Edinburgh (Mrs. Combes), and belonging to R. Tait, Esq.), painted in 1784, signed on the hem of her robe; 'Frances, Lady Warren' (at Baron's Hill, Beaumaris), signed "J. Reynolds, 1789." Sir Joshua must have signed these few works entirely upon caprice; it cannot be asserted that he signed those he considered most representative of him—for it is known he so esteemed the 'Strawberry Girl,' which is unsigned—nor that he signed those which would endure longest, for the portrait of Captain Foot (in the possession of the Rev. H. G. Rolt), which the painter retouched with Northcote's colours, and prophesied would endure when many had faded, is also unmarked. A signature is a rarity with Thomas Gainsborough; a portrait of W. Lowndes Stone, Esq., the property of Mr. J. S. Norton, is thus curiously inscribed: "Wm. Lowndes, Esq., one of the Audrs. of His Majesty's Court of Excheq., aged 83 years and 8 months. Painted by T. Gainsbro, Bath, 1771." Gainsborough frequently observed this ancient practice, and inscriptions without the signature are by no means uncommon. The signature, as observed above, is very rare; the bust portrait of the second Viscount Bateman is initialed "T. G.," and so is a drawing of a country road belonging to Alfred Aspland, Esq. Romney also rarely, if ever, signed his pictures, and this was pretty generally the case with most painters of that period. George Morland signed the majority of his works, sometimes "G. M." only, or "G. M." and date, while the majority are signed and dated in full, and a few have simply "Morland" inscribed. This artist also ingeniously worked his signature into his subject; his name figures on tavern signs, on boats' sterns, and on the tarpaulin of a

ENGRAVED BY G. J. STODART, FROM THE STATUE BY MARIO RAGGI.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co.

carrier's waggon, in the picture belonging to the Earl of Dunmore, marked, "G. Morland, Com. Stage Cart. No. 1793." Turner signed a proportion of his works; some of his earlier drawings have "Turner" only, and others "W. Turner" (a signature also used by Turner of Oxford); his later works, when signed, carry all initials, *e.g.* "J. M. W. T., 1800," on the 'Dolbaddern Castle' in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy; some few are dated only. The example of Richard Redgrave, R.A., in this respect is well worthy of imitation by all painters. He has adopted an invariable rule of inscribing the backs of his pictures with their technical histories; a custom which will, in the future, afford a reference for the ready solution of any doubt that may arise with regard to the authenticity of any of his pictures, while each inscription will become a contribution to the history of Art. Alma-Tadema's signatures also are worthy of remark. This able and learned painter not only signs and generally dates his pictures, but, adopting a hint from the musical composers, he numbers his works also. Thus his picture in the Royal Academy's collection (portraits of his two daughters) is marked "L. Alma-Tadema, 1873, op. cxvii." Some may not have noticed how effectual this simple addition will be as a protection against forgery. Should, at any future date, some imitations of this painter be put forward, numbered, let us say, op. ccxv. and cxlvii., all doubts could be at once set aside, for these are the numbers on the 'Pastoral' (Grosvenor Gallery, 1880, No. 53) and the 'Tragedy of an Honest Wife.' It is to be regretted that the painter did not always so mark his pictures; some of his earlier ones are only named and dated, as for instance, "L. Alma-Tadema, 1870," on the picture called 'A Seat,' belonging to Mr. José de Murrieta.

The comparison of the various signatures of a painter will often help us to judge of the authenticity of a reputed work; for example, on the works of Van Rijn, Rembrandt is the almost invariable spelling, from the picture dated 1633 at Dresden, to that of 1699 at Darmstadt; a few, however, offer differences, "R. van Rijn, 1633," on 'Le Philosophe en Méditation,' in the Louvre; "Rem. f. 1660," also in the Louvre; "Remb. 1659," at Antwerp. "Rembrad fecit" on a picture at Vienna requires no further remark; it is most certainly false. "Rembrand" occurs very rarely, and is doubtful; "Rembrant" must also be considered doubtful; it occurs on the Duke of Abercorn's 'Deposition,' on the Earl Cowper's 'Portrait of a Young Man,' and Mrs. Hope's 'Christ and his Disciples in the Storm,' their dates being respectively marked as 1650, 1644, and 1635. Again, in the gallery of Amsterdam is a picture of an Italian landscape, marked 'A. Cuyp,' an inscription which declares itself apocryphal, for all the genuine signatures in full of this painter are uniformly Cuijp, or very rarely Kuijp. Lastly, on a picture of 'Travellers Halting,' belonging to Mrs. Morrison, we have "Isac d'Ostade." This must be held to be false, for although we have several forms of this man's signature, such as "I. van Ostade, 1639" (Augsburg, 548), "I. Ostade" (Berlin), "Isack van Ostade" (on many pictures, by far the most common), "Isak von Ostade" (Dresden, 1290), and "Isaak van Ostade" (Munich, 251), none of them approach the Frenchified form of that first given. Names often undergo peculiar, and even ludicrous changes, when transferred to different languages: *e.g.* Jan van Achen figures in the catalogue of the Palazzo Pitti as Giovanni Abah, in other places as Aken and Abak. Brilli and Prilli do duty for Brill, Poussin becomes Pussino, etc.; *en revanche*, the French have Carrache, Caravage, Primatice, etc.; while Raphaello figures in different languages as Raffaelle, Raffael, Rafael, Raphael, and even Raphiel. That the best spelling of an artist's name is that after his own habit, ought surely to require little demonstration, and it is unfortunate that the terrible adjective "pedantic" should lurk in hiding, ready to pounce upon all who dare to do so.

ALFRED BEAVER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE MOUSE.' From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. Engraved by W. Roffe. This is one of the numerous pictures the first President of the Royal Academy painted of children. Some were simple portraits, afterwards receiving a fancy title; but many, like this, were subjects depicting an incident. In 'The Mouse,' or 'Muscipula,' as it is sometimes called, we have an old-fashioned, quaint little girl smiling comically out of the picture on account of the mouse and trap she holds in her hands. The cat at her side thinks it a more serious business and eagerly watches its prey, while the poor mouse is anxious for liberty. The peculiarly formed eyes and mouth of the girl are characteristic of many of the children painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in the pictures, 'The Infant Academy,' 'Puck,' as well as others, the same peculiarity is seen. The great charm in the work lies in the well-caught, childlike expression of the girl's face, as well as in the general interest of the subject.

'COWDRAY,' by Mr. Seymour Haden, is described by Mr. Frederick Wedmore on page 104.

'THE LESSON.' From the statuette by Mario Raggi. Engraved by G. J. Stodart. The original of this work was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, where it attracted considerable attention. The mother has read through the lesson with her little girl, and has just closed the book, to ascertain by questioning how much the pupil has learned. The point raised by the mother is a difficult one, and the child hesitates as she ponders the question, wondering if she can answer correctly.

Signor Raggi studied his profession at the Royal Academy of Carrara, where he met with remarkable success, carrying off all the prizes that were offered. Afterwards he went to Rome, and, under the well-known sculptor Tenerani, gained further power in his art. Signor Raggi now resides permanently in London.

At the present moment Signor Raggi is prominently before the public as the sculptor of the Beaconsfield National Memorial to be erected in Parliament Square. This monument is to be unveiled on April 19th, the second anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death.

THE JONES BEQUEST TO SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

OUR national collections of Art treasures owe much to the liberality of private individuals, and there is probably no other country in Europe which boasts of such rare and costly heritages as can ours. The South Kensington Museum would never have attained its present position but for the precious gift of the pictures of Mr. Sheepshanks, whose name must always be remembered with gratitude by Englishmen, as the donor of the finest collection of modern pictures we have in London; and, as time wore on, the Museum has been enriched by Mrs. Ellison, Messrs. Dyce, Forster, Mitchell, and Wells, to name only a few among those who have added by their munificence to the treasure-house of Art workmanship at South Kensington.

We have now to record the latest and most splendid of the legacies hitherto received by the nation; perhaps the noblest donation ever made by a private individual to any country in the world's history—namely, the superb collection of furniture, porcelain, and enamels bequeathed by the late Mr. John Jones, who died on the 7th of January, 1882. We trust it may be possible, in the brief space at our command, to give to our readers some slight conception of the splendour of the Jones bequest; but it is an extremely difficult task to attempt even to select for careful description a few of the many precious things Mr. Jones has, as he expresses it in his will, given "for the benefit of the nation."

No. 1.—Mahogany Commode mounted with Ormoulu (No. 690).

It may be interesting first to give a few facts concerning the career of the donor.* "The late John Jones was born in Middlesex about the year 1800. Having served his apprenticeship, he set up in business, about the year 1825, as a tailor and army clothier, at No. 6, Waterloo Place. He remained there until 1850, when he retired, retaining, however, a share in the business as a sleeping partner. For fourteen or fifteen years Mr. Jones occupied chambers over the business premises in Waterloo Place, and in 1865 he removed to 95, Piccadilly.

"At least three-fourths of the collection have been added since Mr. Jones left Waterloo Place, and there is no record or memorandum of the particular objects which he brought with him to Piccadilly.

"Mr. Jones lived a very quiet and retired life. He was a great walker, and did not keep any horses or carriage. He was a regular attendant on Sundays, and occasionally on week-days, at the services in Westminster Abbey.

"While in business Mr. Jones had a branch establishment in Dublin, and frequently went to Ireland; so, also, he often went to France and to other parts of Europe. But of late years he never left this country, contenting himself every summer with a journey through some part of England, Wales, or Scotland.

"His circle of acquaintance was not large, and of these he sometimes received a few at dinner. His habits were always regular and abstemious, and his health almost invariably good. In fact, it is said that he was never seriously ill until the last year of his life, when his strength gradually failed, and he died simply of old age. He was buried in the Brompton Cemetery, according to his own expressed wish, very plainly and without unnecessary expense, on the 14th of January, 1882."

That portion of his will, dated December 4th, 1879, which relates to the disposal of his Art collections, is as follows:—

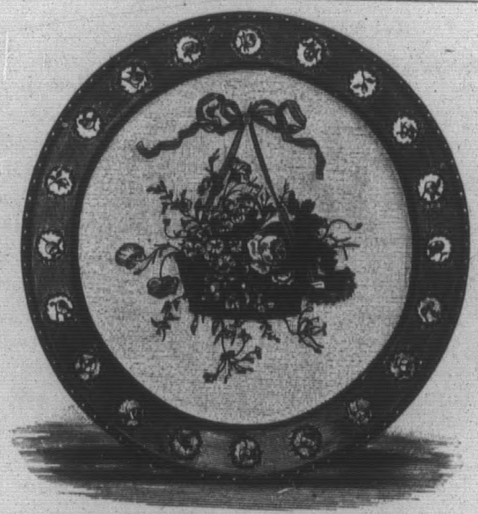
"I give devise and bequeath all my pictures, both in oil and water colours, all miniatures both in enamel and water colours, all my vases and ornamental china, and all articles of vertu manufactured in gold or silver, including two pairs of silver-gilt candlesticks, all my clocks, caskets, snuff-boxes, all articles in ivory, crystal, enamel, bronze, marble, or ormoulu: also all my cabinets, tables, commodes, chairs, or other valuable furniture in Sèvres, boule, marqueterie, lac, oak, ebony, or ivory, I may be possessed of, in this my will or any codicil thereto, to the trustees for the time being of the South Kensington Museum, for the benefit of the nation, to be kept separate as one collection and not distributed over various parts of the said Museum, or lent for exhibition."

* From the Handbook to the Collections, prepared by Mr. Wm. Maskell.

And by a codicil to his will, dated Jan. 20th, 1880, the testator further specifies:—

"I also give and bequeath to the South Kensington Museum, in addition to all previous bequests in my will or any codicil thereto, all my printed books, and four chased silver candlesticks with round feet, eleven inches high, one Swedish silver-gilt tankard with Swedish coins on it."

It may aid our readers to form some conception of the importance of this legacy, when we state that in no other collection in England, nor probably in France, could the same number of really first-rate examples of the various classes of Art objects amassed by Mr. Jones be pointed out, and that if to this collection we were to add the furniture and porcelain belonging to the Crown, and the rare Art objects now the property of Sir Richard Wallace, we could form a gathering of the best Art workmanship of France, which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to match from all the other known collections of Art treasures in Europe.



No. 2.—Sèvres Plaque in Top of Work-table.

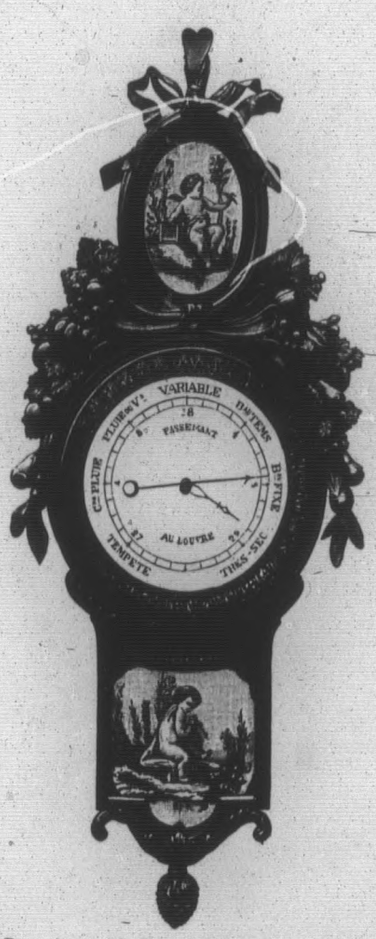
No. 3.—Work-table formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette (No. 729).

With the trifling and very natural conditions stipulated for by their generous donor, these magnificent masterpieces have become the property of the public, and can be seen from henceforth every day of the week at South Kensington, displayed to the best advantage, in rooms specially set apart, under the terms of the will, for this purpose.

Before proceeding to deal with individual specimens, we shall, we think, do well to explain in a few words the nature and extent of the collection, and the particular character of Art workmanship which Mr. Jones admired and gathered in the first instance for his own gratification, but with the ulterior object of benefiting his countrymen. For there can be no doubt that he had for many years cherished the idea of presenting his treasures to the Museum, and we have personally the opinion that this intention first acquired permanent form at the time of the Loan Exhibition of Miniatures, which was held at South Kensington in 1862. Mr. Jones was highly gratified with the favourable impression produced by the beautiful enamels by Petitot and other painters of this school, lent by him, which were among the choicest of the many charming works exhibited on that occasion; and he would then have marked the satisfactory conditions obtainable at the South Kensington Museum for the display and preservation of specimens of Art workmanship. There can be but little doubt that it is in consequence of the care and attention bestowed upon the matters of framing, labelling, and properly exhibiting Art specimens that much of the success of the Museum is due; and it is chiefly owing to the study which these minor details have received that foreign visitors find our national Art collections so attractive, and that so many attempts are being made on the Continent to imitate our system of arrangement, even to copying the forms of the cases and the colour of the wall decorations.

It will at once be evident, even to the most casual observer, that the period of Art production which Mr. Jones admired was very limited in its extent. He seems to have turned his attention almost exclusively to the Art industries of one country—France—and to have selected those which attained their perfection during the later years of the Grand Monarque, or in the lifetime of his immediate successor. If we except a few specimens of early enamel work; the Oriental porcelain and lacquer, which he appears to have obtained chiefly in consequence of the French mounts; some modern English pictures, and some rare English porcelain, which we think he secured as a proof that this country could hold her own even with the finest productions of Sèvres; and lastly, a few pieces of Italian metal work, much resembling that of France, we have almost exhausted the catalogue of objects not made in France between the beginning and the end of the eighteenth century. The wealth of the collection, besides the beautiful miniatures to which we have already alluded, consists mainly in the Sèvres porcelain and the furniture and ormoulu work. Numerically the objects are fewer than in the famous Hamilton

collection, recently dispersed; or in that formed by the late Marquis of Hertford, which now belongs to Sir Richard



No. 4.—Barometer with Chased Ormoulu Frame (No. 646).

Wallace; but the specimens are all of them fine of their respective kinds. Apart from the books and engravings there are in all some 858 objects, which we may divide, for convenience of description, into the following classes:—

Paintings in oil, water colours, and crayons . .	124
Portrait miniatures in enamel, oil, water colours, etc.	137
Sèvres, Chelsea, Dresden, and Oriental porcelain .	147
Miscellaneous Art objects, bronzes and clocks .	206
Decorative furniture in marqueterie, boule, etc. .	135
Sculpture, vases, and pedestals	109
Total . .	858

together with 780 volumes of books and 313 prints and engravings.

Concerning the pictures, though they are interesting and good, and such as a gentleman of the refined taste displayed by Mr. Jones would naturally have selected for his walls, we do not propose to say much on the present occasion. Among them are some excellent specimens of the art of Mulready, Etty, Frith, Faed, Linnell, Landseer, Turner, and Webster, with Morland and Wilson of the earlier school; also a few good foreign pictures, mostly French, of the period to which the furniture belongs, and chosen, no doubt, as a fitting accompaniment to the masterpieces of industrial art with which he had surrounded himself. Among the more prominent of these we may mention a garden scene, by Watteau; 'The Swing,' by Lancret; a few fine portraits, a pair of companion pictures by Moucheron, with figures by Vandevelde; another pair by Fragonard, and a portrait of Madame de Pompadour, attired in a white satin dress, by Boucher. One, portrait of Marie Antoinette, by Drouais, is interesting from its subject. She is depicted as quite a young girl of seventeen, with features scarcely yet formed. There is a miniature of her in later life, dressed as a shepherdess, No. 348, and seated with roses in her lap, a curious irony upon her future fate. A bust of this ill-fated queen, in the same collection, displays her features more as we are accustomed to recognise them. Nos. 12 and 14 are two very excellent water-colour drawings by Turner. In the first, 'Old London Bridge,' the artist has drawn his figures well, and they contrast favourably in this respect with those in 'The Hoe, Plymouth,' where they are treated more as blots of colour than anything else. No. 8 is a slight but effective sketch in chalk of 'Gore House by Moonlight,' by Sir Edwin Landseer, and executed when Lady Blessington was mistress of that now almost forgotten mansion. The same painter has also a picture of this lady's favourite dog here, No. 60. No. 17 is a fine quiet sunset, by Copley Fielding. A 'Rustic Landscape,' No. 25, is a fair specimen of P. Nasmyth's detailed and careful manner. The two Linnells shown here compare well with those in the Royal Academy exhibition; the little one, called 'The Drove going Home,' is very rich and glowing, and is to be preferred to the larger one, No. 67, 'The Harvest Moon,' where that orb is just a little aggravatingly central in the composition. In a

No. 5.—Chiming Clock with Tortoiseshell Case (No. 621).

corner of the second room we have a 'Madonna and Child,' by Carlo Crivelli, whose quaint and wonderfully rich picture of

the 'Annunciation' in the National Gallery naturally interests us exceedingly in any other work by the same hand. This is but a small picture on panel. The Child is clasping an apple in his arms, and is in his turn tenderly embraced by the Virgin. Her robe is very curiously painted, having on it an embossed pattern.

A true love of Art is the dominant characteristic of this collection, and in nothing is it more conspicuously seen than in the number of fine enamels which Mr. Jones has so successfully amassed. The art of enamelling is a very ancient one; it was certainly practised in remote ages by the Egyptians, and by them probably passed on to the Greeks. Even in the dark ages its use was not unknown, and in mediæval times it was much resorted to for all kinds of ecclesiastical work; but the greatest development and the fullest perfection of the art was undoubtedly reached in France in the seventeenth century. Enamels are prepared in three different ways, all the older kinds being fused into small compartments or spaces in metal, forming cloisonné or champ-levé work.

All the finest enamels in the Jones Collection are by the process where the metal only serves as a ground for the work in the same way as a canvas does for oil painting; but there are excellent examples of cloisonné and champ-levé work to be found in the South Kensington Museum. One specially beautiful cup in Mr. Jones's collection, No. 434, which is signed "J. Court dit Vigier," a celebrated Limoges enameller in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and by whom there are only five other known signed pieces, is a very fine specimen of

No. 6.—Gros Bleu Sèvres Vase (*No.* 206).

No. 7.—Gros Bleu Sèvres Oviform Vase (*No.* 190).

enamel. It is in grisaille, the subjects delineated being "The Gathering of the Manna" and "The Destruction of Pharaoh's Host in the Red Sea." No. 422, two salt-cellars, and another salt-cellar, No. 423, the latter probably of Italian work, are also deservedly admired.

We must now pass on to the consideration of those specimens of which we have been able to secure illustrations, and which will, we hope, serve to present to our readers a fair idea of the richness and beauty of the collection. We have endeavoured to select fine typical examples of as many of the different groups as possible, and we shall, in describing these objects, necessarily be compelled to depart somewhat from the plan we proposed of the examination of the collection under separate classes. We have engraved on page 124 the mahogany commode, No. 690, heavily mounted with chased ormoulu. The mounts, which are probably by Caffieri, are in parts brought forward into such bold relief as to serve as handles to the drawers. The commode was a piece of furniture most characteristic of the period of Louis XV. It had almost invariably a marble top, and two or more deep, roomy drawers; the Breccia marble used for this specimen is of excellent quality. The mahogany is applied in the form of marquetry, and is so employed as to produce a simple pattern by the richness of the grain of the wood.

The work-table we have illustrated on page 125 is one of

the choicest historical pieces of furniture in the collection. It was given by Queen Marie Antoinette, along with the beautiful music-stand in a neighbouring case, No. 629, to Miss Eden in 1786. It bears the stamps of "Pafrat" and "M. Carlin," the makers. On the top is a circular plaque of Sèvres, tastefully painted with a basket of flowers, of which a separate engraving has been prepared. The lower drum, which rests on four fluted legs, has a divided lid, delicately inlaid with marquetry scroll work. The lid opens in halves with a spring and displays a fitted work-box. The ormoulu work is very finely chased, especially the festoons which surround the upper margin.

In the printed list of his Art treasures, Mr. Jones is credited with no less than six barometers, and some of them are admirable specimens of ormoulu work. Our engraving (No. 4) is taken from No. 646, which contains a pair of prettily painted Sèvres plaques with amorini in rose camaïeu. This instrument was made by Passemant.

The chiming clock, which bears an English maker's name, George Prior, and which presents evident signs of English workmanship in the design and execution of the mounts, No. 621, will be regarded with much interest as one of the few pieces of our native skill which Mr. Jones honoured with a place in his collection. We have engraved this clock on page 126, and our readers will, therefore, scarcely need a detailed description of it. The case is of tortoiseshell, with pierced ormoulu mounts over pink satin. The top is in the

No. 8.—Vase of Chelsea Porcelain, with Pastoral Scene (No. 224).

form of a dome, surmounted with a vase and flames. Above the dial, which is delicately enamelled, is a marine picture with moving ships.

Beyond its mere excellence from an Art point of view, the couvert illustrated on this page will command attention as

No. 9.—Silver-gilt Travelling Couvert (No. 504).

being also of English workmanship. It is stated, we know not on what authority, to have belonged to George IV. The hall-mark is of the year 1785. All the utensils can be fitted into the cup, so as to pack into small space for a journey. The chasing of the cup with scroll work and Cupids seems to be borrowed from an earlier example, and the forms appear rather clumsy for the end of the last century.

It is no easy task to select, among the numerous beautiful objects in Sèvres china, some two or three pieces for the purpose of illustration, especially when we cannot hope to convey more than a slight impression of their beauty without the use of colour. The vase No. 206 (No. 6) has a strange history: it was captured at the fall of Seringapatam in 1799, having doubtless been presented by the French Government to Tippoo Sultan. Mr. Jones purchased it many years ago at Christie's for £1,200. The group of Diana and a nymph, which forms the subject of the principal medallion, is charmingly painted. The other specimen of Sèvres, No. 190 (No. 7), formerly in the possession of Lord Pembroke, is painted with subjects from the history of Cupid and Psyche by Le Guay. The date letter is that for 1766. Our remaining illustration (No. 8) is of one of the best pieces of Chelsea, the vase No. 224, one of a pair, which in beauty of colour and excellence of painting will compare well with the finest examples of Sèvres. Unfortunately the forms of the Chelsea vases are far from satisfactory, and the handles are badly proportioned. These vases were brought from Russia. Mr. Jones had in all fourteen specimens of Chelsea porcelain, including examples of the highest quality.

G. R. REDGRAVE.

(To be continued.)

A NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

By an English Critic.

AFTER the late expression of opinion in the public press, both of London and elsewhere, it may fairly be taken for granted that no solution of the National Gallery question will be accepted as final, unless it includes the creation of a Gallery of British Art, as a distinct and separate institution. This can no more be doubted than can the desire and determination of the public to possess a National Gallery of the Old Masters worthy of the country. We have the means, and even within the four corners of this realm there is a sufficient number of the best works of the ancient schools to form the finest gallery in Europe. These works, whether by gift or purchase, must necessarily gravitate towards Trafalgar Square; for we cannot believe that the apathy in this direction, by which the authorities of the gallery (or rather, perhaps, of the Government) have been stricken, will longer be continued. But besides the collection of the Old Masters, representing the Art which the general voice of cultivated communities has accepted as the standard of taste, every nation having a school of native Art is always willing to admit that its claims to distinction deserve recognition. A nation is naturally proud of its Art, representing as it does one of the most striking evidences of its intellectual activity. It is, or ought to be, the clearest reflex of its highest aspiration, the fine flower of its cultivation, the index to the understanding of its noblest ideals. Now, whatever may be the value of English painting as compared with the work of foreign schools, either ancient or modern, no one can deny that it possesses the quality of individuality. From its rise with Hogarth, on to the contents of the exhibitions of the current year, the English school may at least claim the merit of having been essentially national. Depreciating critics, from the standpoint of a lofty superiority, assert that it has been only too intensely national; forgetting that an Art which did not reflect some strongly marked phase of national life never attained enduring vitality. After all, the most telling quality is originality: it is the distinctive flavour that fixes attention. Hence the finest savour for Art, as for wit, is to be racy of the soil.

We, therefore, having had a continuous line of painters, representing the national thought and progress, should at least have some collection of their works, accessible to all, wherein this pictorial record of the past is set forth in chronological sequence. Considering our insular proclivities, we may not care to afford foreigners any gratuitous facilities for studying native Art; still, the same reasoning does not apply to our own population. The vast majority of the tax-payers of this, or any other country, can never hope to possess the means of purchasing a picture of even average merit, therefore all governments have recognised the claims of the less prosperous to participate in the enjoyment of Art. Indeed, not only is its refining influence a valuable auxiliary of government, but to a country whose prosperity is dependent on its commerce and manufacturing skill, any means for the advancement of public taste is cheaply purchased.

But it is not only the poor who derive pleasure and instruction from a National Gallery; even the greatest private fortune cannot command such a display of Art, as an ordered series, as is soon arrived at in a National Collection. Already we possess a sufficient number of English pictures to constitute the nucleus of a respectable gathering, only they are at present scattered over the metropolis. It has often been stated, both abroad and at home, that there is one department of pictorial art in which we have been unsurpassed. It might be supposed that this alone would have been sufficient to have secured its recognition by the authorities. Yet we find one portion of the national collection of water-colour art at South Kensington Museum, another at Trafalgar Square, and a third at the British Museum. United they would form a gallery which, whether for enjoyment or research, for the public or for students, would be simply invaluable. So too with our oil pictures; these, however, are only divided into two portions, in one of which there is no attempt at chronological arrangement, and in the other there is only the pretence of an attempt. For this, perhaps, small blame can be attributed to the directors: feeling any arrangement can only be temporary, they see the uselessness of attempting one on a scientific basis. Confused and overcrowded as are th rooms of both institutions, it must be remembered that th evil increases year by year.

There is, in the first instance—we are referring now to the division of modern Art—the annual addition of the Chantrey bequest; then, besides, there are the gifts and legacies of private individuals; and, lastly, the occasional purchases of the Government. The second of these sources of addition, it is known from experience, would be largely increased if the nation only built rooms for the reception of the donations of patriotic lovers of Art. To show that the notion of a National Gallery of British Art is no new idea, one has only to refer back to the words of the Chantrey bequest (page 16), wherein the distinguished sculptor expressly sets forth his desire that the nation will erect a building for the reception of native Art. In those countries where the question of the arrangement of museums has been most profoundly studied, this system has already been adopted. And we commend those who have any doubts on the subject to go and study the question on the spot, certain that they will return strongly advocating the separation. We all must believe that the Government is at last in earnest in its endeavours to satisfy the legitimate demands of the public; therefore, for its own sake, we must point out the impolicy of bringing forward a scheme consisting of mere palliatives for the relief of present pressure. There is nothing so expensive in the end as doing things by halves; and in this instance the rule is especially binding, for what was merely provisional would have to be destroyed and done over again in the future. On the other hand, if, mastering the knowledge of modern requirements, and taking heed of the best foreign practice, the Government, by a wise liberality, places our Art museums on such a basis that they may both minister to public enjoyment and promote the growth of an understanding of Art, it will not only remove a source of constant irritation, but earn for itself a wide measure of popularity.

EXHIBITIONS, ART NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OLD MASTERS EXHIBITION.—We remarked last year on the fact that these exhibitions had generally been distinguished by some special feature. This year's exhibition furnishes another notable example; indeed, there may be said to be two special features, for the works of John Linnell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti are as the poles asunder. They, however, have been fully dealt with in previous numbers of this Journal, and we only propose here to give a very short summary of the miscellaneous portion of the exhibition contained in Galleries III. and IV. This year there are no examples of the very early schools of painting. Perhaps it was thought that their admirers would find compensation in the rooms devoted to Rossetti's works. The only distinctly quaint production is the 'St. Jerome in the Desert,' by Marco Basaiti (173), belonging to Mr. Edward Kennard. Basaiti is said to have been influenced first by Vivarini, and afterwards by Bellini; if so, this picture must belong to his earlier period, as there is little affinity between it and the beautiful examples of Bellini (183 and 198), lent by Lady Audley and the National Gallery of Ireland. In this latter picture Giorgione is supposed to have had a share, his name, together with those of the persons supposed to be represented—the poets Beazzano and Navagero—being inscribed on the back of the panel. It is probable, however, that this inscription is not older than the time of Cardinal Fesch, to whom the picture belonged. It was brought to Paris after his sale by M. Aguado, and subsequently became the property of Count Pourtales, who presented it to Paul Delaroche, after whose death it was purchased by M. Auguiot, of Paris, and from him bought for the Irish National Gallery in 1867. The same National Gallery—which again follows the admirable course adopted by it last year of contributing to these exhibitions—also lends a superb example of Jan Steen, 'The Village School' (249), in which, though the figures are on a much larger scale than we are accustomed to associate with this artist's manner, nothing is wanting of the other qualities for which he is famous; composition, colouring, and minuteness of execution, together with a rare sense of fun, are as marked as in any of his smaller works. Returning to the Italian masters, the superb portrait of a lady by Titian (191), lent by Mr. G. F. Wilbraham, claims our unqualified admiration. A more beautiful picture has seldom been seen in these exhibitions. It is called in the catalogue a portrait of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus; the owner, we believe, gives it the title of Titian's daughter, but the only daughter Titian is known to have had died at a very early age. Whoever the lady may be, her beauty quite deserved to be handed down to posterity in this masterpiece, of which, by the way, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle make no mention in their Life of Titian. The only other Italian pictures to be specially noticed are the two Tintorettos, bought at the sale of the Hamilton Collection; one the portrait of a Venetian Admiral (180), now belonging to Mr. Bingham Mildmay, and the other, 'Moses Striking the Rock' (192), to Mr. C. Butler; and Sir Tatton Sykes's fine Perugino (188), of which an interesting account is given in the catalogue. The two Nicholas Poussins (181, 194), lent by Mr. E. W. Harcourt, M.P., are fine decorative pictures. Critics should beware how they speak of the former, for Rebecca, Countess Harcourt, writing to her son, Viscount Nuneham, in 1855, says: "It is esteemed by the best judges to be a capital picture, for those who are not so, Reynolds says, would not like it." Several of the Van Dyck portraits are extremely interesting, but the most striking as a picture is the full length of the Marchese Spinola (201), not the famous general of that name, lent by the Duke of Portland. Though not so strongly represented as in some former years, the Dutch school is here credited with a few very fine examples. In addition to the large Jan Steen already spoken of, the one lent by Her Majesty, 'Card Playing' (245), is a beautiful specimen of his more familiar manner, and shows all his accustomed finish and *savoir faire*. From Buckingham Palace come, too, a 'Landscape with Figures,' (246), by Hobbema, and 'Milking' (257), by Paul Potter; the latter, which has been engraved by W. Greatbach under the title of 'The Milkmaid,' is a capital picture; the action of the cock striding away in the utmost alarm is inimitable. The greatest of the Dutchmen, Rembrandt, is represented by three specimens, the high merit of which is as undoubted as their subjects are unattractive. The best of the three is the one (235) belonging to Sir H. St. John Mildmay, showing the head and bare shoulders and arms of a typical Dutch *vrouw*. The other two, which deal with Biblical subjects, 'Daniel's Vision' (234), and 'Susannah and the Elders' (236), belong to Sir Edmund Lechmere. Of the earlier English painters there is only one specimen, lent by Mr. Anderdon Weston, 'Portrait of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland' (224), by Henry Stone, known as "Old Stone," the painter, no doubt, of many of the family portraits now ascribed to Van Dyck. Sir Joshua is, as usual, well represented both in numbers and quality, the Earl of Normanton contributing no less than eight of the twenty-two ascribed to the great President. Among them are his own portrait (207); a 'Boy Reading' (221), a splendid specimen of his early work; five of the figures in the design for the New College window (166–170); and a charming portrait of Miss Elizabeth Beauclerk as Una (222). The likeness of this lady's mother, Lady Di Beauclerk (164), is lent by Colonel Alldridge. Lady Di herself was no mean artist. Horace Walpole says of her portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was engraved by Bartolozzi, "What should I go to the Academy for? I shall see no such *chefs-d'œuvre* there." But he would have seen at least one, for Gainsborough's famous portrait of the same duchess was in the exhibition that year. The most important of the pictures by the last-named artist in this exhibition are the portraits of the Duchess of Cumberland (206), belonging to Lord Wenlock, of Lady Margaret Lindsay (208), belonging to the Earl of Crawford, and of Speaker Cornewall (219), commemorated in the "Rolliad," contributed by Sir G. H. Cornewall. This gentleman also lends a very charming portrait of two children by Romney (281), who is also represented by the portraits of Miss Ramus (278), and Miss Benedetta Ramus (282), both the property of Mr. W. H. Smith. The examples of Stodhart and Morland are unimportant, but Turner is in force with three beautiful works, the palm among which must be assigned to Mr. W. Agnew's 'Fishermen on a Lee Shore' (214).

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.—On January 30th Mr. R. W. Macbeth and Mr. E. J. Gregory were elected Associates. These, with the elections noticed last month, render the roll of the Academy complete except one Academician. We therefore take the opportunity of analyzing the list.

The *genre* painters number 42 against 40 last year, and 42 in 1881.

Three *portrait* and four *animal* painters are the same as in the two past years.

Landscape painting is represented by 7 members as compared with 6 in 1882 and 7 in 1881: a number far too small to be fairly representative.

There are now 8 *sculptors*, Mr. Brock taking the place of the late Mr. Stephens.

Five *architects* are the same as in the two previous years.

The *engravers* now number 4 against 3 in 1882 and 1881.

More than the ordinary amount of criticism will be raised respecting the recent elections. The majority of them have most assuredly been brought about by what is known as the St. John's Wood School voting solidly. The strength of this section of the Academic body being now augmented by the accession of Messrs. Holl, Macbeth, and Gregory, will probably be of sufficient numerical strength to carry their nominees at every election at which the other parties are not unanimous. It is certain that to the majority of that party the election of Messrs. Macbeth and Gregory will not be palatable. Both are secessionists from the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Mr. Edward J. Gregory first exhibited there in 1875, but none of his work, except portraits, has ever been seen there. The picture by which he made a name has never been publicly exhibited. Representing, as it did, a jaded couple in the unhealthy light of a ball-room, it aimed at nothing more than the successful portrayal of dissipated humanity. In this it was eminently successful. The strength of Mr. Gregory's work was perhaps best seen in a portrait, which also lacked refinement, of a lady, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. That he can paint delicately if he chooses has been rendered evident by some delightful studies in landscape recently exhibited. As Mr. Gregory spent some considerable time in Italy last year, we shall look with interest for his productions this spring.

Mr. Robert William Macbeth is only a year or two senior in age to Mr. Gregory, and is still a young man, having been born in 1848. His pictures have always attracted attention. He is probably the most strongly influenced scholar of Frederick Walker that we now have; but, unlike that artist, his vocation in life seems to be a portrayal of the hopelessness rather than the ideality of pastoral life. Mr. Macbeth is also a water-colour painter and an etcher.

A curious fact has been mentioned in connection with Mr. Leader's election—namely, that twenty years ago he obtained the same number of votes as carried him in last January.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—We are glad to hear that the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition will, notwithstanding a rumour to the contrary, be held as usual this spring.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The portrait of Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, 1801–18, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has been added to the collection. The picture was recently removed from the Rolls Court, which has now ceased to exist.

MESSRS. GLADWELL'S CITY GALLERY.—The appropriate picture, 'The Lord Mayor's Banquet,' has been on exhibition here. It is painted by Mons. Marie, and has proved popular amongst our City magnates.

LIVERPOOL.—*The Works of "Phiz."*—Although the works of the talented humorist, the late Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz," are familiar to the public through the medium of illustrated books and periodicals, comparatively few are aware of the extent and variety of his productions, and the wide range of his powers as an artist, as shown in the collection of his works now on view at the Liverpool Art Club. In the six hundred sketches, drawings, oil paintings, and etchings which the Art Club Committee have brought together, there is abundant evidence of his varied gifts, his fertility of invention, his marked originality, and his keen sense of humour. The collections of noblemen and others in the country have been put under contribution to form, with a large number of works the property of his family, an exhibition unique in its character and of surpassing interest to all who can admire real genius. In this exhibition are shown examples of a more ambitious character than his sketches, as seen in periodicals, would lead us to expect from him; notably a large picture in oil, 'Les trois Vifs, et les trois Morts,' and in water colours charming studies of female heads and other subjects, treated some with masterly boldness and others with graceful delicacy of touch. In a short notice it is impossible to do justice to the beauty and variety of the works displayed in this exhibition, which it is to be hoped will find a larger circle of admirers by being translated for a time to the Metropolis.—The Arts Committee have purchased for the Walker Art Gallery an important water-colour drawing of sheep-washing in Cheshire, by Mr. John Pedder. The gallery has also been further enriched by the gift of a charming interior by F. Mazzotta, presented by William Preston, Esq.

MANCHESTER.—The Art Gallery Committee have recently acquired, partly by subscription and partly out of the City rates, the very fine picture by the late Cecil Lawson entitled 'The Minister's Garden,' thus inaugurating their purchase of works for the permanent gallery.—After a service of twenty-one years Mr. William J. Muckley has resigned his position as head master of the school of Art.—The Manchester Athenæum Graphic Club has recently held its annual exhibition of works by members. The number of works exhibited was larger than usual, but the quality hardly so good.

LEEDS.—The seventh exhibition of the Fine Art Society, consisting chiefly of a loan collection of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, drawings in black and white, and art needlework, which was opened on November 28th, closed on February 3rd. These exhibitions may not be continued, as they have been pecuniarily unsuccessful.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The artists and Art lovers of the district have recently formed a Bewick Club, which has proved more than ordinarily successful. Over fifty members and associates are already enrolled. The club is an Art society rendering special honour to the famous wood-engraver.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—Mr. W. D. Mackay, A.R.S.A., landscape painter, was elected an Academician on February 10th. It is to be noted that landscape painting is at present very strongly represented in the Scottish Academy. The annual exhibition opened on February 17th. We give an illustrated notice of the chief works at page 111.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE very sudden and unexpected death of Gustave Doré has made a profound impression in Parisian Art circles, where this distinguished artist had many friends. Being not only a painter both in oils and water colours, but a sculptor, and, above all, a designer of extraordinary fertility, he had made trial of all branches of Art; and though perhaps his attempts were not always quite happy ones, they all bear traces of his extraordinary power of improvisation. It is true his pictures leave something to be desired as regards colouring and execution, his statues do not bear the stamp of the really great sculptor, and, in a word, his manifold works exhibit now and again the defects of an imperfect education; but, on the other hand, it is impossible not to admire the wonderful productive powers of the designer who, amid the incessant labour of his various undertakings, managed to illustrate such a number of beautiful books, and lavished the products of an apparently inexhaustible imagination on a thousand different subjects. Doré died while still young, stricken down in the pride of energy and talent.

The recently opened Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is as brilliant and fashionably attended as usual. Amongst other things it contains the rough sketches drawn by MM. Detaille and de Neuville for their panorama of the battle of Champigny; the water colours by James Tissot, a recruit to the society, though well known in England; those by Le Blant, the painter of the 'Chouamierié'; the pretty Spanish pieces by Worms; some excellent fishing scenes by Mme. Madeleine Lemaire; an enchanting face by Maurice Leloir; the large flower panels by Duez; and the curious contribution from the Baroness Rothschild; besides the exhibits of Vibert, Bastien Lepage, and Louis Leloir.

Several of the above-named painters appear again at the exhibition in the Place Vendôme, and at that of the Institut Volney. On the left bank of the Seine the Lehmann exhibition, got up for the benefit of the Association of Artists, Painters, and Sculptors, attracts few people to the École des Beaux Arts. The paintings there are cold and correct, even to stiffness; certainly not of a kind to generate enthusiasm. There is another exhibition which, though unpretending and not much frequented, is decidedly interesting—that of the works of the marine painter Eugène Boudin, at No. 9, Boulevard de la Madeleine, close by the Water Colour Society.

The following are the dates fixed for sending in works to the next annual exhibition of "The Salon," to be held at the Palais de l'Industrie from the 1st of May to the 20th of June.

1. Paintings, designs, water colours, paintings on glass and porcelain, etc., from the 5th to the 15th of March; award of the jury, 17th of March.

2. Sculptures, medallions, and engravings on precious stones, from the 21st of March to the 10th of April inclusive; award of the jury, 11th of April.

3. Architecture, engraving, and lithography, from the 2nd to the 5th of April; award of the jury, 6th of April.

As we are on the subject of coming exhibitions we may mention the one now being got up by the celebrated historian, Henri Martin. It will contain all sorts of things—stamps, book illustrations, engravings, portraits, crayons, pictures, bronzes, medals, manuscripts, old editions, etc., all relating to Jean Jacques Rousseau, and will be held in the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris, in the Champs Elysées, the object being to supply a fund in aid of the monument it is intended to erect to the great writer.

The Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs, which is very properly exerting itself to restore the lofty traditions of the eighteenth century, has just requested from the Municipality of Paris the concession of a site in the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, whereon to plant its museum, in the very centre of the populous quarters, and of the art and furniture industries.

In conclusion, we may inform our readers that during April it is intended to open a national portrait exhibition like the one held in the Trocadéro at the time of the Exposition Universelle, in 1878. The former exhibition only went up to the French Revolution, but this will be continued to the present time. There seems no reason to doubt that the promised exhibition will achieve the same well-merited success as was accorded by the public to its predecessor.

REVIEWS.

"CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN. An account of the Restoration of the Fabric by George Edmund Street, R.A.; with an Historical Sketch of the Cathedral by Edward Seymour, and a Dedication by Sir Theodore Martin" (Sutton, Sharpe, & Co.).—This volume is designed, the well-written preface tells us, as "a fitting record of what has been achieved by a remarkable combination of generosity with the highest architectural skill;" that is to say, of Mr. Street's masterly restoration of the ancient Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Dublin, at the sole charge of Mr. Henry Roe, who, with almost unexampled generosity, literally placed no limit to the cost of this pious work, "a thank-offering to the Great Head of the Church for mercies received." And this book is, it must be owned, worthy in every way of the acceptance of the munificent benefactor to whom it is dedicated. The account of the Cathedral from its earliest foundation is most interesting, and shows a complete acquaintance with the subject in all its aspects. The account of the actual work of restoring the Cathedral to more than its pristine magnificence has, apart from its great merits, an extrinsic and melancholy interest as being the latest lines penned by the architect. It is an evidence of the vigour of his mind to the very last; and is so clear and eloquent an exposition of the principles which should actuate and guide all church restorers, that we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that it may be reprinted in a form which may secure a hearing in quarters which so costly a book, as the one under notice, cannot be expected to reach.

"RECHERCHES SUR LES COLLECTIONS DES RICHELIEUS." E. Bonnaffé (Plon, Paris).—This interesting volume gives a sketch of the history of the famous Art collections of Cardinal Richelieu and his heirs. Richelieu was, indeed, the first great connoisseur in France. M. Bonnaffé has spared no pains to ascertain where these Art treasures now are; and not the least curious of the copious appendices is that of the date "le 4 vendémiaire an IX.," when the Republic drew up a list of the statuary in the Château de Richelieu, giving estimations of their value

"JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER: An Autobiography." Edited by J. Smiles, LL.D. (Murray).—Though the life of an engineer, this book possesses much interest for readers of this Journal, on account of its many stories connected with Nasmyth's family. He is the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the celebrated Scottish landscape painter, and he relates numerous incidents of his father's life hitherto unpublished.

AN OLD HANSE-TOWN.

ENGRAVED BORDERS.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY, or nearly so, with the introduction of title-headings and tail-pieces, to which we devoted an article recently (see p. 58), printers began the use of engraved borders or frames entirely surrounding the margin of the page. In that paper we drew attention more particularly to the works of the *petits-maîtres* and of Holbein, to whom the printer is so largely indebted for some of the best book ornaments we possess. We now present our readers with a fac-simile of a border, which is attributed to Holbein, and is known as the "Dance of Peasants." We have taken this border from a curious old Danish History by Saxo, dated 1534, printed at Basle by J. Bebel. This is the second edition of the work in question, the first having been printed at Paris, by J. Badius, in 1513. Beyond the mere antiquarian interest which attaches itself to both of these editions of a very rare and valuable old book, is the fact, which must attract the special attention of English readers, namely, that it is recorded that Shakespeare was indebted to Saxo for the plot of his most famous play of *Hamlet*. On pages 26 *et seq.* of the third book, we find the story of the immortal Prince of Denmark, narrated with many of the chief incidents which Shakespeare has so ably woven into his tragedy.

The circumstances under which Holbein was led to turn his attention to book illustration are not far to seek. At the time of his arrival in Basle, which can be fixed with tolerable precision in the year 1516, the renowned printer, John Froben, or Frobenius, was at the summit of his reputation, and he soon became aware of the skill of Holbein as a draughtsman, and turned his talents to account, not only as an illustrator of many of his books, but also in the preparation of the initial-letters and title-pages, with which they are often copiously embellished. Of the former, three sets are with some degree of certainty ascribed to this artist, and of the latter, more than one bears the name or the initials of Hans Holbein. He undoubtedly furnished the illustrations to several of

the works of Erasmus, printed by Froben; and after Erasmus settled in Basle in 1521, the artist and the commentator became warm friends. Whether or not Holbein engraved as well as designed the illustrations in question is a matter of secondary importance, but we are inclined to think that the evidences of his skill as a wood engraver are by no means satisfactory. We have been unable to trace the work in which the "Dance of Peasants" was first used. Wornum, in his life of Holbein, engraves a fragment of this border from the dedicatory cut in the "Opuscula" of Plutarch, published by Cratender at Basle, in 1530, together with several other head-pieces and friezes in that book, all of which he attributes to Holbein. We think, from the manner in which the ends are joined, that this border was designed for some larger work, and that a portion has been omitted to fit the page, as given in Saxo's history. With the exception of some fine initials, which may also have been designed by Holbein, there is nothing else which calls for attention in Saxo's book.

We have endeavoured to ascertain when and where wood blocks were first employed to form ornamental borders round the printing, and we think that among the earliest instances of their use in this way was in the second volume of Appian's History, printed at Venice, in 1477, by Bernardus Pictor and Erhardus Ratdolt. In this book a very finely designed border, in red ink, surrounds three sides of the first page.

The *livres d'heures* of the early French printers are remarkable for the excellence of their engraved borders; and, stimulated as they were by the beautiful illuminated missals which served as their models, the printers at the latter end of the fifteenth century produced some of the finest borders we possess. Among the earliest of these works in which wood engravings were thus employed are the "Heures" of Antoine Vérard, of Paris, under date of 1488. Each page of this book is surrounded by a broad margin of delicately executed subjects in outline, from the life of the Virgin; and the excellence of the workmanship shows how rapidly the printers had learned to appreciate and utilise the labours of the wood engraver.

The fashion of surrounding the Prayer-books with engraved margins lingered long after the Reformation, and our first English "Booke of Christian Prayers," the predecessor of our "Book of Common Prayer," known as Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book, has each of its pages surrounded with most interesting woodcuts. The date of our copy of this work is 1581. It was printed by "John Daye, dwellyng ouer Aldersgate." There are some three or four distinct sets of borders employed in it; one of the best of these is the series from the "Dance of Death" which surrounds the Litany. There is also a series of small marginal pictures from the Life and Passion of our Lord, and a well-designed set of large female figures, emblematical of the Christian virtues. We have not verified the sources from which Daye obtained these different blocks; some of them were doubtless prepared for this work, and the quaint descriptive couplets under the "Dance of Death" series, of which there are no less than seventy-six different subjects, beginning with 'The Emperor,' and ending with 'The Foole,' would well merit quotation. 'The Printers' have two devices; under one is, "Leaue setting thy page: Spent is thine age;" under the other, "Let printing stay: And come away." To the 'Serjeant-at-Law' Death says, "Leaue the Lawes: And heare my cause;" and to the 'Attorney,' "Plead as thou lust: With me thou must." The figures of 'Loue,' 'Fayth,' 'Humilitie,' etc., are carefully and ably drawn, and show the influence of the German school. Daye, from whom we have this Prayer-book, must always be gratefully remembered for the many important improvements he introduced into his art. He was probably the most prolific English printer of the sixteenth century.

G. R. REDGRAVE.

THE NEMESIS OF ART; OR, A PHILISTINE LECTURE.

IN the last few years we have had so many panegyrics upon the power and desirability of Art that it is perhaps worth while to inquire whether there is not something to be said on the opposite side, and whether Art may not have a Nemesis as well as Faith. We have to pay a price for most good things; what is the price we have to pay for this, which the world is beginning to think is the most desirable of all? Will not even Art, if pushed to an extreme, bring special dangers as bad as any of those which existed in the old days of Philistinism? May we not spoil our life in cultivating our Art, equally as by neglecting its cultivation? I have glanced at these questions in the following essay, which is intentionally one-sided. Much can be said for the more popular view, but what I have attempted to do, is to show that there are two sides to the question; that the due relation of Art to life is, like most fit relations, difficult to preserve, difficult even to rightly understand.

For it must be noticed that it is chiefly with Art as an aid to life that we have to deal, and we must not lose sight of the end in cultivating the means. Mankind are somewhat like Devonshire tourists wandering down pleasant lanes in which the high straggly hedges shut out the surrounding country; we see only the truth before us. The success at which we aim means but too generally, for life itself, failure. The getting is incompatible with the enjoying; the doing is incompatible with the thinking; the prosecution of high ideas is incompatible with full toleration of the facts of every-day life; the pursuit, in short, of any object with great earnestness is incompatible with a true estimate of its worth, or a right use and enjoyment of it when obtained. Unless a man resigns himself to being the "simplest expression of a failure," he is almost bound to spend his energies in some "Devonshire lane" of thought or action, bound to have the "Cui bono" asked him without hope of answer by himself or others. Whether we spend our life in the painting of ceilings or the killing of savages, one result only is certain—the days are spent, and from the point of view of the philosopher, the deeds are almost equally useful and useless. It takes "people of all sorts" to make a world, as it does to make a pin, and in the economy of the universe, the "soldier" and the "thief" are probably as necessary as the "'pothecary" and the "ploughboy." From the personal point of view, however,

each man imagines his own to be the chief function, and to that end depreciates his neighbour's worth in the social economy. The special nostrums for life are almost as numerous as the cures for neuralgia, and about as efficacious; and the latest that has been prepared for the moral and material regeneration of society is Art. The poor old world, hypochondriacal as ever, after running about for six thousand years from one physician to another, seeking for some remedy for its restlessness and its heart-hunger, is still crying, with Oliver Twist-like pertinacity, "for more," and her latest specific is that of Art. Her moralists and wise men are now solemnly sitting in judgment upon this poor rustic maiden, ignorantly suspected of witchcraft, and, like James I., will soon proceed to boil her, "in order that," as Victor Hugo says, "by tasting the broth they may say 'This was a witch,' or 'was not.'" For both those who attack and those who defend Art are beginning to do so on high intellectual and moral grounds, and we are seriously asked to believe that she is capable of making the body healthy, the spirit holy, and the intellect keen. Alas! what is this but the old disease in a new shape, the latest form of Abracadabra for the salvation of humanity? War and philosophy and religion have each had their turn at the great problem, and now poor little Art, with her dainty limbs and wondering blue eyes, lost in vague dreams of the beautiful, is seriously set down at the examiner's table, given half a sheet of paper, and asked to write clearly all she knows on the question. No wonder the poor girl is bewildered, feels half inclined to cry, half to run away. Can we not fancy her saying to her judges, "Kind sirs, I meant no harm. I never tried to do more than please folks. The world is very fair and yet very sad, and in both its sadness and its beauty I feel a sympathy. And what I feel I try to show you. But that is all. If you come to me wearied with the struggle of life, I will meet you with pictures of a fair world, in which even sorrow is beautiful, and wherein even trivial actions of daily life shall shine brightly. But I have no formula for this, and can give you none. I can help you to rest, but not to act. I can refresh you after the fight, not arm you for it."

Would not the little maiden be right did she speak thus? For it is "breaking a butterfly upon the wheel" to demand help and strength from Art. We must bring them to her. For the truth of the matter is this, that, like philosophy, or science, or literature, Art is not an indispensable to life, only a fair addition thereto: it is an "extra" in the world's school. We cannot live by Art alone more than "by bread;" its rules are only applicable to its own practices; and to live *for* Art is scarcely more permissible than to live for eating. The whole question is one of proportion, and it is against the forgetting of this proportion that I am writing. A thousand Botticellis will not cure one pang of the toothache, nor the possession of half-a-dozen Turners make a man a better citizen. Painters are more simple-minded, but scarcely more virtuous, than their neighbours; and in the ranks of music, the voice of an angel goes not altogether unfrequently with the temper of a fiend. The truth lies between those who deny and those who assert the influence of Art, for, like most things mortal, it is neither weak nor strong, good nor bad, save in combination with alien elements. Let us take an example. Much of the pre-Raphaelite art, both in painting and poetry, is enervating in its influence, owing to the deliberate rejection, in its representations of life, of energy, freshness, and what may be called the unselfish emotions; and it is matter of experience that much indulgence in Art of this kind fosters a corresponding unhealthiness of feeling, languid yet intense, emotional but undefined; and, in fact, while giving great pleasure to its admirers, does so in such a way as rather to injure their characters and depress their energies. On the other hand, a hard-working little actress told us once, that it was her custom to turn in to the National Gallery on her way back from "rehearsal" when she was very tired, and sit in one of the rooms devoted to old Italian painting—"It seems to rest me, somehow!"

In both such cases there is, no doubt, a definite moral effect of gain and loss, but any such result is curiously exceptional. In the course of many years' experience of pictures and their admirers, I have come to the conclusion that the vast majority of persons who look at pictures, even including those who possess them, are absolutely uninfluenced by them in any way whatsoever. And when there does come a nature which feels the influence and beauty of Art, there comes, too, from the moralist's point of view, the danger that over-indulgence of its appreciation renders the crudenesses, vulgarities, and coarseness of the every-day world more than ordinarily intolerable. Strength to appreciate and rejoice in the beauty, and yet hold it with a grasp of iron in due subordination to the more important ends of life, is rare indeed. For what is this but saying that it is rare to find any nature which can at once enjoy to the uttermost while it refrains from excess. What is needed most is to try and establish some *modus vivendi* between the beauty of Art, and the every-day needs and actions of the world. We want to be shown beauty in what we are and in what we do, rather than to be thought to seek it in alien spheres of life, thought, and action. We want, in fact, an Art which shall be suitable for dark days and rough winds, but which shall also show us heedfully every rift in the clouds through which we may catch a glimpse of Heaven.

Such an Art, too, may be ours, if only we keep a clear sight of the subordination in which it should stand to life itself; for unless this is done our loss will be greater than our gain. For the great mass of mankind it is necessary to be strong men and women first, and artistic men and women afterwards. If the cultivation of our artistic faculties is to result in the decrease of our sympathies and the loosening of all the ties that bind us to the common world, vulgar but necessary, in which we live, why then, in the name of all that's sensible, let Art "go hang," side by side with all else that cramps our life and thwarts our energies. And just now, when its influence is spreading so widely, seems an opportune time to inquire whether it will so fetter our actions, to say a few words from the adverse side of the question, and consider whether the changed way of looking at the subject which has lately obtained, and the changed needs and methods of life of those who make their living by the cultivation and study of Art, have not, in connection with our social life, their dangers as well as their benefits.

There is no doubt but that our English world thinks very differently on this subject to what it did when "George the Third was King." In every matter that affects life Art has now its say, and a very imperative "say" it is, and those who disregard its speech stand a good chance of being blamed, ridiculed, or pitied.

Architecture, furniture, manufactures of all kinds, literature, and even religion have been, to use a homely expression, "tarred with the same stick." And from the pieces at our theatres to the dresses of our women, Art, its professors and

its pupils, are everywhere. The popular conception of an artist has altered almost to an equal extent. In the old days he was regarded by the averagely respectable well-to-do citizen as a dweller in that outer darkness known as Bohemia, whose manners were rough, whose principles were shaky, and whose linen was doubtful. Popular imagination credited him with a shaggy beard and a short pipe, plunged his hands into the recesses of a paint-besmeared shooting-coat, made his boots clumsy and his trousers short. He was supposed to be an eccentric, half-responsible being, harmless in intention, but deteriorating as a comrade, constructed for the production of pictures, but by no means to be admitted into the domestic sanctuaries which his works adorned.

It is sufficient to state the above to see how radical is the alteration. The artist of to-day is in popular view almost the exact opposite of his predecessor. From being shunned he is courted; from being avoided he is run after. His coarseness has given place to a taste which is nothing if not over fastidious; his manners are copied from the sucking-dove rather than the lion. Homespun suits and short pipes no longer adorn his body or enliven his labours; but instead of the one he sports the finest broadcloth trimmed with the richest fur, and instead of the other his thin lips twine gracefully round the smallest of cigarettes. Listen to his speech, and the change is still more marked, for instead of the rough chirpiness and rougher complaining of old, we hear a fluent exposition of the eternal principles of æsthetics, or a discourse in which metaphysics, history, scholarship, and nonsense seem mixed up in almost equal proportions. His very habit of thought is different, he dwells in Bohemia no longer. With increasing power and favour have come increasing wants and desires. The old simplicity has been replaced by a luxury of life which would have been regarded with horror in former times. And (it is easy enough to see it at the Academy and elsewhere) wealth and consideration have reacted upon the artists upon whom they have fallen, and have taken their revenge by dulling their sensibilities to the level of those around them. The old separateness of life being gone, much of the old power has gone also. The artist, at all events the successful artist, has become Philistine or else ultra-extravagant. The artistic seed is something akin to that of the sower in the parable, and when it is dropped by the wayside, "the love of riches and the cares of this world," and all the other foul weeds of life, spring up and choke it.

But it is not of the artist that I desire to speak. He must "dree his weird," and probably reap the reward of excessive adulation in a succeeding period of excessive neglect. Unjustly ridiculed and looked down upon as he has been, it is no wonder that his present exaltation has proved too much for his self-control, and that he rides his little "cock-horse to Banbury Cross" and elsewhere, with somewhat too much assurance. But standing in mid-stream, and seeing Art—Art—Art—flow round me on every side, and feeling my foothold a little insecure, I want to inquire what is the goal to which all this force is drifting us—what shall we lose when we have been swept away with the current to the great ocean that lies beyond us? Already the land of Philistia is growing faint in the distance, and seems not so barren as we used to find it; surely there were pleasant resting-places there, which we shall pine for in Bohemia. We have had many a plea of late for Art "in court, in camp, in grove," in the house, the hospital, and the prison. Is there not a reverse to the medal? Can we not say a word for the old times when the Philistine reigned supreme? Or, at all events, is there not some price which we have to pay for all this progress, which should "give us pause," ere we burn our ships and build our waggons? Even for sheer variety's sake it will be pleasant to vary the pæan which has of late been sung before the temple of Art, to send a cold draught of common sense through the half-open door, and make the flame flicker upon the altar, and the high priests shiver in their classic drapery.

A good deal may, we think, be said, from this point of view, on the Nemesis of Art—the price, mental, spiritual, and physical, which its devotees have to pay. But it is necessary to state again plainly that this argument is professedly one-sided, and only intended to be special pleading against all the special pleas of which we have of late had so many.

Now the love of Art, which for the present purpose may be taken as meaning the love of beauty in the daily surroundings of life, is no doubt a source of much and very pure enjoyment; and in the commencement it comes to us almost like a revelation of a new world. Meanings and admirable qualities never before suspected seem to lie hid in the simplest things: the colour of a flower, the form of a bough, the fleeting hues of cloud or river, are sufficient to fill us with a pleasure so keen that we are afraid to acknowledge its intensity even to ourselves. The first draught of alcohol, the first whiff of tobacco, are commonly unpleasant to the recipient; nature holds up her danger-flag for those who care to see it. But the first draught of Art is always a draught of rapture as keen as it is inexplicable and incommunicable. In the upshot, however, there is some analogy between the confirmed smoker, the confirmed drunkard, the confirmed lover of Art. All three have acquired a habit without which they cannot live, or at all events cannot enjoy life, and which cramps or colours all their actions. Let a man's love for Art once pass certain bounds, very difficult to define but very easy to overstep, and his views of life, of the relative importance of human actions, characters, and events, become warped, feeble, and uncertain. He loses his grip upon the world as it is, upon the motives and the meanings of his fellow-creatures. More and more is he prone to eliminate from his surroundings all that offends his taste or jars upon his sensibilities. And as the majority of tastes must always be inferior to his own, and the majority of sensibilities less responsive to the slightest influence, there results a practical divorce between his inner self and that outer life which, as father, friend, or citizen, should be his. Nor does the evil stop at such a divorce, though if it did the result would be pitiful enough, for it frequently happens that to a life so guarded from what is coarse or vulgar, the clear sight of what is simply true and worthy becomes impossible.

It seems as if some admixture with the rough-and-ready crude motives of the work-a-day world was needed to preserve the due balance between the emotional and intellectual faculties. The cultivation of the æsthetic side of life exclusively or chiefly, blinds the eyes to the simple verities of life, and when the faculties are raised to their highest power of sensitiveness it too frequently results that they are used simply to minister to sterile fancies or morbid passions.

Beauty is in some ways like jam; not good for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and tea; a little now and then is best appreciated. Nor must it be spread too thickly upon our "staff of life," still less eaten alone. A little ugliness, despite Mr. Morris, is a desirable thing; desirable not in itself but for what it brings: for its connection with rough ugly deeds, and

A KENTISH RATCATCHER.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BY WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

motives which we cannot wholly disdain or ignore while we live in a world which is made tolerable to us not by angels and heroes, but men and women of imperfect nature like ourselves. I confess that there was to me a certain beauty in some ugly rooms that I remember in my childhood which was in a way inseparable from their ugliness. They represented the mixed good and bad taste of people I loved, and who seemed to me to be fitly represented by such an environment. One could trace little domestic histories in the pictures on the wall and the ornaments on the mantel-piece, even the chairs and tables had a special relation to the household. Think for a minute whether such ugliness is not more full of what really renders life beautiful than the most perfect room ever designed by an æsthetic decorator, in which personal feeling finds no place: for beauty is of many kinds, and exists in the heart and its sympathies, as well as in the pleasures of the eye. As one of our great writers once said, "Whoever saw an ugly woman look ugly when she had her baby in her arms?"

This is a great *crux* of the Art problem which yet remains to be solved: Can the æsthetic faculties be cultivated to their highest extent without a deterioration in general sympathy? So far as history tells us anything, it answers No; but the argument from history is an obscure one, the facts to be taken into account being in each case far too complicated and too numerous for any clear inference to be drawn therefrom. And as yet it is far too soon to judge what effect the Art revival of to-day will have upon the nation. That it will redeem us from some of the grosser vices is almost certain; the æsthete neither drinks, swears, nor smokes in immoderation; that it will refine our intellects is probable, though it will apparently tend to render them less virile and more morbid; but whether it will either invigorate our energies or expand our hearts I am very much disposed to doubt, unless it be restrained within very narrow limits. This is one side of the Nemesis of Art; it is the demon in his old disguise of an angel of light. We were coarse, brutal, and ignorant, devoid of love for beautiful form and colour, and cold to all perception of the loveliness of the world round us; and lo! Art comes and leads us "by many pleasant ways" to all these good things, and we lie down gratefully in her charmed flower garden; but how will it be if the rose garden is like that of Armida, and when we want to don our armour and go out to battle once more, we find our limbs too enervate for the burden they have to bear? We all know the sequel of the story, and of the knight's shameful death. "One must pay for everything," as the French proverb says, and it's worth while to count the cost in more matters than the building of a house. Art is good, no doubt, but life is better; and if when Art comes in at the door, true life must jump out of the window, then—well, we'd better keep the door shut.

The old æsthetic Bohemia was a pleasant land enough, full of jolly fellows whose requirements were simple, and who only cared to paint and live their own life in their own way, irrespective of (what they would have called) the duffers round them; neither very wise nor very witty, they were at least honest, and though they thought painting the best thing in the world, they did not wish to elevate it into a religion, and regulate by it their dress, their bed, their board.

But this new æsthetic Bohemia, which attacks us alike in closet and on housetop, which won't leave alone the dishes we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, or the women we love; which condemns our old-fashioned tastes as vulgar, and our old-fashioned amusements as coarse; which shrinks from sport with a shudder, and sneers at most games as brutalizing; which lives on the past and the future, or, indeed, anywhere but the present; and which, when it takes its pleasure, does it so sadly that we "can scarcely tell it from pain"—this is a land which may be fair, but it is with a fairness that is neither wholesome nor desirable. Said the old circus-master to the manufacturer Mr. Gradgrind, in Charles Dickens's "Hard Times,"—"Folks can't be allus a-reading, Thquire, nor yet allus a-learning; folks must be amuthed. Make the best of us, Thquire, and not the worst."

This speech contains a hint of the Nemesis that awaits Art if it refuses to ally itself with the practical life and needs of mankind, if it declines to allow "folks to be amuthed" at times in their own way. In this world everything cannot be beautiful, just as certainly as everything cannot be good, and Art, like science and literature, has bounds to its empire. Directly it seeks to change the conditions of life, to foster an exclusive sensibility, to cultivate a selfish indifference to the emotions, needs, wishes, and hopes of the majority, to live and to make others live an exotic, unnatural life, it becomes not the friend but the enemy of mankind, and the Nemesis that then awaits it is—extinction.

HARRY QUILTER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'A KENTISH RATCATCHER.' Fac-simile of a drawing by William Collins, R.A. The original of this plate, which is in the National Collection in the British Museum, is executed almost entirely in monochrome, but with a few touches of colour here and there. It is doubtless a study for a figure to be introduced into one of the large and popular pictures for which the painter was celebrated. It affords an excellent example of the artist's method of work, showing his decisiveness in using the pencil, with the dexterity of producing an effective sketch which comes of long-continued practice.

The life of William Collins, R.A., was written many years ago by his son, Wilkie Collins. The artist was born in Great Titchfield Street, London, on September 18th, 1788, his father being a native of Ireland. In 1807 he was entered as a student of the Royal Academy; seven years afterwards he was elected an Associate, and in 1820 an Academician. He painted many pictures of domestic interest, 'The Sale of the Pet Lamb' being one of his first most successful productions. Collins died on February 17th, 1847.

'THE YOUNG BRIDE.' Engraved by A. Lamotte, after Jules Joseph Lefebvre, is described on page 148.

'AN OLD HANSE TOWN.' Drawn and etched by Axel Herman Haig, is described on page 144.

VENICE AS PAINTED BY THE MODERNS.

THE City of the Hundred Isles resembles nature herself in her susceptibility to various interpretation by her students. Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, each has made the climate, the buildings, and the streets of sea its own by turns. There is an ideal Venice for the idealistic, and a Venice full of unexpected prose for the insistently naturalistic; a vague rosy Venice for Alfred de Musset and for painters who see with his eyes, and a crisp blue Venice for colder colourists. As is her scenery, so is her population. The most vulgar of Italian people—the only Italians, perhaps, to whom the word "slatternly," as distinct from "ragged" or "barbarous," can be rightly applied—their gay vulgarity escapes some kindly eyes, and calls forth a tolerant smile from more observant eyes which are not unkindly.

After Service. By Henry Woods, A.R.A.

To some spectators the Venetians are purely picturesque; as graceful as Tuscans, as vivacious as Genoese. To others they seem touched with the infelicitous untidiness of the North of Europe; but to these, too, they appear a fanciful race, given to effusions of the heart, and song, and all the shallow, facile poetry which is fostered by warmth of temperament and blood—by the Italian climate within the veins. All these Venices and all these Venetians are true. The magnanimous city leaves her lovers at liberty to understand her according to their own pleasure in her, or according to the acuteness of their own vision, or the degree of artistic sincerity granted to their natures; for she avoids the error of human beings who are too articulate, and who will not abate you a word in the explicitness of their intentions. There is only one Venice which is not true, and that is the Venice of the conventionalist—a different person, and an altogether different artist, from the idealist. Venice will never disown the dream of her idealist, though she may be more delighted with the subtler and more intimate admiration which moves the sincere heart of her realist. But from the man of conventionality, who verifies nothing, but accepts the ready-made and is therefore given over to idols, the truth of Venice is veiled, as is that of nature.

The great Venetians, who did not condescend to paint their own city, and were, we cannot but suspect, insensible to that special quality which we who have so little of it call the picturesque, have left Venice altogether to the moderns. There is no Venice-painting in the true Venetian school; the sea-city has been abandoned almost entirely to the tourist-painter, wandering abroad with his cultivated sensitiveness, and his acute consciousness of everything under the sky. He does not belong to a time which could have built Venice and St. Mark's, but he "lives by admiration" in the noble sense which Wordsworth intended, and not by admiration only, but by the yet more delicate delights of discernment.

It would be pleasant for any sojourner in Venice who has the assimilative genius of modern times strong within him, to study the mood of the weather and his own mood of mind, and to plan a series of days in which he may look at Venice with Canaletto, with Turner, with Holland, with Cabianca, with Miss Montalba and the lovers of light, and with Mr. Van Haanen and the Realists. His Canaletto day need not be prosaic; for while he learns to see with precision, he must also learn to see such pearly lights, tender surfaces, unobtrusive harmonies of tone, and gentle bouquets of greys, unadulterated with conventional blues and violets, as Canaletto had the secret of producing. It is strange how dull a Canaletto can be as a whole, and how lovely and dainty in its parts. There are no illusions about our traveller's Canaletto day, but also there are no vulgarities; there is happily no *chic* in his attitude of mind, but there is a composed and restrained dexterity, as he teaches himself to see what the delicate hand of Canaletto painted. The Turner day should not be hastily chosen; there must be a consent of wind and wave, and even then our receptive pilgrim may float only to the gateways of Turner's Venice;

A Child's Funeral at Chioggia. From a drawing by A. N. Roussoff, the property of the Museum, Sydney, New South Wales.

it may remain as unattainable a spiritual city as that which baffled the search of Lancelot. But the celestial Venice—the infinity in the sky-spaces, and the exquisite outline and form of cloud—is always there; it is present everywhere, not excepting London, so that Turner owns something in all skies which no other painter possesses, and every day is a Turner day in the clouds. Perhaps none but those rather inclined to fanaticism will stand by every one of the great painter's Venetian pictures, for to ordinary eyes he has certain phases of cold but brilliant colour, in which the modesty of nature seems to be in some measure violated. While his colour is warm, it is to be noted that this modesty is never strained; let Turner kindle never so bold a conflagration, he is not violent unless his blues and whites are cold. Holland deals with mysteries, but they are oftener mysteries of shadow than mysteries of light; his grand skies obscure the sun whose light they yet imply so nobly. A Holland day, in its best aspects, is wearing on towards evening, and there is a vague mist of cloud coming over the Adriatic and involving the earliest stars.

But it is the youngest schools—the schools of "the movement"—which most concern us here. Not all the painters who are distinctively in the movement are realists. Colour and the impression of light are foremost with many who deal with architecture and nature rather than with the people. M. Passini is a colourist, above all; a painter who sees colour in those desirable masses which some eyes can never be educated to perceive in their integrity and repose. He is perhaps at his best in incidental rather than in panoramic Venice; he paints some little side-nook of a Campo, some space of wall broken by a window of the exquisite Venetian Gothic, and lighted by the all-illuminating, all-penetrating reflections of the water-tossed Venetian sunshine. M. Passini affects simple subjects, as becomes a master of surface. And perhaps few painters of our time have made surface so pleasant; by which we mean not merely the surface he represents, but the very face of his canvas—an unpleasant or at the best negatively inoffensive object with many painters who yet paint beautiful things beautifully.

A Van Haanen day in Venice would be spent among the people—the people as they are, with no concession to convention, nay, with a certain slight exaggeration in the direction of innocent coarseness and cheerful vulgarities. This brilliant young Dutch painter seems to have taken up Mr. Howells' ecstatic exclamation, which follows some description of profoundly commonplace people met by chance on board a steamer: "O dear real life!" His famous 'Pearl-stringers' and the equally vivacious and direct 'Sartoria' remind one, in spite of one's self, of those pages in which Emile Zola has cruelly unveiled the shop-girl in her working hours. Mr. Van Haanen has no greater merit than his thoroughness in the rendering of quiet action. While too many painted characters pretend to do whatever work they are about, his own are unmistakably employed on the action in hand; besides which his sincere little pictures have every charm of colour and execution which delicate feeling and fine training can give. To the well-known works already mentioned the painter has lately added an equally charming bit of domestic life, of the domestic life of the people who live in their Campi, on their landing-places, on their door-steps, and anywhere but in their houses. He shows us the 'First Dip' of a rich-skinned young Venetian, who is being let down stone steps leading to the cool, lucid water of a canal. The light-hearted mother holds him by a band passed round the timorous little body. Her dress is tucked between her knees in a manner already painted by the artist in his 'Washerwomen;' her gown is falling from her shoulders in a way that few Venetian women would consider exactly becoming, but this canal is probably as secluded as are the nurseries of unamphibious populations. A *bon rire* lights up her unconscious and innocent face. The experiment in bathing is watched by a leisurely audience—three girls, one of whom is of the fair, ruddy-haired Venetian type and lounges by with a fan in her hand, and a boy whose dark hair is as short as fur upon his clear Italian head.

With Mr. Woods, A.R.A., the Art-pilgrim still lingers in the by-ways. He avoids St. Mark's and the Salute and the Ducal Palace as religiously as does the naturalistic American novelist who is pursuing the fortunes of the national young girl in the sea-city. A little bit of the 'Giant's Staircase' indeed this artist has allowed himself in the picture which bears the name; but that little bit serves as a background to a most unidealised young *bourgeoise*, sitting in her black mantilla, which is pinned over her tangled and frizzy tresses, in her high-heeled shoes and over-elaborate walking costume. Her large face with its weak features, which we know would be in real life liberally dusted over with violet powder, is of the commonest Venetian type in her class; the artist has made it unmistakably apparent that he has not intended to show us a lady—we place the fashionable maiden in her right rank at a glance. A small group of *contadini*, under the guidance of a priest, stand at a little distance "doing" the Giant's Staircase with evident respect. Among Mr. Woods' smaller works is a most characteristic and complete study of a priest, whose rough, intelligent face, and whose hat, cloak, umbrella, and snuff-box have the very note of truth. Mr. Woods has omitted nothing of the dignity, simplicity, coarseness, and directness of the type; nor has he failed to seize with delight, and with a certain respect, the touches characteristic of this particular unit.

With Miss Montalba the pilgrim floats through a city which is vignetted by the deliberate *parti pris* of her artistic method. He sees spaces of luminous sea, involved in light which veils all but things belonging to the picture that is grasped at the moment by the artist's apprehension of her subject. It is a light which quenches the more decided tones of the blue sky, and the deeper glow of the blue sea, but which allows the dusky sails to float across with their deep accents of colour and shade, and which touches, with infinite delicacy and tenderness, the distant rose-pink of a street of palaces, the little hollows of reflected light and transparent shadow. Miss Montalba is especially happy in the lovely work of these distances, and also—student of out-door light though she is—in the antique gold and dim mosaics of the interior of St. Mark's. Her grandest work, at once the most complete and the most legitimately impressionary, has been done within that Cathedral which is the finest school of colour in the world. No other living artist, perhaps, has given as she has done the whole glow of tone and tint, with the immovable forms of the vaults, and the movement of some service proceeding amid the sun-lighted and taper-lighted mists of incense. Miss Montalba, who has evidently spent at least half of her artistic existence in Venice, has not confined herself to the incidents of the city's life, to the accidental passage of a fishing boat, or the flowering of a fruit tree over a wall: her more important works, especially those in oils, have treated the Piazza and the façade of St. Mark's on a large scale, and with a dignity and comprehensiveness worthy of the subject.

Her 'Venetian Funeral' and her 'Riva degli Schiavoni,' too, are in every sense pictures, and not impressions or drawings; but the individuality of her peculiar talent is shown more emphatically in her water-colour work. We should be sorry, by the way, to see Miss Montalba imitated in any large measure. Her white skies and pallid seas are all her own, and we are inclined to think that painters who have not the excuse of her sensitive shrinking from blue, have no right to them. Besides, Miss Montalba explains her avoidance of certain colours by the luminosity which justifies her abstinence, whereas the colourlessness of lesser artists is not luminous. Nevertheless, we have noticed a rather lamentable

At the foot of the Giant's Staircase. By Henry Woods, A.R.A.

tendency to white skies in the Dudley Gallery and elsewhere of late.

It is, perhaps, among the great merits of the work of the young Russian artist, M. Roussoff, that he does not insistently place himself in any school. He is a realist, but a gentle one. His manner is so complete that it seems to rival the comprehensiveness of nature herself. The occasional somewhat violent blues of his out-door scenes will generally send his admirers to the study of the interiors which he renders with a peculiarly unobtrusive power. His *chef-d'œuvre*, as far as

his work is yet known to the world, is the 'Peasant-child's Funeral at Chioggia,' of which we give an illustration. Some of the facts of the scene—as, for instance, the rose reflections from the window, which float in the lucid marble of the floor—are hardly perceived at first; there is a sense of exquisite completeness; but, as in looking at the actual scene, we find out such passages by degrees, so composed and restrained is the artist's execution. And as we look we are inclined to think that there is—as in nature—truth within truth still to discover by looking. This completeness is, of course, attained by an absolute rightness of relations, without which any worthy finish is impossible. The human interest of the drawing is treated with the same absence of vulgar emphasis as is shown in the artist's manipulation. The burial service is being read over a very small red-covered coffin, which the old fellow near the priest will soon tuck under his arm and carry away to burial. The father and grandfather are the only mourners, and M. Roussoff has treated their grief with artistic respect; he has not insisted even upon the quietness of its pathos. This beautiful drawing has been bought for the Museum at Sydney, New South Wales. The same artist's 'Confessional' is also a triumph of execution; it shows a more indifferent incident of church life in Venice. A slatternly girl, whose slippers—the dreadfully uncomfortable slippers so dear to Venetian women—are falling off, and whose towzled auburn hair is unkempt and uncovered, kneels at her place in the confessional with her back to the spectator, and looks out in a business-like manner to see whether the *padre* is on his way to her spiritual succour. Down the sanctuary steps comes a very old priest, the action of whose downcast and uncertain gait is admirably given. And all M. Roussoff's excellences are collected and combined in 'After Mass,' another church interior, which shows us those bundles of devotional humanity —old women doubled up over their *scaldini* and finishing a tardy rosary—which the retiring wave of an Italian congregation always leaves clinging to the altar-steps, when the lights are extinguished one by one.

The world owes undoubtedly a considerable debt to the late Mr. Bunney, upon whose very footsteps came the restorers of St. Mark's, often mercifully sparing a passage of old mosaic just long enough to allow the fanatical Englishman to save a record of it at least, as he could not rescue the reality. But cheerfully as we acknowledge our debt to this most selfless limner, who worked for the love of the art he portrayed and not at all for the love of his own art, we are obliged to confess to a profound astonishment at the infinite capacity for unlovely prose which evidently co-existed in Mr. Bunney's mind with an enthusiastic appreciation of beauty. That the same person should love St. Mark's well enough to spend six hundred of his days upon its portrait and should represent it as mysteriously yet effectually shorn of its loveliness, is something of a psychological puzzle. Mr. Bunney was a realist, but a realist of a very different kind from the school of Mr. Van Haanen, Mr. Logsdail, and the others. His was an exaggeratedly English naturalism, as distinct from naturalism which has been learnt under the influence of the French movement: it was literal as to fact, but scarcely intellectual. Nothing is more curious in this connection than a contrast between Professor Ruskin's descriptive words and the dull work of the painter whose achievements he so eagerly and greatly prized. "As for St. Mark's its effect depends not only upon the most delicate sculpture in every part, but, as we have just stated, eminently on its colour also; and that the most subtle, variable, inexpressible colour in the world—the colour of glass, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble, and lustrous gold. It would be easier to illustrate a crest of Scottish mountain, with purple heather and pale harebells at their fullest and fairest, or a glade of Jura forest, with its floor of anemone and moss, than a single portico of St. Mark's." Mr. Bunney's principal picture, the great façade, has been presented by Professor Ruskin to the Sheffield Museum.

So many other painters, whose usual labour has been far from the Adriatic, have lately lightly sketched and lightly etched the beauty of the sea-city, that we are at no loss for a variety of view among less important works. Mr. Arthur Severn has done suggestive work in his slight sketches, and has shown in his larger drawings a fine feeling for the noble forms of the Renaissance cupolas of Venice. After all, whatever indignation we may feel at the degraded ornament of the post-Gothic churches of Northern Italy, we must acknowledge their grandeur of dome and mass as Mr. Severn has rendered it. Mr. Gilbert Munger is successful in certain phases of clear and cool Venetian weather; but others, English experimentalists, are somewhat too strange to the place to have matured their views of it. One thing we would urge upon the painters, habitual as well as occasional, of the Adriatic city—that is, that they should prolong their work into the shining Venetian summer, and see how the blooming of the summer sea and of the summer sky there outrivals the blossoming of a garden.

THE ETHICS OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN.

UNTIL the present century no serious attempt had, so far as I can trace, been made to connect the principles and practice of Art with a system of ethics. There has always been a tacit understanding that artistic work of every kind should be honest in plan and execution; but hitherto "right" and "wrong" have been applied to it in a limited sense only, and it has been, by common consent, exempted from the sanctions and prohibitions of the moral law.

But in our day strenuous efforts have been made to bring questions of Art under a higher dominion; and the new doctrine was so fortunate as to find an uncompromising advocate in a writer of unique attainments; who combines an almost microscopic power of analysis with daring breadth of generalization, and whose views upon all questions connected with Art are commended to our acceptance by the vesture of pure and melodious English in which he clothes them. With exemplary courage he carries his dicta to the extremest limit of application, and shrinks from no consequence which may legitimately follow from his premiss. Reverent delight in God's work and honesty in thought and deed are his watch-words, and the mere statement of them is sufficient to enlist us under his banner. With him "architectural deceits"

are in the "full sense of the word" wrong, and as truly deserving of reprobation as any "other" moral delinquency.

This is, indeed, a hard saying, and in attempting to reconcile the rigour of this doctrine with the actual condition of things around us the propounder of it encounters, and admits, some startling difficulties. He is puzzled by the general character for probity enjoyed by a nation which has for three centuries or more been guilty of the most flagrant architectural immoralities. The embarrassment which follows upon an examination of the facts which assert themselves in opposition to his view, is explained by an assumed separation existing in our age and country "between the arts and all other subjects of human intellect as matters of *conscience*."

Thus the gilding of iron is condoned on the score that it has been done so persistently that no one is now taken in by it. We have become hardened in our sin, and our seared consciences are no longer responsive to good and evil; we cannot, in fact, discriminate between them.

I do not wish to controvert the general proposition as to the desirability of adhering to truth in all things, nor do I for one moment presume to try my puny arm against the giant strength of the writer alluded to. Amongst his most ardent admirers there is no one who admires his great talents more than the present writer, in spite of those "obstinate questionings" which will sometimes intrude themselves. But it may not be impertinent, nor even inconsistent with the admiration I express, to inquire how this assumed connection between morals and Art has shown itself in the past.

A distinguished painter has recently made out a strong case against any such intimate connection in the domain of the painter's art: let us see how the test may be applied to architecture, and ascertain whether, when the art was at its best, and freest from all taint of subterfuge and prevarication, the national conscience was most sensitive, and the national morality beyond reproach.

Surely no people ever had a weaker claim to *moral* excellence, as we understand the words, than the Greeks, even when at the highest point of their artistic and intellectual activity. They had all the modern vices and but few indeed of the modern virtues; with them overreaching their neighbour in all the concerns of life was a recognised accomplishment, cultivated with undisguised assiduity; and the arts of lying and dissimulation were erected into the dignity of a cult. They were crafty, they were dishonest, they were insincere, and they were cruel. Their latest historian (Mahaffy) tells us that they lacked the first of virtues, courage; that they wept unmanly tears at the call of battle, and generally ran away from the enemy. They will probably be known to all time as the subtlest of reasoners, the most sensitive and refined of artists, and the greatest of liars; and also, strange to say, as the inventors, or at least the perfectors, of a system of architectural construction and design of the utmost purity of form, and the most "transparent integrity" of execution.

The demands made upon the Athenian architects were met by the simplest architectural dispositions; and the keenest and most versatile intellects the world has seen, succeeded in giving to the simplest elements a grace of refined proportion, a sweetness of line and contour, and a winning delicacy of ornamentation, which have rendered their works the admiration and despair of succeeding ages.

But how does all this square with the national conscience theory? Here, surely, the evil tree brought forth good fruit!

Let us take the inquiry a step farther. The Roman was in many—perhaps in most—qualities the exact opposite of the Greek. He was brave, temperate, truthful. "The old Romans had" (I quote a writer who repeats the common estimate of their character), "some great virtues, courage, fortitude, temperance, *veracity*, disinterestedness, *fidelity in the observing of contracts*." Altogether a different personage from the "lying Greek." And yet the Roman name is indissolubly linked with a system of architectural construction and embellishment which was from beginning to end one mass of sophistication. It had great and peculiar merits; but their discussion lies outside our present inquiry.

Inheriting the Etruscan arch, the Roman combined with it a travestie of the Grecian ordonnance in such perversion of application that the essential principle of one, the lintel, and of the other, the weight-bearing voussoir, were alike defeated.

In the whole of the voluptuous art of ancient Rome there is not a fragment which can be defended on "moral" grounds, save in those cases where the skeleton alone remains, stripped by time and rapine of its adventitious garb of ornamental veneer. If conscience played any part in the Roman system it must have winced with every stroke of the mason's chisel, and its regard for truth must have been persistently outraged. Nor when we turn our eyes to the Christian Art of Mediæval Europe does the theory we are discussing receive more than a partial support. But at the worst the idea that all artistic deceit is in the full sense of the word wrong, if not invulnerable, is of a wholesome tendency, and the higher our standard is, the higher is the level of our attainment likely to reach.

But the principle has unfortunately been strained to cover ground which it was never intended to cover, and from the immorality of giving a false appearance to architectural features the immorality of constructing, however honestly, *unnecessary* features, has been deduced. As if in the old work every soaring pinnacle was really required to steady an abutment by its weight, and every buttress which gave light and shade to the wall surface was the active opponent of an impinging thrust.

In one of Pugin's works there is figured an unfortunate modern Gothic gable which is without the justification of a gabled roof behind it. It is beyond question a sorry specimen, supported at the rear by a visible iron stay-bar, and pierced by a sham window. The sketch is artfully taken from, so to speak, round the corner, and the nakedness of the imposture is exposed to the scoffs of an indignant public.

Now, without entering upon an apology for this typical scapegoat, I would, nevertheless, respectfully ask in what does it differ in *principle* from, say, the redundant spires at Lichfield? or the cupola in the west front of St. Paul's which does *not* contain the clock?

To cut out all the fine writing may be good advice to a young author; but you would not rob Macaulay of all his brilliant literary artifice, or relish even Ruskin quite so well without his garnish of sparkling rhetoric. Why then shall our architecture be subjected to a pruning which would prove fatal to our literature? They are both bald and uninteresting if shorn of the graces of "style," and both are gainers by them if adroitly used.

This utilitarian spirit with its eternal *cui bono?* so often formulated, and so unfortunately followed, has emasculated modern Art and robbed our native architecture of all its gaiety and *abandon;* and not until the incidence of so depressing a theory was partially alleviated have we had anything like a

phase of Art comparable in its picturesque variety with the works of our forefathers.

Another view is now happily asserting itself with some vigour, and the architect at last feels his hands untied. He is at liberty once more to avail himself of the example of earlier times to diversify his work, to appeal to the imagination as well as to the reason, in his effort to break through the apathy of an indifferent public. As in every other art, there is a right and a wrong way of doing this. In selecting and adhering to the right way lies the whole secret.

As liberty may run into license and rhetoric degenerate into bombast, so the freedom I claim for the architect may, no doubt, in weak hands lead to the feeble and childish extravagancies which mar much of even the older work. But to deny ourselves the use of any architectural forms which will give dignity or interest to our work, because they may be sometimes misused, or because the economical conditions of the structure do not demand them, is nothing short of artistic suicide. A successful use of those elements of design which have made the ancient work so dear to us will come with practice, and the first step is to disabuse our minds altogether of the notion that any "moral delinquency" attaches to the employment of any honest means which will heighten the artistic effect of our work and strengthen its power over the somewhat inert English imagination.

E. INGRESS BELL.

AN OLD HANSE TOWN: DRAWN AND ETCHED BY A. H. HAIG.

THERE are few artists, especially foreign artists, who have made so swift a reputation in England as Mr. A. H. Haig. It is scarcely three years ago since he made his appearance amongst us with his large—at that time unusually large—etchings of 'The Evening Hour' and 'The Vesper Bell,' and now, with the aid of a few more works of a similar character, he has become as popular as any other master of the needle. He was *bienvenu* from the first, and it is saying nothing derogatory to his quality as an artist, to add that the cause of his favourable reception by the public must not only be looked for in his skill as an etcher, or even as a designer. These are high, indeed, but the most skilful draughtsmanship, and the most sympathetic treatment of old buildings, will not suffice to interest the public eye. An artist who is to succeed promptly must draw what the public likes; and happy is he who, like Mr. Haig, can please himself and the public at the same time.

The public, though they may be often wrong in what they neglect, are frequently right in what they patronise, and Mr. Haig's is a case in point. In his etchings are united remarkable technical accomplishment with fine poetical feeling. As an etcher he is singularly pure. The methods he employs to obtain his effects are without trick; you can see for yourself the value of each line. At the same time there is not about his work any sense of impromptu or caprice, which, however delightful to some, are as "caviare to the general." Etching and sketching are brothers, but the public like a "picture" with finish and body in it, to hang on their walls; and this is what Mr. Haig has supplied them with, without overstepping the legitimate boundaries of his art. He has given us etchings which combine much of the completeness of a steel engraving with the tone, the colour, and the vital touch of a pen-and-ink drawing. Yet he has only served one master, and that is his own imagination.

I say imagination advisedly, for however you may analyze his etchings into composition, chiaro-oscuro, and the like, and however great the pleasure you may take in the science with which he deputes to each scratch its particular duty, there remains a sentimental impression conveyed by the whole work, the source of which impression is not to be discovered by dissection. The thing is organized by a fine artistic sense, by knowledge and by skill; but there is something behind the laws and the machinery. Call it poetry or sentiment, or what you will, the power of the artist to combine forms so as to embody a personal emotion, is a power of the imagination. This Méryon did, but his emotion was shared by few. Mr. Haig has been more fortunate.

The feeling of Mr. Haig's etchings is one peculiarly grateful to the present generation of men whose life is at such high pressure, and whose leisure is so scant. In the contrast with modern life lies their charm to the busy dweller in the metropolis. To see one of his pictures is like turning from a crowded street into a cathedral close. They and their beauty, their age, and their associations dominate the golden hour. The effect is proportionate to the sense of contrast, and it is not probable that the most picturesque designs from English towns would have half the power over Englishmen as these strange pictures of old places on the Continent. It is not only change of air, say the doctors, that does so much good, but change of scene and life, change complete. To those who have no great sensibility for picturesqueness or mediæval sentiment, Mr. Haig's etchings will convey at least something of a holiday feeling, and arouse both memory and expectation, but there are few even amongst the untravelled and uneducated who do not like what with affectionate tautology they call the "old, ancient" places.

Dryden has informed us that wits and madmen are divided by but thin partitions, and those between prose and poetry seem to be equally unsubstantial. Though we see how broad is the treatment, and cunning the handicraft of Mr. Haig's 'Mont St. Michel,' it is difficult to understand why lines laid with such scientific precision, and narrating such a mere matter of fact, should have an effect so different from that of a photograph. Something like the same problem is set by the etching now presented to the attention of subscribers to the Art Journal. We shall leave them to find the solution, pointing out only that the crowning effect of all this picturesqueness and life is repose, and that this effect is produced by the just balance of all the elements of the design. Balance of gables and arches, balance of straight lines and curves, balance of light and shade, balance of colour and colourlessness, balance of warmth and coolness, balance of perpendicular and horizontal, and—in figures—balance of energy and apathy. See how the activity of the punting pole is corrected by the idleness of the oar, and the eloquence of the boatman's gesture by the silence of the figures on the quay.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE BACKWATERS OF THE THAMES.

I.—OXFORD TO ABINGDON.

LONG before the first printing-press creaked in Westminster, a wise man had declared that in the making of books there is no end. And surely of the literature which the Thames can claim as its own, there will be, can be, no limit. A thing of beauty, our river is a joy for ever; and so being, the poet and painter must needs go on to draw upon its boundless stores for inspiration. Were any excuse required for harping upon a so much tried, but so unfrayed string, it might be found in the fact that, in spite of all that preceding generations of authors and artists have done to make its merits known and spread its praises abroad, the latest contributions, instead of palling upon the taste, are at all times welcome, and seem to supply actual wants never before satisfied.

Time would fail, indeed, to tell the debt owed to great Father Thames by Art, even as words would all too inadequately proclaim the gratitude of its general admirers. The secret of its fascination lies in attractions singularly manifold. Rich in historical associations, studded along the major part of its course with princely mansions, thriving towns, trim villas, and picturesque cottages; terminating its career by ministering, as a watery highway, to the largest city in the world, it is unrivalled for its attributes of peace and repose; and of such there are no better representatives than the quiet backwaters that form the subject of these and succeeding illustrations.

No. 1.—Kidney Backwater.

Whether the Thames rises at Thames Head, or from Seven Springs, matters not now. Whether Isis or Thames is the proper name of the river, until it reaches the city of Oxford, we need not stop to inquire. Certain it is that, after leaving that seat of learning, the Thames assumes a new character. Until then it has rippled merrily down from the Cotswold Hills, unpretending but bright. Receiving here and there a tributary, such as the Coln and Windrush, the Thames arrives in due time at the precincts of Oxford, of whose buildings first glimpses are afforded at Godstow Lock. The river in this neighbourhood branches out into separate channels, not to meet again until the wider stream has swept round to Folly Bridge.

The Thames proper enters Oxford through a narrow bridge. Modest in volume, it flows through the meadow above, then rattles energetically under the road, and dashes onwards, dividing right and left. By following the towing-path here, a rearward view of Oxford is obtained, in which the most prominent feature is the dome of Christchurch tower, always referred to by natives as "Our old Tom, sir;" as if the building derived its principal honour from the famous bell originally transplanted from Osney Abbey, and not from its position as "the House." Warmly brown of colour, and conspicuous even in this city of fine buildings by its architectural proportions, the Cathedral, and the slender pinnacles of the dining-hall, stand dominating all surroundings. After this magnificent memento of Wolsey the fallen, the foreground of broken boats, the disreputable wharflets, and the dingy gas works, which greet the eye as we resume our downward progress, strike one as being more inexpressibly mean than they really are. Then Folly Bridge, solid and respectable, invites the scattered branches of the river to forbear further meanderings, and gather themselves together for real work, as becomes everything in the neighbourhood where Friar Bacon studied.

The view of the river near this bridge is generally spoiled, albeit it gains in animation, by the tiers of boats and barges which are here accumulated; and, from the tow-path side, Christchurch meadow itself and its sequestered walks are partly obscured by the gay floating club-houses in which 'Varsity men take their ease. The little Cherwell, blocked by the river craft, sometimes appears to encounter a difficulty in delivering up its tribute with becoming dignity to the crowded river. Still, over the lofty upper decks the stately elms and precisian poplars always wave high, and from the shaded groves issues the music of the college-loving birds which are inseparable from the place.

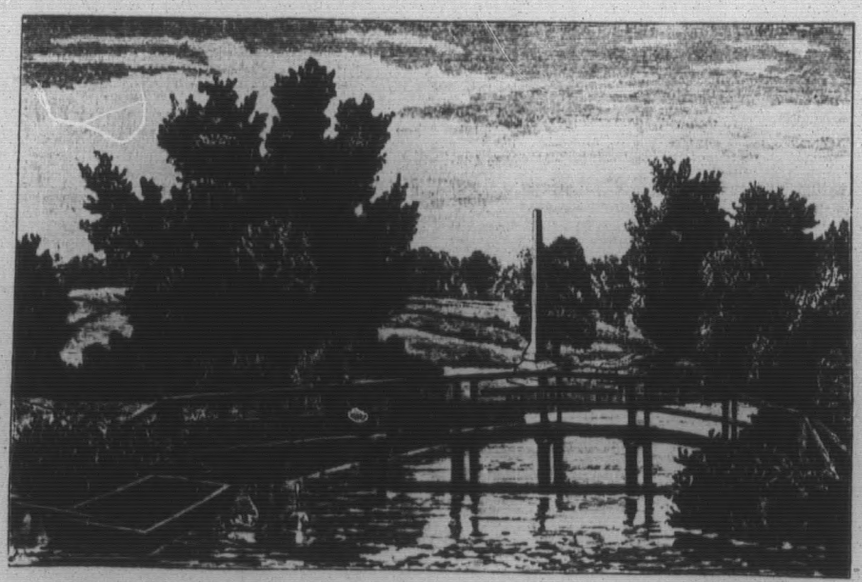
Of Backwaters there are many types. No two will be found alike, though they have certain family resemblances. For example here, on the Berkshire side, we have Weir's Water, a brisk little private stream, curving through the meadow to the paper-mill, and discovering the main river, without loss of

time, below Iffley. This is the kind of backwater that is in perpetual motion. On the Oxfordshire side again will be found Kidney Backwater, the subject of our first illustration, type of the more placid offshoot that has no intention of hurrying on in unrest until it is swallowed up by the parent river, but that is content to lave the meadow-sweets, forget-me-nots, comfrey, and flowering rush which, in confidence, grow out of its bed, and end its uneventful career in the heart of the meadow by the simple process of exhaustion. To the vulgar eye, Kidney Backwater may seem to be a ditch, unworthy of notice. In truth, the meadow-scape, as you catch it from the towing-path, is singularly winsome. The Backwater, narrowing as it penetrates, is lined with a wealth of aquatic plants to be found nowhere in greater profusion, early or late, than in these Oxford meadows. Prettily are the willows grouped on the ait, to the right of the mouth, gaining much by comparison with the more ragged growths which straggle obliquely across the meadow to the river bank. A wide space intervenes between the promontory formed by the Backwater mouth and the masses of full-headed trees, crowned by grand old Magdalen tower, square and shapely, with pinnacles clear cut against the sky. The tall slender spire of St. Mary's; a half view of the dome of the far-famed Library, and the upper adornments of the Cathedral, are noticeable features of the background. Oxford is indicated rather than seen from this stand-point, but what does appear, is admirably set back as well as framed—low-lying mead in the foreground, river to the left, and the rising land and habitations to the right.

No. 2.—Iffley.

The tower of Magdalen remains in the prospect as you continue your journey down the tow-path. One of the disadvantages of descending the course of a river like the Thames is the regret with which you have continually to turn your back upon some picture over which the eye would fain linger long. But on foot, or, still better, from the saddle, the tourist soon falls into a delightful habit of loitering. From Kidney, almost to Iffley, a backward glance will always give you Magdalen tower, distinct as an obelisk at the head of a long avenue.

A few hayricks in the Berkshire fields and the dark crest of Bagley Woods on the edge of the horizon must content you awhile, with such variations as are afforded by the willows and water-loving alders across the river. But soon, on a happy eminence, partly hidden by trees, the venerable, rare, squat tower of Iffley Church, and the pleasant village outlying attract the attention. Apart from its fame, this church could not fail to challenge notice. Iffley as a whole is a sweet picture. The low rankly grassed meads, the finer herbage of the slopes, the thatched and tiled houses, and, above the cluster of habitations, the time-stained Anglo-Norman edifice, embowered with foliage, amidst which can be seen the sombre green of the yew-tree, which, for aught we know, was planted by the monks of Kenilworth, are beautifully arranged for effect. But the roar of the lasher reminds us that the weir Backwater demands our criticism. As the spires and towers of the city receded from view, the sound of this flood increased from a murmur, developed into a hoarse positive assertion, and finally became a sustained roar of power. The view of Iffley changes somewhat, and for better rather than for worse, during the short distance between the lasher and the lock, a modest orchard and a flavour of farm-yard entering into the composition of the picture opposite the lock-house. By crossing the low bridge into the meadow, and regaining the towing-path, the view contained in our second illustration is revealed. In the farthest corner, under a collection of rude weather-boarded, but not unpicturesque sheds, is a dark-brown water-wheel which has seen much service. The weir is extremely narrow, being not more than seven or eight yards across; but the water plunges through, with a thunderous rush, between the tall posts. The promontory is graced by a few pollard-willows, and thence you look up to the low bridge and the lock-keeper's cottage. An unbroken line of mature willows, curving round to the left, marks the large handsome



No. 3.—Sandford.

bay into which the noisy lasher discharges its flood. The line is continued, irregularly, by hayricks and a few buildings, more willows, and an osier bed; and, should you happen to be standing on this spot during a summer evening sunset, carry your inspection still farther to the west, and observe the exquisite colours dashed into the sky by the sun as it sinks over Bagley Woods, leaving a golden after-glow that, if it does not re-colour, tones down, softens, and glorifies the whole prospect of wood, water, and field.

No. 4.—Blake's Backwater, Abingdon Lock.

After Iffley lock, and the flash and foam of the weir Backwater, the Thames flows easily on. The lasher stream enters it near the unsympathetic-looking railway bridge and the equally unromantic pumping-station on the other side. Railways at this point thrust their telegraph-posts and semaphores obtrusively before you, and the artistically-minded tourist will probably be inclined to pass on, taking stock of the small island, called indifferently Kennington, or Swan Island, and which is formed by a divergence of the river. The island takes its true name from the small village of Kennington, visible in the meadows.

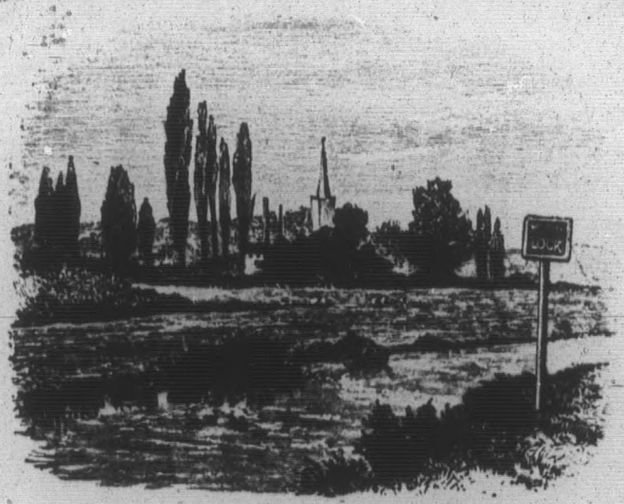
Below the bridge there is another Backwater, which, followed, brings us to Sandford lock, weir, and mill. This is a by-place round which one loves to rest. The undertone of the waters is extremely soothing, and the farther surroundings would be altogether bright, but for the presence of the lunatic asylum in a prominent position across the river. If you are on horseback you must dismount and walk to the head of the backwater, *viâ* the lasher. This is formed not by the main river, but by the heavy overfall of the weir stream; and a splendid specimen of the Thames lasher it is. There is a smooth slope of perhaps twenty feet of deep-green water, with a drop of from five to eight feet. Down comes the volume, swift, smooth, and compact, at the foot of the sill throwing up a broken sparkling wall of milky foam. When the sun strikes this dancing churn, it seems as if thousands of diamond necklaces were disporting themselves up and down, anxious to have it decided which bubbling chain is the most beautiful. It scarcely needs the slender column of grey stone (see Illustration No. 3), sacred to the memory of Richard Phillimore and W. G. Gaisford, students of Christchurch, who were drowned in the pool forty years ago, to warn the unwary that this is a spot to which bathing-men, let the temptation be what it may, should give a wide berth. The bay opens out to a width of quite one hundred yards, and when we last visited it, planks and tree trunks were swirling around with the current, everlastingly approaching the stream only to be caught by the undercurrent, submerged, and hurried back into the eddy, out of which it seemed impossible for them to escape. A few yards lower there is yet another lasher, and pausing here, knee deep in lush-grass, and a gay carpeting of wild flowers, you may have, between the two pools, distinctly different diapasons night and day, playing off the one against the other. The Backwaters unite below Sandford lock, and mingle comfortably before joining the Thames under an iron bridge of sensible but inartistic structure. The paper-mill at the lock is not an elegant object, but its existence may be tolerated for the sake of the tumble of musical white water which serves to fix the last view of Sandford lock pleasantly in the memory.

No. 5.—Nuneham Backwater, from Hall Field.

The next reach of the river is slow, deep as to volume, and tame as to scenery; but you may be introduced at a distance to Radley Wood, and enjoy preliminary visions of the Nuneham Woods, which stretch straight athwart in front, as you pursue your downward way. There are two fine beds of reeds and of rushes almost in mid-stream, at which any pike-fisher who knows his business should find eligible quarters and profitable occupation during an autumn afternoon. Just as it threatens to pierce direct through the Nuneham Woods, the Thames turns sharply round, bringing the Radley plantations, a gleam of red tiles, and a grey church tower, into the new scene. The difference between park and farm becomes immediately apparent on the other side. There are a dignity about the ivy-covered trees, a daintiness in the herbage, a

serenity in the demeanour of the park-fed stock, and a decided content in the babble of the birds in the ancient rookery, which strongly mark the aristocratic pleasaunce from land maintained with an eye to corn and cattle markets. Even on the Berkshire side the kine seem to graze in the reflected tranquillity of Nuneham's lordly acres.

Nuneham is so well known that it requires but little description here. Its loveliness, and the traditions it preserves, insure its popularity, and Thames tourists, whatever else they may neglect, offer it the homage of their pilgrimage. Winter or summer, spring or autumn, the wooded knolls of the park, the substantial mansion on its commanding eminence, and the more recent addition of Carfax Conduit, are conspicuous objects upon the hill-side, whose undergrowth, dense even to the water's edge, is washed by the river. In descending the Thames in a boat it is the custom to drop



No. 6.—Abingdon, from Backwater near Culham Lock.

down the backwater inside the small islet of alders which stands by the rustic bridge, and thatched and ivied cottages (Illustration No. 5), where boating-parties land. The rustic bridge, of true British oak, has stood long, becoming more hoary as time advances, but remaining firm to the tread, and a standing object-lesson for generations of artists.

As if to afford ample opportunity for admiring the closely-wooded slopes, the Thames steals past Nuneham at sober pace. By-and-by we are rudely called from sylvan contemplations into the common day by the black, harsh railway bridge. Insensibly you turn and look up stream to measure against it the rustic oaken structure, which, from the lower position, appears to span the river, and shows all the more beautiful by the enchantment lent by distance.

Beyond the railway bridge the Thames flows evenly through level country, until the spires, poplars, and ruddy houses of Abingdon rise pleasantly above the flat. There is one group of eighteen poplars, all specimen-trees, that at first seem to stand alone in close company in the middle of a field, which, in the earlier part of the year, before they have betaken themselves to their annual haunts on the uplands, is a favourite feeding-ground of flocks of lapwings. By the time you have reached the overfall by which the old river diverges to the left, forming of itself a long and diversified backwater, you discover that this group of poplars is close to the water side.

At Abingdon lock, a short branch of the Thames, with a commonplace appearance befitting the occupation to which it is destined, continues towards the brewery. The main river, however, splashes merrily down an overfall, simultaneously despatching its concentrated current through a circumscribed weir. These form the bay known as Blake's Backwater (Illustration No. 4), which, in its magnitude and beauty, is not unlike that which claimed our admiration by Sandford lock. Here may be learned at a glance the difference between a lasher and a weir. The weir conducts the current at all times and seasons; the lasher operates only when the water is above normal level. The weir has artificial appliances commanding the water; the lasher is a plain sill which is commanded by it. At Blake's Backwater the lasher is peculiarly imposing, being an affair of two terraces, over which the even flood descends with dual steps.

The town of Abingdon, on approaching which the river narrows, has a homely and satisfying appearance as you near its bridge. The structure at first seems to be composed of three arches. On closer acquaintance you observe that the arches are eleven in number, and one of them is a small dark tunnel under the highway. The reach below Abingdon is of increasing comeliness, and from the backwater near Culham lock (Illustration No. 6), the town and the houses and gardens on the bank are seen at their best. From Nuneham Courtnay the rambler who is in a hurry may leave the river and take a short cut across the fields. In doing this he will probably be following the example of no less a distinguished individual than Queen Matilda, who is said to have eluded the victorious Stephen, from Oxford Castle, in this direction. The starved lady, so the story runs, escaped across the frozen Thames, clothed in white, accompanied by three knights who were similarly attired, and trudged over the snow-covered fields to Abingdon. This would represent a walk of some seven miles due south, a trifle west of the course of the Thames.

W. SENIOR.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

ENGRAVED by Alphonse Lamotte from the picture by J. Lefebvre. M. Jules Joseph Lefebvre, the painter of this work, was born at Tournan, in France, in 1836. He was a pupil of Léon Cogniet, and gained the *grand prix de Rome* in 1861 for his fine picture, 'The Death of Priam.' His later works are mostly single figures or portraits, and the well-known 'Grasshopper' and 'Chloe' are from his brush.

'The Young Bride' was painted about six years ago, and was exhibited in the Salon of 1878. It depicts an Italian girl who has just entered the bonds of matrimony. She is indeed a 'Young Bride,' for scarce fifteen summers appear to have passed over her head. A piece of orange-blossom decorates her dress, and she stands meditatively toying with her bracelet, perfectly satisfied with her newly-attained position.

PAINTED BY J. LEFEBVRE. ENGRAVED BY ALPHONSE LAMOTTE.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.*

No. V.—TEXTILES: LACE, TAPESTRY, STUFFS.

WHAT has been the Year's Advance in the Art manufactures which are classed under the title of textiles, and are detailed as consisting of lace, tapestry, and stuffs? Does the advance mean the improvement of design, or the improvement of the method of manufacture? or does it apply to a happy conjunction of improvements in both design and method of manufacture? Would it be an advance if design and method of manufacture were improved, but the quality of material had deteriorated? The task of writing upon such an advance is a difficult one. There seem to be as many legitimate sides to the question as there are opinions.

With Mr. Foster, the perfectibilian in Headlong Hall, one person might say that "everything we look on attests the progress of mankind in all the arts of life;" another might with equal truth agree with Mr. Escott, the deteriorationist, and feel convinced that the so-called advances "appear to us only so many links in the great chain of corruption;" and a third might feel absolutely safe with Mr. Jenkinson, the *statu-quo*-ite, in declaring that there is so exact a balance of the results of progresses and corruptions, that a condition *in statu quo* is the consequence. All this—perhaps a sort of apology for not having enough courage to say there has, or there has not been, an advance in the "Art manufacture" of textiles—is not strictly to the purpose in dealing with a practical lesson like that which *The Art Journal* has to give. The text of the lesson is the advance, and nothing less. It is not an interrogation—it is an affirmation. Accepted in this shape, one might be inclined, in discussing it, to take a hint from the way in which the Reverend Laurence Sterne, immediately after he had delivered the dogmatic truth of his text, commenced his sermon with "I deny that." Eventually he admitted that there was some truth in what he had started with denying.

No. 25.—Corner of Lace Window Curtain. Designed by M. Olivier.

Force of circumstances brings me nearly every day face to face with the dangerous temptation of drawing comparisons between ancient and modern works of Art. Specimens of textile fabrics, which belong to almost all periods since the commencement of the Christian era, are exhibited in those courts and corridors of the South Kensington Museum through which I generally walk. There are woven stuffs and embroideries, laces and tapestries, besides a few examples of printed stuffs, like linen, silk, and cotton. And, besides this collection, I am fortunate from time to time in seeing specimens of cognate and modern productions elsewhere; not merely in the shop-windows, but at exhibitions. For instance, at Paris, last year, the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs held an exhibition which included a great quantity of textiles, new and old, made by hand and by machinery. Amongst the older specimens I found many acquaintances, rich and decorous in appearance. A vivacity in fanciful designs seemed to mark the modern division of the collection. It was, however, a vivacity not quite so riotous in expression as that in the brilliant days of Louis XV. and the Pompadours and Du Barrys, when designers, as the *chorazi* in the "Comedy of Fashion," may have chanted—

> "Oh, dear! what will become of us?
> Oh, dear! what shall we do?
> We shall die of blue devils if some of us
> Can't hit on something that's new."

The less hilarious spirit of design in these modern textiles was probably due to a sort of hard effect in form; and this is, I fear, a result of accustoming designers to the sight of mechanical designs. A similar character is even present in the appearance of hand-made works, apart from any considerations of their ornamental qualities. Hand workmanship, in many instances, appears to be less facile than it was. It partakes of that accuracy and rigidity of effect which is the particular characteristic of machine work. Perhaps life is too short for handicraft to be burdened with an obligation of fidgeting to perfect many minute details, which a steam-driven shuttle can do in a second. The quantity of hand-made goods at the Paris Exhibition was

* Continued from page 120.

surprising, and there are probably as many artistic textiles made by hand nowadays as in previous times, although those which are for wear and use are far less extensively made by hand than by machinery. Artistic textiles made by machinery certainly abound in numbers never dreamed of a hundred years ago. Imitations of hand-wrought patterns now constitute a special branch of Art manufacture; and its existence may indicate an "advance" in industrial Art.

In past periods beautiful fabrics of rich design were produced for Church and Court. The producer's *clientèle* was different from that of to-day. The dignitary of the Church and the courtier appear to have worried the producer to death, demanding from him things which he never imagined himself capable to produce. This, however, is hardly the case now. The customer says to the shopman, "Is this in good taste?" "Yes," says the shopman; and so the article "in good taste" is accepted by the customer and turned out in large quantities by the producer.

What machinery has done to implant a certain amount of taste amongst millions of people is a well-worn theme. Mr. Ruskin, I believe, considers the essence of that theme, and all that concerns it, pernicious. What is a consequence of that? In some instances it displays itself in a demand for hand-made things, and because the things are hand made, there is no further question or thought whether they are of good design. This phase is at least curious, when one may find textiles mechanically produced, which in colour, surface pattern, and workmanship are so skilfully and appropriately managed as to be scarcely distinguishable from their prototypes.

No. 26.—Design for a Carpet by Mr. W. Morris.

At Manchester an exhibition was recently held of modern artistic manufactures sent from all parts of England, and a distinct feature of it was the set of hand-made carpets and hand-woven fabrics contributed by Messrs. Morris & Co. But to particularise any one firm is to bring one to a sense of the wide range which has to be travelled over, if "the textiles" made not only in Great Britain, "but in the countries which compete with her in the production of artistic objects," are to be here alluded to.

Embroidery, or Art needlework, for general domestic uses and adornment—distinct from Ecclesiastical embroidery which rituals have kept alive for hundreds of years—especially as an employment for women, has within the last ten or twelve years made a notable position for itself. Sweden and Germany have apparently followed the lead of England. Sweden, and her Society of Friends of Manual Arts at Stockholm, revive designs, quaint in form and crude in colour, which have commonly existed for two or three centuries in the peasant costumes of Scandinavia. Hamburg and the Kunst Stickerei Institut reproduce conventual embroideries in red silk and linen, usually thought to be of Italian sixteenth-century extraction, though kindred work was about the same time made in North-western Germany in the "creuz" stitch, for which Peter Quentell and other sixteenth-century designers made patterns. English philanthropy engages itself in Turkey, and is promoting a revival of the compact Oriental embroidery, in which Syrian and other Eastern embroiderers have long excelled. French manufacturers have machines which now make chain-stitch embroidery as neatly as that done by Turkish workers, and Chinese and Indian tambour-stitchers. Laces are annually turned out in thousands of miles by machinery.

The special technical features of machine-made lace are wholly different from those of hand-made lace, in spite of the repeated assertions that it is very difficult to tell the difference. Of course it is difficult if one does not choose to find them out. Mr. Ruskin said that lace was "a prize, a thing which everybody cannot have." Machinery, however, contradicts him in a sense, though the lace to which he perhaps specially referred was that made by hand; and this, no doubt, will always retain the exclusiveness which gives it its right to be considered a prize. Hand-made laces come from Burano, Bayeux, Bruges, and elsewhere.

Great Britain and Ireland are not perhaps so enterprising in this matter as foreign countries. In Irish convents, at Youghal especially, some needle-point lace rivals, in both design and workmanship, seventeenth-century work. But the quantity of such is small. Irish lace, as commonly accepted, is of quite another description. It very much consists of cut and embroidered muslin or fine cambric, and crochet. It is curious that we do not, as a rule, care to buy even these laces direct from Ireland. It appears that, rather than exert our own judgment in selecting and purchasing them, we place ourselves under the despotism of French dressmakers, and buy from them the works made by our own peasants, thereby paying a price for French selection, instead of enlarging the direct

connection between the lace-makers and ourselves. We save ourselves the trouble of a little self-education in appreciating home productions, acknowledge a superiority of taste in our neighbours, and encourage them to *exploiter* our own wares.

I must now briefly refer to the lace illustration, which consists of the corner of a window curtain. It was designed by a winner (Mons. E. Olivier) of the Grand Prix de l'Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, and produced by Messrs. Lefébure, who employ French and Flemish lace-makers. This is an example of a combined use of needle-point and pillow lace. The stags, hounds, and birds are of needle-point, the foliations, etc., of pillow work. By employing hand labour instead of machinery, a freer fancy in design and execution can be indulged than if machinery were used. In the latter case a repetition of pattern is almost a necessity, whilst a stiff and wiry texture cannot be altogether avoided. If an advantage is therefore conceded to such hand-made curtains, then they are an advance upon Nottingham and Calais machine-made curtains.

But the trait in our character recently mentioned is not altogether modern, or solely applicable to lace. We have often, no doubt, with good reason, relied upon foreign help to respond to our taste, as in the days when the cold stone walls of castles were clad with heavy "Arras," and Flanders furnished England with most of such hangings. The appointment of Arras and tapestry-maker to the Sovereign was granted to men like "Peter Genghem, of Bruselles, in Brabant," and some time elapsed before a tapestry factory was

No. 27.—Carpet Loom at Messrs. Morris's Manufactory.

established at Mortlake, in the reign of James I. Almost during the whole of its short life this factory was worked by foreign hands, from Oudenarde and elsewhere. Looking back now to the extinct Mortlake tapestry frames, it is an advance for England to be once more making tapestries. At Windsor such works are produced, a good deal in affectation of the Gobelins pictorial works; so too are those which have just been made in the Halkin Street looms of Messrs. Trollope. These tapestries, purely pictorial in treatment, represent a series of episodes in the family history of the Mackintosh, the chieftain of the Clan Chattan. The designs have been drawn by Mr. A. Sacheveral-Coke, under the direction of Mr. G. T. Robinson, F.S.A., and would, no doubt, have been as effective if painted in fresco. But the damp climate of the north might not have been favourable to the preservation of such works, and so tapestry, for its material, was preferable. Perhaps a good stout warp tapestry would have been most durable. But then it would have necessitated a greater broadness of treatment in design than that which has been adopted. The Mackintosh tapestries consist of four "cloths," each of which is devoted to the representation of some episode connected with the family history of the Clan Chattan. The first episode is that of the Battle of the Clans (A.D. 1369), which Sir Walter Scott describes in his "Fair Maid of Perth"; the second is the Treachery of the Comyns (A.D. 1450); the third is the Tragedy of Bog of Gight (A.D. 1548); and the fourth is Lady Mackintosh raising the Clan for Prince Charles Edward (A.D. 1745). Narrow panels of tapestry divide the episodes

from one another. Messrs. Trollope employed Frenchmen to weave these tapestries, which were produced in "basse lisse" frames. There are two historic methods of making tapestries, one in which the warp threads (upon which the coloured worsteds or silks are twisted and interwoven) run at right angles to the floor, and are upright; the other when the warp threads are parallel with the floor. The first method is used at Gobelins, and is called the "haute lisse"; the other is used at Beauvais, and is called the "basse lisse." The effect produced in each being technically the same, no difference can be detected between a "haute lisse" and "basse lisse" tapestry. Mr. William Morris, who has also commenced to make tapestries, uses high warp (haute lisse) frames. His workmen are English. The first piece of tapestry produced by Mr. Morris was after a design by Mr. Walter Crane, already familiar to many—"The Goose Girl." A second piece which is in course of making is of design somewhat akin in character to the floriated ornamentation of fifteenth-century tapestries.

Ornamental woven stuffs are abundantly poured forth from looms worked both by hand and by steam. Lyons maintains her old supremacy for rich silks, and Tours, Nismes, and Roubaix try to rival her. The present demand appears to be for true copies of old eighteenth-century patterns, although curious *mélanges* of all sorts of conventional and naturalistic motives appear in "new designs." Judging from the race-course at Longchamps and the Bois de Boulogne, reproductions of the pomegranate and species of pine-apple pattern, which so often appear in Flemish and Italian fifteenth-century hangings, are also in favour for dresses. But in these matters the Journals of Fashion possess the latest information. Steam looms in Scotland are now producing low-priced textiles of mixed material, brightened by golden strands, the designs of which are more in conformity with rules of colour, harmony, and distribution of form than seems to have formerly been the case with artistic wares from the north of the Tweed. If surprise is an index of advance, then the surprise, say of a Pict, would be very great, if he could come back to his home, and in lieu of coarse woollens or furs, he were to be presented by his kindred of 1883 with some of the hangings which they now make. An Indian of the time of Sakya Muni might not experience a similar shock in his own country, for saving where some European influence has brought a corruption, he would find a great deal much the same as he left it, in process, and (though often changed by Mohammedanism) also in patterns. The Indian weaver of to-day sits in his workshop, working the pedals of his loom in an excavated hole, and if he be a good Hindu, he is weaving a pattern probably much like that his forefathers wove, when the Code of Manu first began its process of stereotyping the arts of India. China and Japan too are equally conservative in their methods and patterns; but the quantity of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese weavings now brought to England and other European countries is far greater than that which percolated through Persian merchants to Imperial Rome. The old Romans prized the stuff more than the pattern; and encouraged their Syrian and Grecian purveyors to fabricate delicate tissues, mixing with more plentiful flax or wool silk threads pulled out of the oriental stuffs. We, however, look more to pattern and colour, and so the surprising influx of Mohammedan, Hindu, Buddhistic ornaments, and flowers, fruits, storks, fishes, and dragons, depicted by nature-worshipping artists, has an effect upon European designers for woven fabrics and embroideries—an effect which is often expressed without much heed to an esoteric or æsthetic meaning.

In Byzantine and Sicilian weaving there was, as a rule, no mixture of materials. If silk were to be used, the fabric was silken throughout. But this is not so in modern fabrics. A feature of modern weaving is the mingling of various materials, worsted, silk, gold and silver threads. The French are particularly cunning just now in this sort of work. Here, perhaps, is an indication of advance. I may be mistaken, but I believe that in this country Mr. Morris stands alone in the variety of intricate hand-woven silks, etc. which he produces. Many are, no doubt, resuscitations of ingenious twelfth-century methods. But for an occasional distant whistle and rumble of trains, a twelfth-century Sicilian weaver might, without sense of anomaly, take his seat in the weaving-shed at Merton, and find himself almost as much at home with the handicrafts pursued there as he was seven hundred years ago with those which engaged him in the palace at Palermo. If this be so, has Mr. Morris made any advance? Any one of the canons regular of the order of St. Austin, who formerly here erected "a fine church and priory to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary," would probably say Yes. In addition, it would no doubt please the canon to find that the quality of the trout had not deteriorated, in spite of distillations of indigo, madder, catechu, and other dyeing materials which pass into the stream running through the precincts of the old abbey. In Mr. Morris's factory, apparently in contradiction of a modern spirit of specialising and separately pursuing branches of textile manufacture and treatment, are to be found in operation the three technically distinct forms of weaving—namely, tapestry, carpet, and ordinary shuttle weaving. An engraving of one of his carpet-frames accompanies this paper, and shows the method of weaving. Besides these, there are rooms for dyeing wools and threads used in the looms and frames, a long upper story where cotton and other printing by hand-blocks is done, and store-rooms and offices. Adjoining the irregular group of workshops, and commanding a view of the garden, with its trees, and stream, is a last-century house, in which is Mr. Morris's studio, and from which he has easy access to his workrooms. An extra ounce of indigo to strengthen the dye, an additional five minutes' immersion of threads in the vat, a weft of colour to be swept through the warp in a moment of inspiration, a dappling of bright points to lighten some over-sombre hue in the grounding of a carpet, are some of the details in technical and artistic administration constantly receiving the attention of the director of the establishment, who thus secures a standard of artistic production at which the systematised operations of a steam-driven factory have not arrived.

Mr. Morris's carpets are made of wool, and the method differs but little from that of Turcomans and Persians who, with their prayer and other rugs, flock to the fairs at Nijni-Novogorod or Moscow at the present time, just as they rendered similar service to religion and luxury hundreds of years ago at Ispahan or Merv.

ALAN S. COLE.

ORIGINALITY IN ART.

IN every-day conversations upon Art, no term is more often misused, no idea more frequently perverted, than that of originality. On the one hand, we find most of those who have made no special study of the Fine Arts holding fast to the belief that this quality—by which, however, they understand a mere difference from what has been done before—is an antecedent condition to the acceptance of a statue, of a picture, or, though in a less degree, of an architectural design, as a work to be admired. At the other extreme of knowledge we find artists themselves, and those who are completely familiar with Art, insisting upon what sounds to the ear like the same principle: while between the two there are a crowd of theorizers upon æsthetics who will have it that all Art is a striving after some absolute standard; that the greatness of an artist is in inverse ratio to his distance from some Platonic ideal which they call perfection; and that originality or individuality of thought and feeling is a positive hindrance to his success and to the progress of taste. One of these writers has lately declared that "this striving to be 'original' is the very source of eccentricity and affectation. . . . . All the greatest Art work is freest from individual bias or peculiarity. It is most like that which we should conceive would proceed from the Divine hand—right in every respect, the standard work at which all the best workmen should aim. . . . . All Art would be at one if it were not for some individual peculiarity in the constitution of an artist's nature. It is at this at-one-ment, or rightness divested of all peculiarity, and not at 'originality,' that students should be exhorted to aim." With the first of these statements no one will be inclined to quarrel, but I hope to show that the originality which leads to affectation has absolutely nothing in common with that homonymous quality upon which so much of every great artistic reputation depends.

The latter part of our quotation at once suggests the question, Who is to decide what "rightness" is? And the only possible answer cuts away the ground from beneath the feet of those who believe in the objective nature of Art. The idea of perfectibility implies progress, which, again, involves the use of his own discretion by each individual artist. How else are improvements to be made? Granting that there is such a thing as an ideal, how else is it to be approached? It is therefore clear that, in any case, each individual worker must be his own arbiter of what is "right," and that, supposing him to use his judgment with sincerity, he must—as no two men are identical in mind any more than in body—open the door to the intrusion of his own personality; that is, of the only kind of originality which has any artistic value.

And here it may be well to point out that the agreement between the extremes of cultivated and uncultivated criticism is only apparent, and is due to a double application of the term we are discussing. Originality, to attract the general public, must be only skin deep. It must, in fact, be confined to methods. Their love is not for new ideas, but for old ones told in new ways. The great innovators in Art have ever been slow to win popular recognition. Even the breezy freshness of Constable, and the gravity and truth of modern French landscape—merits which seem easy of appreciation—had to fight a tedious battle against the curious dislike of the uncultured to be told what they do not know. But let a picture or statue contain an attitude, or the turn of a head, which recalls some previous work, and its author will be treated by the crowd as if he had picked a pocket. And yet most of the great masters of Art have been guilty of such plunderings as these. A long list of their plagiarisms might be compiled, but it will be enough for my purpose to name two instances, which are, perhaps, better known than any others, namely, the conveyance of the principal figure in Raphael's cartoon of 'Paul Preaching at Athens,' from Masolino's St. Peter in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence; and the strong resemblance between the Christ of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' and the corresponding figure in Andrea Orcagna's treatment of the same theme in the Pisan Campo Santo. The old masters "took their profit where they found it;" if the best material for their purpose happened to exist in work by some other hand, they annexed it without scruple, conscious that their creation would have to depend for immortality, not upon the borrowed motives, but upon the skill with which they were used, and the thoroughness with which they were made expressive of a new individuality.

For it can be easily shown by a process of logical exhaustion, that Art is as entirely a method of expression as language, and that the achievements of an artist are judged in the long run by the worth of the personality which is manifested in them. Those who object to this theory are fond of quoting the example of Greece as a proof that a love for ideal beauty has once led to an Art that was almost perfect, and that, if followed in the same spirit, it would lead to it again. If we look a little closely into the grounds for this contention we shall find, however, that it is based upon a fallacy.

The Art of the Greeks, so far as we know it, is confined to architecture and sculpture. Both of these had to fulfil the simplest possible wants, and neither of them was complicated by the countless traditional and other considerations with which a modern builder or statue-maker has to reckon. There was no embarrassment arising from weather, from costume, or, above all, from the presumptuous ignorance of those whom they had to please. Their Art was simple in its methods and aims, while their climate allowed its results to be so continually in evidence that the whole community grew up competent judges of its merit. Sculpture and architecture depend far more upon form than painting; and in the Athens of Pericles, where adoration, amounting almost to worship, was paid to the human figure, it was inevitable that the national productions should reflect that adoration. But the question we have to consider is, whether Greek statues have won their place at the apex of Art entirely, or even mainly, by the beauty of the forms they embody. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that any one of the three figures making up that great triad from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, which goes by the name of the Fates, had her attitude so far altered as to break the rhythmical lines which unite the three into sisterhood and into complete unity of

expression, would not the group in question at once fall from its premiership among groups? So with all the rest of the Pheidian marbles. Their transcendent merit arises less from the beauty of their shapes—in which, indeed, they are approached, if not equalled, by other Grecian remains—than from their complete unity of expression and the unfailing insight with which all the resources of the sculptor—form, arabesque, and chiaroscuro—are directed towards the one end of adding force to the dominant idea. An instructive example of how greatly a want of such coherence may damage the most beautiful statue is to be found in the famous Hermes recovered from the ruins of Olympia by the German explorers. A cast of this statue was erected some time ago in the Elgin room of the British Museum, so that many of my readers can verify what I have to say about it. Praxiteles, who was a realist at heart, was not content with deserting the severity of his predecessors for the more flowing contours of every-day humanity: there is an imitative actuality in his accessories which divides his work very sharply from that of Pheidias. This Hermes rests his left arm—the one upon which the man-child Dionysos is seated—upon a tree stump, over which the long folds of a chlamys, or some other garment, droop almost to the ground. The folds of this chlamys are arranged on a system, or rather a want of system, very different from that followed in the famous group from the Parthenon to which I have alluded. No attempt is made to combine them with the lines of the statue or to connect them with the general significance of the composition. The carver's one desire seems to have been to make something as like a woollen robe casually thrown over a stump as he could, and in that he has succeeded so perfectly that it looks more like a blanket that has been petrified than the creation of a sculptor's chisel. For the successful execution of a *tour de force* like this, nothing is required but skill in the handling of the necessary tools and a considerable stock of patience. Its introduction is all the more extraordinary as the statue beside it is one of the most superb examples even in Greek Art of the union of beauty with that expressive force which constitutes creation.

The general resemblance between Greek statues which has led to the assertion that classic Art was impersonal, and, inductively, that its impersonality was the cause of its excellence, is no greater than the absence of precedent and the complicity of the Greek civilisation is sufficient to account for. We know from the statements of classic writers, that the individuality of Greek artists seemed as well marked to their contemporaries as that of their modern successors appears to us. Some of them were, indeed, treated as heretics for innovations that are now almost imperceptible.

In fine, we may say that the great artists of Greece were animated by precisely the same general motives as the great artists of to-day. They were, all of them, impelled by the desire to create what seemed best to themselves, to give expression to their own feelings and their own convictions. The heights to which they rose, and the homogeneous character of their Art, were due to such accidents of time and place as the absence of those encumbering traditions of early glory which do so much to extinguish personal tendencies, and a climate that enabled them to enlist the widest popular sympathy in their work. Far from being impersonal, the splendours of Grecian sculpture, and even of Grecian architecture, are owing to their frank personality, to the freedom, that is, with which their producers could advance when untrammelled by any such bogey of past perfections as their creations have become to their remote successors.

Rightly or wrongly, the power of expression has been placed by mankind higher than any other human gift. Whether he use words, or plastic forms, or musical sounds, the man who most completely succeeds in laying bare his soul to his fellow-men—supposing his soul to have something in it—is ranked among the great ones of the intellectual hierarchy. Burns, François Villon, Rousseau, Sterne, hold a place in men's admiration, nay, even in their affections, from which many a great benefactor to his race is excluded. They lightened no ills, they strove after no ideal, they did nothing but express their thoughts—many of which had been better unsaid—with a sincerity so complete, and a skill so absolute, that no fire was lost in the transmission. It is the same with the plastic arts. Artists would never have been put upon the pedestals they occupy if their work in life had been merely to illustrate nature or to chase such a will-o'-the-wisp as the Platonic ideal. They are able to give voice to thoughts and aspirations which would otherwise be dumb, and to manifest their individualities with a completeness second only to that of the poet—the artist in words—who combines something of all the other arts in his single person. But to win the world's prizes for such achievements their work must, in the first place, be original; by which it is not meant that they must concoct new methods, heat eccentric subjects, or make what are called new departures in Art—but they must tell their own thoughts and their own feelings. The machinery they use may be of foreign invention; they may, if they can, take their colour from Titian, their chiaroscuro from Rembrandt, and their handling from Velasquez or Frans Hals; but they must breathe a soul into the *mélange*, and that soul must be their own.

We have seen it asserted that all the greatest Art work is free from individual bias or peculiarity. How does that assertion bear examination? We have already explained our belief that the so-called impersonality of Greek Art is a myth; and if we come down to the Art of more recent times, to the Italian Renaissance and its offshoots, we find that the individuality in a work of Art is in direct proportion to its merit. To prove this, nothing more is required than to write down the names of those men who are confessedly the princes of plastic expression:—Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Tintoretto, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Dürer: to whom we may add Turner, Constable, Théodore Rousseau, and Millet. If the belief in "rightness," and in a standard work at which all the best workmen should aim, were well founded, the productions of these fourteen men, being by common consent nearer to that standard than those of their rivals, should display an unusual resemblance one to another. We know, however, that the reverse is the case; that a strong likeness between the works of different men is only found in the ranks of the mediocrities: that the higher we mount in the scale of Art, the more pronounced do the distinctions between one man and another become; and that, in the highest rank of all, they are so great that its members seem to have lived in different worlds.

The conclusion to which this has led us is, that the one sure road to permanent fame is, first, to master the facts and the *métier*; secondly, to use them for the sincere expression of emotion. Those who have no emotions to express had better keep clear of the studio.

W. Milholme.

THE TREATMENT BY THE GREEKS OF SUBJECTS FROM ORDINARY LIFE.

THERE is a curious passage in Lucian in which mention is made of a certain Greek sculptor, Demetrios, from Alopeke, who stands out as a unique figure among his fellow-artists, opposing himself to all the traditions of their craft. He seems to have worked at Athens in the age of Pheidias, when Greek Art was upon its highest level and a striving after ideal beauty and grandeur was the distinguishing mark of the Attic school, but to have aimed in his work at a bald, uncompromising realism. Lucian introduces his readers to a statue by Demetrios in an artful passage in which he first brings in a mention of some of the finest works of the great period, the 'Diskobolos' of Myron, the 'Diadumenos' of Polykleitos, and the 'Harmodios and Aristogeiton' of Kritias and Nesiotes, all examples of the ideal treatment of the youthful heroic form in the nude, and goes on then to speak of this statue in rhetorical contrast as "that pot-bellied, bald-headed figure, half-naked, with some straggling hairs of the beard blown about by the wind and with protruding veins, that figure which seems the very man himself." In another passage Lucian tells us that Demetrios boasted in the title of "maker of men," as opposed to that of "maker of gods," which would belong to a Pheidias, and he seems anxious to bring out the character of his sculpture in the sharpest possible contrast to that of the other great Hellenic artists.

It is a natural question to ask how far Demetrios is to be looked upon as merely an eccentric individual, or how far he represents a vein of realism in Greek Art existing side by side with its idealizing tendency, and in strong contrast to it. Such a realistic vein we find in the Art of the Middle Ages, and we need only point to the curious representations of scenes of trade and handicraft in the mediæval miniatures and glass paintings—especially in the thirteenth-century windows at Chartres—to show how the religious artist of those times could turn from his Madonnas and saints to work in quite a different vein upon subjects from homely life. This is not, however, the case in the Art of Greece. In the best period of the Art universally, and throughout the whole course of its history with but few exceptions, we find subjects from ordinary life treated with the same ideal feeling which characterizes the religious representations. The more we examine Greek Art in all its various forms, the more clearly do we see that it is pervaded throughout by a single spirit.

Whatever the Greek artist was engaged upon, he gave to it a certain Hellenic character which is commonly just as apparent in the slightest sketch from ordinary life as in his forms of deities and heroes. Nothing is more interesting as artistic study than to see how the Greek artist was enabled to combine this idealizing vein with the truth and freshness of nature which characterize all his best work, and even with those little life-like touches which often surprise us by their naturalism. Though there is a sense in which Greek Art seems to stand farther off from nature than modern, and to show in every production something, as it were, interposed between nature and the artist; yet, on the other hand, not only are its forms so closely copied from nature, that they have been models for study in all subsequent times, but every now and then we come across some passage of pure naturalism, where the artist seems to have caught a turn of a figure, an action, or a bit of drapery, and, as it were, photographed it into his work; while, again, this very passage about which we are tempted to exclaim that "it seems cast from nature," has something in it which is not mere nature, some distinct Hellenic impress which marks it as a work of Art and the production of Greek hands.

A good example of this will be found in a small portion of the Pan-Athenaic frieze from the Parthenon, where the Athenian youths are seen, at the beginning of the composition, mounting, and preparing to mount, their horses, in various

Fig. 1.—Youth adjusting his Tunic. From the Frieze of the Parthenon, British Museum.

life-like attitudes. One of these figures is shown in Fig. 1. It is that of a youth who appears to be pulling down his tunic, which has been shortened through being tucked in his belt, preparatory to mounting, while his attendant slave stands close by and helps him. Nothing can be simpler and more natural than this; it is just such an incident which an artist in every age might note down in his sketch-book. The action of the fingers, and the corresponding folds of the tunic, are admirably rendered, and a touch of character in the attendant, who goes about his work like a spoilt boy with a

little air of lazy petulance, lends a personal interest to the scene. Yet, on the other hand, the incident is so treated as to be in perfect harmony with the monumental character of the whole work. There is no sense of contrast when we turn from these little records of observation of daily life to those parts of the frieze where high ceremonials are being prepared, and where the deities are seated in solemn row as spectators. In other words, the Greek artist has not changed the style of his work in passing from the real to the ideal world, or from the sphere of ordinary to that of public and official life. How it was that he was able to work in this way in a single key throughout, and to combine truth to nature with ideal feeling, it will be the purpose of the following remarks to explain.

To understand the character of Hellenic Art we must look

Fig. 2.—Attic Tomb Relief. Athens Museum.

at Greek life in general, and realise how the world in which he lived presented itself to the artist. The Greek State had in reality something of the character of an artificial production. There was a strong feeling in Greece, which found its outcome in the writings of philosophers and the practical efforts of statesmen, that the State should be based on definite principles of reason, and maintained by laws which should regulate the lives of the citizens sometimes down to the minutest detail. For this to be practically possible, it had to be limited and circumscribed and kept free from all discordant elements. Hence the Greek communities, minute according to our notions in extent, were limited still further by the fact that only a small minority of the population, the free-born citizens, who at Athens formed only about one-fourth of the total number, were considered to be members of the State at all; the rest, slaves and resident aliens, being politically non-existent. The latter did all the hewing of wood and the drawing of water for the citizens, and carried on much of the handicraft and business, leaving their masters and patrons free to live the ideal life set before them by philosophers and statesmen. Freed from the sordid cares of life, and very much alike in training, position, and occupations, the citizens formed a sort of aristocracy, and spent their time attending to the public business of the State, and to their own intellectual and bodily culture.

It was this peculiar constitution of the Greek State that conditioned all the intellectual and artistic activity of the people. It is closely connected with, and indeed arose out of, the strongest and noblest feeling of the Hellenic mind—its desire to understand and put in order all about it. The Greek hated everything vague and formless, and he preferred to ignore whatever eluded his grasp rather than pursue it into regions where he was not sure of his ground. His world was a small one, and he cared only for what came within the narrow circle of interests to which he was confined. But this limitation was more than made up for by the firm intellectual grasp which the Greek possessed of all that entered the magic circle. In this way the world of the gods, the actual Greek community, and the life of the individual citizens, were by the Greek all thoroughly explored and comprehended with the utmost clearness; all that lay outside—the barbarian world beyond the borders of Hellas, and the slave and non-citizen within them—being left out of sight altogether.

We find here the explanation of the character of Hellenic Art, both in its dignity and nobleness, and its limitation. While the whole of nature, animate and inanimate, is the field from which the modern artist has to choose his subjects, the Greek represented only what was Hellenic. All that became a subject for his Art had been, so to say, re-created by Greek thought. Greek thought had gained a clear conception of it, and so given it form, before the artist took it in hand. The gods and heroes of Greece were each invested with a distinctly made-out character; the Greek citizen was a being formed strictly according to the Hellenic view of life; and the very animals—such as the horse, the lion, or the eagle—were Hellenized creatures which typified certain moral qualities sympathetic to the Greeks.

Hence it was that what we call ordinary life—the life of the lower classes, of trade and handicraft, of rural occupations—the life that, since the seventeenth century, has furnished to the artist so large a portion of his subjects, did not present itself as affording objects of interest to the classical artist. This was the life of slaves, or of those who, by engaging in manual labour for hire, had, as it were, forfeited the birthright of the true citizen; and it is only in the rarest cases that we find any record in pure Hellenic Art of scenes from this circle of life. When dealing with incidents from the life of the citizen classes, the Greek artist proceeded on the lines already indicated. He did not depict the personages he saw simply as individual objects of beauty or interest, but presented the Hellenic view of them, idealizing them, if we like to use the word, so far as to make them in every case a little less like other people, and more thoroughly Greek than they actually were.

Let us now turn to the actual remains of Greek Art, and see how far they bear out what has been said.

And first about sculpture. The Art of the Greeks was, of

course, essentially a religious Art, and the vast majority of the works of their statuaries deal with deities, heroes, and other mythological personages. Besides these, however, there are certain classes of works which belong to the terrestrial region. Foremost among these come the statues of victorious athletes, which were wrought by the best artists of Greece, and were set up in great numbers at the scene of the athletic contests at Olympia. The exact character of these famous statues is not easy to determine. We know that they were not, as a rule, portraits, in the sense of reproducing the actual lineaments of the victor, for the republican feeling of Greece tended to keep the individual in the background; but under exactly what category they came, is very difficult to determine. Opinions differ amongst archæologists as to whether they were, though generalised, yet essentially portraits, and so a direct and lasting honour to the individual victor; or whether, in setting them up, the first thought was to show gratitude and honour to the god in whose sanctuary they were dedicated, the glory of the victor being quite a secondary matter; or whether, as a third alternative, they ought to be classed rather under the head of genre, and were intended (as the well-known 'Diskobolos' of Myron seems to have been intended) chiefly to exhibit the beautiful human form—whose it did not particularly matter—in some graceful or characteristic posture of the games. In every case, however, whether the work was in the first place a portrait, a religious offering, or an artistic study, its interest from our present point of view remains the same. In every case the effort of the artist was to give a noble rendering of the beautiful, highly-trained athletic form, and in the effort he always, at any rate in the best time, idealized in striving to bring out to the utmost the Hellenic character of his subject. Again, in representing the citizen as an athlete, the artist was exhibiting him in a public capacity, and this gives a dignity and monumental character to the work which take it quite out of the sphere of what is commonly called genre.

Of great importance, for the present subject, are the sculptures on the tombs of Greece. They generally consisted in a figure in relief of the departed, either alone or forming one of a family group. The men are very commonly shown in some public capacity, as warrior or athlete, the ladies in some action taken from the daily life of home. No remains of ancient Art are of more interest than these tomb reliefs, which are exciting now such well-deserved attention, and they are the best possible examples of the manner in which the Greek, and most markedly the Athenian, sculptors could give an idealizing touch to subjects from ordinary life without their simple and natural character being lost. This remark applies especially to the tombstones of Athenian ladies. These show the deceased lady sitting sometimes in an attitude of dejection about which there is an exquisite pathos and charm. The departed is seen as she was in life, but a veil is drawn—the veil of death—between the loved form and the eyes of those who knew her in life. At other times, though the figure is still touched with this pathetic charm, some simple action is portrayed. The wife clasps hands with her husband as if bidding him farewell. Her children are sometimes about her, their toys in their hands. Often her handmaid stands beside her in the familiar relation which existed at Athens between the mistress and the trusted slave. It is very common to see the maid holding out a casket, to which the lady stretches out her hand, as if taking or laying aside some trinket or article of dress. We need not think that there is any question here of laying aside adornments with significant reference to the fact of departure; the action is one of a quiet, every-day character, designed to carry out the truthful impression of the scene. Fig. 2 is a good example of one of these reliefs, natural in feeling, and yet at the same time removed a little into the ideal region. Above the relief is an inscription: "Here lies Polyxene, who in dying left great sorrow to her wedded lord, to her mother, and to the father that begat her."

Fig. 3.—Tomb Relief from Orchomenos. Athens Museum.

Polyxene is seen seated on a cushioned stool, clad in a tunic and in a mantle which envelops the body to the feet, and is drawn over the head as a veil. By her knee stands a boy holding in his right hand a ball, as if he had just run in to his mother from his play. Simple, and full of pathos, is the action of the mother, who, with head bent towards her child, lays her left arm round his shoulder. There seems to be a sorrowful half-smile upon her lips, and a tender yearning look

in her eyes, as if she was looking upon him already from another world, while the hand with which she puts back the veil has much expression. The sentiment of the group is carried out in the figure of the handmaid, whose head has a pensive turn. The work, in parts good, but in parts rough and unfinished, dates from the fourth century B.C.

The best-known examples of the tombstones of the men is the *stele* of Aristion at Athens, which gives us a picture of an Athenian warrior of the old school, drawn up as if on parade, and in full armour; but of special interest for our purpose is the tombstone given in Fig. 3. It represents the departed in his capacity of careful farmer, taking a walk in his fields with his dog. In his right hand he holds a locust, which he has found engaged upon his crops, and offers it to the dog, who is jumping up for it. This is, perhaps, the most homely piece of naturalism that the Greeks have left to us. It is of very early date, and has a wonderful charm in its simple naïveté, which the artist has known how to combine with Hellenic repose and with a certain monumental grandeur in the figure of the worthy husbandman.

G. BALDWIN BROWN.

(To be continued.)

THE ARTISTIC ENJOYMENT OF PICTURES.

"I KNOW what I like!" is a remark almost certain to be heard at any exhibition of pictures, and the tone of voice in which it is usually uttered leaves little room for doubt that the speaker at least is convinced that "what I like" is certainly not less worthy of admiration than what anybody else likes. It may happen that some friend, whose knowledge of Art is not confined to "knowing what he likes," is standing by, and ventures to question the merit of some picture singled out by the speaker for special approval; but if so, his objections are promptly met by the well-known assertion that "De gustibus non est disputandum!"

Now if any artist is sufficiently in earnest to desire that good Art should be appreciated and bad Art condemned, it is his positive duty not to allow those who know nothing about Art to take refuge behind this false and flattering old proverb. Taste *is* a matter that admits of discussion! One man's taste is emphatically not so good as another's! and more—unless a man has studied Art (theoretically if not practically) he cannot intelligently enjoy it, he cannot properly *taste* a work of Art at all. Without some preparatory training and experience, it is as impossible to estimate the merit or value of a work of Art, as it is to appraise any article of merchandise or manufacture.

Architecture, sculpture, painting, and music are but different dialects of the universal Art language, and should express, each in its own sphere, some beautiful phrase of nature, so aptly and quaintly called "God's Art." Every-day vulgarities and coarse strength of language are intelligible even to inattentive ears, but refinement, beauty, and grandeur of language come to us only as the reward of some study of the subject.

The average public which pays its annual shilling at the turnstiles of Burlington House, "does" the exhibition, and comes away with a headache, due mostly to mental indigestion. Not knowing what is good and what is bad, what is worth looking at and what is not, most of the visitors have to look once at least at every picture on the walls, and are constantly on the strain not to miss any that they may afterwards be told they ought to have seen and admired. The physical and mental effort involved in seeing an exhibition in this way is exhausting, and hence the almost inevitable headache of those who "only know *what* they like." But those who know also *why* they like certain pictures better than others, and have Art knowledge enough to recognise good pictures at a glance, look only at them, and consequently come away pleasantly stimulated by their two or three hours' stroll through the Academy rooms.

How many of us admire a landscape for no better reason than that last year we wandered up that valley, or climbed that mountain-side, or loitered away a summer's afternoon on that shore; or are interested in a picture mainly because it shows us a particular place that we purpose visiting—and it is "so pleasant, you know, to have beforehand an idea of the sort of scenery to expect." How many of us again are attracted to a picture simply by some humorous incident, some silly sentimentality, some simpering face with eyes of superhuman size; whilst, whether a picture is well composed, well drawn, well painted, whether the colour is richly or delicately harmonious, whether the feeling which pervades it is tender or true, whether, in a word, the language in which the ideas of the painter are expressed is forcible or refined, what does it matter to us? Unable to understand, we are also unable to enjoy.

To be able to derive artistic enjoyment from any work of Art, one must have the power in some measure of appreciating technical excellence, and be able to apprehend the aim of the artist in each picture that he paints. Not having this necessary knowledge, many worthy persons turn away from the masterpieces of the Dutch and Flemish schools with something little short of disgust; to them the works of Teniers, Ostade, Jordaens, and Brauer, and even those of Rubens and of Rembrandt, are nothing but pictures of subjects so trivial or so coarse that they had better have never been painted. The professional painter and the cultivated connoisseur, on the contrary, get true artistic enjoyment out of these works of Art, in which they are able to recognise mastery of form, splendour or delicacy of colour, poetry of light and shade, and inimitable "handling." Granted that, at the first glance, the taste of every person of refinement is shocked by only too many of the works of these masters, the experience of every true Art critic is, that, after this first momentary shock, the coarseness of the men themselves (who, at worst, were but the natural outcome of the climate and time in which they lived) is forgotten in the subtle refinement of their art and craft. Take Adrian Brauer, for instance; nothing can be much coarser than many of the subjects of his pictures, but so refined and delicate was this painter's sense of colour, that in looking at many of his harmonious melodies, one is reminded of nothing so much as of the most delightful of Mendelssohn's "Spring

Songs." No colourist, indeed, can fail to recognise Brauer's true and tender feeling for colour, whilst no person of culture can help regretting that so great a natural gift should have been wasted in picturing the life of tipsy peasants.

All Art being but an echo of nature, a knowledge of painting must necessarily quicken our perception of natural beauty, and so add immeasurably to the sum of our enjoyment. But the reverse does not hold good. Because we are loving students of nature from the scientist's point of view, we are not necessarily able to understand and enjoy a work of Art. To be able to do that, we must not only be able to see the aim of the artist in each separate work of Art, but must apprehend at least, even if we do not practically understand, the limits within which he is constrained to work by the very necessities of his particular Art dialect. If not, though of course able to recognise any special beauty or natural truth which the artist has incorporated in his work, we shall be apt to look for phases of truth and aspects of beauty which could not possibly have been included in the same Art effort, and failing to find them, it will be difficult for us to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the truth and beauty which the artist has been able to realise.

An experienced painter knows only too well how much he must leave unrecorded in every picture he paints, so as to render at all visible that particular phase of beauty, to express which the picture is painted; and unless we are able to recognise this necessity, how is it possible for us to enter into his enjoyment? If light, for instance, exists in any remarkable degree in a picture, as it does in many of Turner's works, it is foolish to object that the forms are less distinct and the colours less decided than in nature; because an artist of Turner's power could certainly have emphasized both form and colour correctly had he chosen to do so, and could have elaborated all details as accurately as any so-called "Pre-Raphaelite." But Turner's practical experience told him that in Art one thing must be sacrificed to another, and that he must perforce forego both form and colour so far as to allow of the possibility of expressing the indefinite poetry of light, the translucency of atmosphere, the luminous loveliness of sunlit mist, which in many of his pictures are the very things he wants us to admire and enjoy as he did. Or, if we see great richness and beauty of colour in a picture, as we actually do in most of Titian's works, we must be content with the glowing tones of the flesh and the deep splendour of the draperies and backgrounds, and must not complain of the want of absolutely natural truth of light and distance. The colour-effect in Titian's pictures gains so much power and beauty by his method of lowering the tones of light and lessening the effects of air and distance as compared with nature out of doors, that no artist who really enjoys colour dreams of finding fault with the great Venetian for suppressing any natural fact that would have interfered with such gorgeous results. Or if we find great elegance of line, ideal beauty of form, and purity of expression, as we do in so many of Raphael's works, we ought to be content to tolerate the mediocre and sometimes commonplace colouring, which to some extent is the price that Sanzio had to pay for the very qualities for which we admire him. Again, if a picture shows that the painter has aimed at expressing grandeur, vivid vitality, or character, we must not be surprised to find forms generalised or even exaggerated, as Michael Angelo, Rubens, and Velasquez have actually done. The heroic grandeur stamped on the creations of Buonarotti, the intense individuality characteristic of every portrait painted by Don Diego, the abounding energy of healthy life pervading the work of the great Fleming, are obtained by the conscious and willing sacrifice by these masters of all prettiness, conventional grace, and mere academic accuracy. Michael Angelo touches all who possess sufficient poetry of imagination to grasp the grandeur of his ideas, but probably only painters can adequately understand and enjoy the surprising power and mastery of Rubens; they catch his painter's enthusiasm for the exquisite colour and texture and luminosity of human flesh, for muscular form in vigorous action, for the glow and shimmer of silken draperies, and they at least do not care to cavil at his choice of subject. Content with what he has realised in his works of the abounding beauty of nature, they do not spoil their enjoyment by idly lamenting that his mind was not open to the recognition of *every* natural beauty.

It is very far from my desire to deny that it is the duty of each artist to do his utmost to unite all possible excellences in every picture he paints; but if we want to get as much pleasure as possible out of existing pictures, we must give up the expectation of finding *all* the best qualities embodied in any one of them. If it should sometimes seem to us as if the great masters had almost scorned some of those Art qualities that we specially admire, let us confess that they could afford to do so. The more impulsive, the more enthusiastic they are, the greater their genius—in a word, the more careless they are of adverse criticism; it is only those artists who never rise above the dead level of mediocrity, in whose works we can find no definite faults, if we want to find them.

Any one, artist or not, strolling through an exhibition, can pick out the pictures that please him—can say what subjects on the walls are sympathetic to himself. But the man who is content only to "know what he likes" must not lose sight of the fact that the subject selected by the painter is not the sole standard of the merit of a picture as a work of Art. The choice of subject shows the man; it is the treatment of that subject which reveals the artist. If a man is coarse, his statues, or pictures, or poems, or dramas, or conversation will be coarse too: because in whatever Art-dialect he chooses to speak, he cannot choose but show *himself*, and the more mastery he has of his particular craft, the more manifestly will his coarseness be expressed. On the other hand, the man who besides being a clever painter, or sculptor, or musician, or writer, is also an artist of true feeling and culture, cannot help disclosing the possession of these qualities in everything he does, and his thorough command of the technical resources of his craft will cause him only the more eloquently to utter his feeling for beauty, and grace, and poetry, and truth.

Now the beauty, or grace, or truth expressible in a statue or picture is far more material and emotional than intellectual. Sublime thought and noble passion, that appeal so directly to our intellect in a poem, are not the first requirements, are not the essential elements, of a good statue or picture. In sculpture before anything else we want material form sufficiently beautiful to please the eye, and in painting we want first of all beautiful form, beautiful colour, and picturesque light and shade and composition; and without these fundamental requirements, the most elevated ideas, the purest sentiments, have no Art value whatever.

It is sometimes said of painters that, as long as the execution of a picture is workmanlike, they care nothing at all what the subject is. That is not so. Every true artist will be

the very first to affirm that, provided it shows sufficient mastery of the craft, that picture which portrays the noblest subject is unquestionably the best picture. But painters understand the grammar of their Art-language, and can judge whether a painter utters himself powerfully, or gracefully, or even correctly, or whether he only stammers out feebly what he wants to say. Naturally, therefore, painters are impatient when they hear pictures praised loudly, not merely on account of their subject-matter (of which all are as well able to judge as the painters themselves), but as "works of Art," when they show no slightest signs of Art-knowledge—when they are badly composed, badly lighted, false and feeble in drawing, crude and coarse in colour—when, in fact, they are not works of Art at all.

No artist who ever worked in paint chose more elevated subjects or treated them with purer feeling than Fra Angelico. Considering the technical standard of Art in his time, his craftsmanship is excellent; but when we think of that displayed by the great painters of Venice, Flanders, and Spain, or by the best painters of to-day (whose subjects are mostly so much lower in aim than those of the gentle Dominican monk), we must admit that his *Art* is comparatively childish. Critics so often seem to forget that a picture is not primarily a poem or a drama, and should not be judged exclusively from a literary standpoint. Poetry there must be in a picture, if it is to take high rank as a work of Art; but the poetry expressible in paint is of a subtle character, and may dwell in the form, in the colour, in the light and shade, in the general feeling with which the subject is handled. The poetry, too, however patent to the cultivated critic, is frequently as invisible to the untrained eye in the picture as it is in nature, which inspired the production of that picture.

The artists who know most about their Art know how difficult it is to draw really well, how seldom a picture is perfectly composed, how rarely a painter is greatly gifted as a colourist, how few painters have much taste, and how unlikely it would be to find all or even most of these excellences united in the same artist; and so they are ever glad to greet real merit of any sort, and are ever the most lenient and appreciative of critics. Fault-finding is easy enough, but mere disparagement of pictures, such as one so often hears at public exhibitions, is the lowest and most contemptible form of criticism. A picture represents often a considerable portion of a fellow-creature's life, and if we say anything about it at all, we should honestly endeavour to see what is good in it, as well as notice its evident faults and fallings short of excellence. What profit or pleasure is it likely that any one can derive from a visit to an exhibition whose habit it is to criticise the pictures somewhat in this fashion?

"Well, yes, now you mention it, I see that the colouring is rather rich; but how coarsely the paint is put on! It doesn't look bad, you say, from this distance; but just go close to it, and see if the paint hasn't been plastered on with a trowel. If that's what you call effective painting, give me an artist who knows how to *finish* his pictures, like Maclise, or Carlo Dolci."

Or in this fashion:

"Oh! the composition is very graceful, is it? Well, perhaps there is a sort of refinement about the picture when you come to examine it carefully; but you don't mean to tell me you call those dingy drabs and dirty greys *good colour?*"

Or in this fashion:

"I don't pretend to understand anatomy, or to know whether it is a triumph, as you say, to have drawn a figure in such a difficult foreshortened position; but I think I know the look of human flesh when I see it, and this figure here looks carved out of wood."

Or in this fashion:

"What you mean by calling the colour of that sunset poetical I can't imagine; but what slovenly drawing! Why, you can't make out what any form in the picture actually means. You have to guess at everything. Anybody could daub like that!"

Surely one would get far more enjoyment from a visit to a picture gallery if it were one's custom to look rather for the merits than for the faults of pictures, and to criticise them something after this fashion:

"Yes, the drawing is rather hard, and there is a want of air in the picture, and the colour is not absolutely first rate; but what individuality there is in all the forms, and what fine action in that figure! And how dramatically the whole subject is rendered!"

Or in this fashion:

"Well, the forms are not elegant, certainly; some of them are even a trifle coarse, as you say; but just look at the colour! Did you ever see such superb draperies or such palpitating flesh in paint before? And that face absolutely seems alive!"

Or in this fashion:

"No doubt the colour is monotonous; but perhaps the artist purposely kept it in this sober key so as to concentrate our attention on the drawing. What exquisite refinement of modelling! What a subtle sense of rhythmic motion runs through that figure! How delicately the head is poised on the shoulders! what beautiful extremities. Never mind the colour; it is a work of high Art all the same!"

Or in this fashion:

"I must admit that it is not easy to define some of the details; but what does that matter when the whole picture is so suffused with light, and when the canvas has been transformed into a dream of lovely colour?"

In all honestly-painted pictures there are certainly some qualities worth notice, if only we have eyes to see them, and the only fair way to criticise a work of Art is to look for those qualities which the artist has striven after, rather than for those which he has not attempted to express. If we assume any judgment as to the value of a picture as a work of Art, we certainly must not base our verdict on the subject merely, but, before calling a picture bad or good, we must be able to recognise whether or not the form (or "drawing") is correct, whether the colour is harmonious or true, whether the composition is good—that is, whether the lines and general arrangement of the masses of form, colour, and light-and-dark are picturesquely effective. To this, if we want thoroughly to enjoy the Art in a picture, we ought to add a practical experience of painting sufficient to enable us to see whether the "handling" or execution is good, and whether any great technical difficulty has been overcome, or any interesting Art-problem solved.

BARCLAY DAY.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS IN ROME.

ALTHOUGH styled International, this exhibition is hardly so in the strict sense of the term. It is scarcely even National, especially as regards the sculpture; but in the number of painters exhibiting pictures it exceeds by a small quantity the collection recently shown at Turin, though in actual numbers of paintings submitted to public criticism it is less than on that occasion.

The building in which the exhibition is held is the work of a young architect, Signor Piacentini. The façade on Via Mazionale is decorated on the stylobate with twelve statues, representing famous painters and sculptors, executed by Galletti, Filippo, Ferrari, Dies, Cesare Aureli, Guglielmi, and others. The four columns of the façade are also crowned with symbolic statues by Biggi and Tabacchi; and completing the whole, against the sky stands out a group by Adalbert Cencetti, representing Art and its progress through Study and Work. This is still in gypsum, as are also the two bas-reliefs between the columns. Of these, the one on the right represents the early revival of Italian painting; that on the left commemorates the Finding of the Laocoön.

Entrance to the Fine Arts Exhibition at Rome.

The bas-reliefs in the triangles of the principal arch, together with the eagle serving as keystone, are the work of Giovanni Bertoli, and are pronounced by competent critics to be by far the best of the sculptures.

The collection of pictures is stronger in landscapes and genre than in subjects of so-called "domestic interest," or of intellectual value. A healthy appreciation of real life, a keen eye for homely humour, a quick perception of picturesqueness in out-door scenes, distinguish alike such widely-differing painters as Carcano and Favretto on the one hand; Tommasi, Bezzi, and Montiverde on the other. Dall' Oca is content with a bit of village-life, or a scene upon a house-top. Petiti reproduces with quiet truth the winter sunshine resting on Alpine nooks, or the charm of mountain places lately washed by rain. In some of the Neapolitans, such as Dalbono, there is a dash of fantastic power, a potency of light and warmth that verges, so to speak, upon the lyric; but even here the exaggeration, if it exist, is the result

of no didactic purpose, but simply of a heightening of natural effects. Even among the "impressionists," although the method may be eccentric, the impression produced is, as a rule, in harmony with the simplicity and directness of nature. In a word, the strength of Italian modern artists would seem to lie in technical cleverness, a strong sense of colour, a most felicitous gift of expression; their weakness is certainly in the direction of imagination. Their domestic subjects (scenes of peasant-life excepted) are frequently trivial; their historical paintings conventional; insight is wanting to their pathos, and no dramatic faculty vivifies their conception of the storied past. A pleasant realism they have in abundance, and most of their paintings give the idea of perfect ease; but, so far, they show few signs of the originality which is the hall-mark of genuine intellectual power.

No picture is so original or powerful as Michetti's now celebrated 'Voto,' or 'Devotees at the Shrine of San Pantaleone.'

Michetti, although still a young man, has proved himself in many recent exhibitions a painter of unusual and increasing force. Living constantly in the Abruzzi, he appears to have studied, with the sympathetic insight of the true artist, all that is strange and sad and terrible in the natures and the customs of the wild populations around him; and one of the results of such observation he offers now to the world in the shape of the stupendous 'Voto.' The scene is the inside of a church—a portion of one nave alone being visible. In the foreground are half-a-dozen creeping figures—human reptiles—stretched out full length on their stomachs, licking the floor unceasingly with their bleeding tongues, and dragging themselves painfully forward to kiss the silver head of San Pantaleone. This, raised a little way from the ground, gleams white, insensible, serenely callous, like the fetich which it is, against that mass of sunburnt, toil-worn, eager, sorrowful, and degraded faces.

The intensity of superstition, the fierce and brutal fervour of unquestioning belief expressed in this picture, are penetrated with a feeling which we more willingly name Eastern than

An Unexpected Return. By Lojacono.

Western. Its terrible pathos consists in the total absence of one bright hope, of one radiant conception among all these souls saturated with the formulas of an incomprehensible and unrealised creed. The abject renunciation of a spirit which would barter its best treasures of feeling for one stroke of supernatural luck, are expressed in the attitude of a man who, having reached the silver head at last, has flung his arms round it, and is mumbling over it, and licking it with his bleeding tongue.

Next in importance to the 'Voto,' both for its subject and the interest it has excited, is Giuseppe Ferrari's 'Via Dolorosa,' just sold for 80,000 francs. The painter passed three months at Jerusalem, and the result is a carefully painted, excellently posed, and solemnly treated picture which leaves the spectator cold. It is correct and academical, fuller of technical than of intellectual power.

In the same room is a charming picture by the Venetian Luigi Nono, which appears to have come as a revelation to even his warmest admirers. The title is 'Refugium Peccatorum;' the subject, a girl kneeling, in sad absorption of grief and shamed remorse, before a shrine at Chioggia; a work which we will engrave in our second article on the Exhibition.

Beside it hangs a remarkably clever, powerful, yet unpleasant composition by Spartaeo Velia, entitled 'The Inquisition.' It consists of two figures, a monk and a female penitent. The latter is semi-nude, and the flesh admirably painted. The girl, half maddened with terror, has slipped from her seat, and crouches on the ground; her eyes staring wildly; her long black hair falling over her like a veil; while the priest, leaning forward, clutches her by one quivering arm, his nails nearly entering her flesh, as he threatens her with imminent torture, and eventual perdition.

Next in order of importance, for earnestness of purpose, comes a group of historical pictures. The subject of Cesare Tallone's work, 'A Triumph of Christianity in the Time of Alaric,' has been suggested by a passage of (I think) Gregovorius. A party of barbarians who have sallied forth to destroy, are suddenly converted to a belief in Christ, and instead of massacring and demolishing, they transform themselves into a religious procession, headed by a young girl

bearing a reliquary. A steel engraving of this picture is being prepared for a future number of *The Art Journal*, by kind permission of the painter.

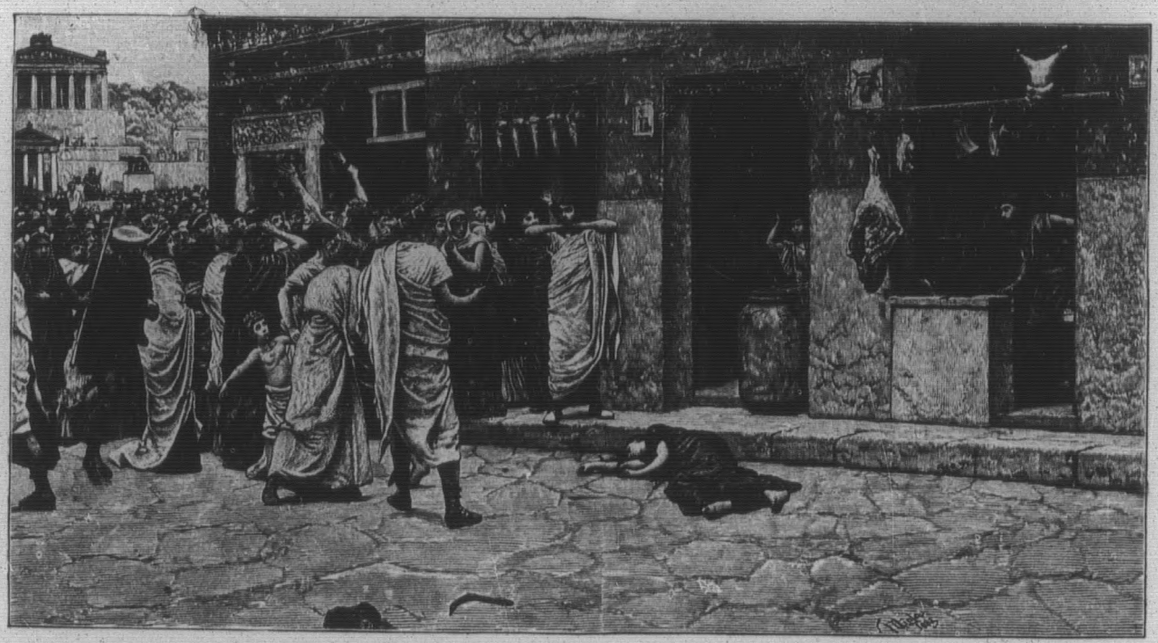
The 'Death of Virginia,' by Miola, a vigorous and crowded composition, forms the subject of the engraving below. In the foreground by the butcher's shop lies the dead body of Virginia, dabbled with blood. Her father, the knife in his uplifted hand, is rushing through the crowd towards the magistrates, seated in their chairs of state, and visible in the distance at the Forum. Around Virginius presses a surging mass of figures, men, women, and children, in every attitude expressive of horror and dismay. One old woman with dishevelled hair, whose hand is raised to her brow, is probably the murdered girl's nurse; for in her attitude there is grief as well as terror, and her eyes are fixed with evident reproach on the maddened father. All the details of the scene, such as the costumes, the booths, the row of amphoræ above the wine-shop, are very carefully supplied; and the whole picture gives a vivid idea of the aspect of old Rome.

The accusation of intrinsic lifelessness may be brought against the large picture by Laccetti, to which he has given the name of 'Christus Imperat.' This again is a procession composed of exulting warriors, of chanting priests, of veiled female penitents, of patricians and plebeians.

Pio Joris, a Roman painter, exhibits the 'Flight of Pope Eugenius IV. to Ostia.' The moment chosen is that in which the pirate Valentine drives the prow of his boat furiously against that of his pursuers; while the prefect, covering with his own person the cowering figure of the Pontiff, returns the fire of the armed crowd on the shore.

'The last Hours of Sienese Liberty' is by Aldi, a young painter, who makes an ambitious attempt to rise to the dignity of a grand historical painter.

Another Sienese subject, treated with more imaginative sympathy, is 'Siena, in 1374,' by Pietro Vanni, of Viterbo. At that time the plague was raging in the city, and the panic-stricken population finding no remedy, sought for courage in forgetfulness, and comfort in dissipation. In



The Death of Virginia. By Miola.

contrast to the ribaldry of the many was the self-abnegation of the few. Vanni represents a number of youths and maidens, and old men, grown hoary in vice, who, issuing at daybreak from a patrician house, pause to cast insults and blasphemous jeers at St. Catherine. She, assisted by a friar and a nun, is in the act of succouring a plague-stricken creature who has fallen at her feet. She does not answer the mockers, but standing upright and silent, casts at them a long glance of ineffable and angelic sorrowful scorn.

Heavy and wearisome appears a composition in the same room, which is much praised as being by Jacovacci, 'Alexander VI. imploring from the Venetian Ambassador the Alliance of the Republic.'

'The Unexpected Return' of Lojacono, purchased by King Humbert, and engraved on the opposite page, is, like most of the works by Neapolitan and Sicilian artists, remarkable for its effect of light and warmth and open air. In a glowing corn-field, under a sky of cloudless blue, stands a party of reapers who have been interrupted in their work by an unexpected visit. A young man—a conscript probably, coming from the war—has burst in upon them, and already has his arms round his sweetheart. His companions—they, also, doubtless soldier-lads from the same village—are following; for while some of the bystanders gaze at the new arrival with merely idle sympathetic curiosity, others are straining their eyes ahead. One man, quite in front, stands with his hand raised to his brow, peering anxiously forward, while a little behind him an old woman, hoping, fearing too much to gaze with fixity, has raised her clasped hands to Heaven in speechless prayer and longing. The whole scene is full of natural sentiment and homely, pleasing touches.

Signor Alessandro Bottero contributes a touching figure of an old woman sitting in her lowly room, immersed in the first stupor of despair, while through the half-closed street door her son is visible being marched away to prison by two carabiniers. Signor Antonio Bianchi represents a grave bearded doctor in the act of revaccinating the plump arm of a nice-looking little servant-girl.

A little picture which has been very generally overlooked, but whose merit lies in its simple yet intense feeling, joined to the pathetic distinctness with which it tells its story, is 'An Easter Day,' an old man with a noble, sensitive, care-worn face, and miserably dressed. He sits in an attitude expressive of uncomplaining, patient dejection. In one corner of the little room a bag stuffed full of rags shows how the occupant gains his living, and high up in the wall is a narrow window, wide open, and showing a small expanse of cloudless sky. It is "Easter Day," and doubtless the streets are full of holiday makers. The old man, turning from that glimpse of heaven's brightness, sits wrapped in saddest retrospection. What the subject of his thoughts may be is easy to guess, for on the wall beside him is a common penny print of Garibaldi, and pinned to this are the old soldier's own medals, and his own ribbon of the order with which at one time he was proud to decorate his breast. The painter is Signor Giorgio Luccheri. of Lucca.

No better instance could be found of that special form of realism which constantly warps the sentiment of modern Italian painters than the 'Spes Ultima Vale' by Alessandro Moroni. The picture is clever and intensely painful. A consumptive girl, sitting with her mother on a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, has suddenly yielded up her last breath. The story is powerfully and distinctly told by means of a few simple touches. A book open on a table, an opera-glass cast upon the ground, show how unexpected has been the heartrending summons. There is some needless ugliness in the expression, and an exaggerated lividness in the colour of the horrified mother, but the figure of the girl herself is painfully true to nature. Every line of her form, every feature of her face, have "consumption" written on them, and show how conscientiously the painter must have studied the types of those stricken by that fatal disease. Only surely, while fully acknowledging all the ability displayed, it is legitimate to ask why such a subject should

After the Storm. By Petiti.

have been chosen? The selection proves a want of all true idea of the object and the limitations of Art. Pathos ceases and pain begins when a sentiment invoked is too intimate and special; and where a mere spectator is concerned, there arises a further feeling of resentment at the obtrusion upon his indifference of an accident, like disease, used to heighten the effect of a solemn catastrophe.

Such are the most ambitious and important works by Italian artists. As will have been gathered from the description, they are, with one or two exceptions, compositions lacking in true originality, and in that special form of interest arising from imaginative force. Alone, they do not suffice to redeem the collection from the charge of being commonplace; and that this is the first impression produced, there is no denying. A more intimate knowledge leads, indeed, to a far more favourable judgment; and for such a result our thanks are principally due to the band of landscape and genre painters, who excel in colouring, in vivacity, and technical ability. But when all due praise has been given, the fact remains that the exhibition falls a long way short of any high intellectual level; and is, moreover, spoilt in many cases, by instances of a taste which ranges with wearisome persistency from the trivial to the bad. Both as sculptors and painters, but more especially as sculptors, Italian artists have a tendency to consider that any subject is artistic which is capable of being reduced to a composition. And since, from the realistic to the repulsive there is but a step, they often overpass even that slender boundary; and would, I suspect, sin in that way oftener, did not certain subjects to be possible, pictorially speaking, at all demand a largeness of handling and vigour of brush which, in general, shine by their absence from Italian modern Art. We also give an engraving from one of Petiti's landscapes, 'After the Storm,' a work in which technical merit is conspicuous, and showing the painter in one of his favourite subjects.

B. DUFFY.

(*To be continued.*)

BRITISH EXHIBITIONS AND ART NOTES.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—The annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy was opened on March 5th, by the Lord Lieutenant. It is generally acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to the exhibitions of former years; and it is worthy of remark, that notwithstanding the disturbed condition of the public mind at the present time in Ireland, the Academy were unable to hang, from want of space, a very much larger number of works, and of a very much better quality, than on any previous occasion; thereby indicating that the taste for Art in the country is steadily and rapidly increasing—which, indeed, has been fully demonstrated of late years by the much larger number of works sold. Amongst the contributions to the exhibition the works of the members of the Academy hold a foremost place; the President, Sir T. A. Jones, is worthily represented by portraits, all painted in a firm, vigorous manner. He also contributes a few fancy subjects, of which we may mention a happy rendering of 'Sabrina,' from *Comus*. Mr. B. C. Watkins exhibits 'Salmon Pool on the Caragh, Glencar, Kerry,' which is his largest picture this year, and in which he has somewhat varied his style in depicting a thickly wooded river. It is remarkable for the successful rendering of bright daylight and transparent reflections in the water. Mr. P. Vincent Duffy contributes fourteen works, many of which are small; his most important works are 'The Harbour of Arklow, Co. Wicklow,' and 'Lake Scene, Connemara,' painted with great dexterity of handling and breadth of treatment. Mr. N. Hone exhibits several pictures, principally coast scenes; in 'Beaulieu, near Nice,' the colour is remarkably brilliant and truthful. Three pictures of Irish peasant life by Mr. James Brenan are noticeable for keen appreciation of character and high finish in the details. Mr. Augustus Burke exhibits several sea-side pictures from the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe, all bearing evidence of the desire of the artist to study nature and represent her in her simplicity. Another prolific contributor, Mr. Alfred Grey, sends several cattle pictures, of which 'Over the Moor,' the most important, is painted with great vigour and force; 'Looking for his Flock; a pause in the Search,' represents truly an old Highland shepherd on a snow-clad mountain top. Mr. E. Hayes is represented by several of his well-known sea-pieces, in one of which, 'Vessel Signalling for a Pilot,' the artist is at his best. In 'A Quest of Love,' Mr. C. W. Nicholls has depicted Black-Eyed Susan in quest of her lover. Mr. W. Osborne sends several military pictures and other works, in which horses occupy a prominent position, all painted with his usual knowledge and skill. Mr. S. Catterson Smith's chief contribution is 'The Bailly Lighthouse.' Mr. F. W. Osborne, the recently elected Associate, exhibits a number of works, chiefly street scenes and figures, painted on the Continent, from which he has recently returned, showing great improvement as a result of his foreign study. Mr. T. Farrell and Mr. J. Farrell send several works in sculpture, which uphold their well-earned reputation.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.—The twenty-second annual Exhibition opened on February 6th. It is one of the most interesting exhibitions the Institute has yet held, and, from the varied character of the pictures and the wide area from which they have been drawn, will prove of great educational value to local artists. The leading English schools are worthily represented; several well-known foreign artists have sent works of importance; and the canvases exhibited by Scottish painters—and especially by some of the younger Glasgow men—show healthy progress. The place of honour in the large room is occupied by the 'Psyche' of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Millet's 'Going to Work' is an admirable example of that great artist's sympathy with, and method of looking at, the homelier aspects of life. Bastien Lepage's famous Salon picture, 'The Mendicant,' deservedly attracts much attention. 'Antigone,' by Mr. Robert Herdman, R.S.A., is a noble figure, characterised by a dignity that is impressive and yet not austere. M. E. Dameron, in 'Les Fagots,' gives us a well-lighted woodland scene, drawn with spirit and a nice crisp touch. The younger generation of Glasgow artists are beginning to recognise the benefits resulting from the thorough training to be obtained in Continental ateliers. Many West of Scotland students are now betaking themselves to the Paris and Antwerp schools, and the good effects of their experience there is every year more and more evident. One of the most satisfactory pictures produced this season by a Glasgow painter is 'An Art Critic,' by Alexander Mann, who has spent some time in Paris. Macgregor Wilson's 'St. Ann's Ferry, Antwerp,' and William Pratt's 'Youth and Sunshine,' are also deserving of praise. These painters have left, with success, the familiar track, worn almost bare by the feet of countless Glasgow artists, that never seemed to lead past the 'Old Luss Road,' or 'Fishing Boats at Tarbert.' Among other local men who have sent good figure subjects are Messrs. MacEwan, Davidson, and Mackellar. David Murray's little landscape of 'Sun-steeped Noon' is charming from its delicacy and fine atmosphere. It and his other small work, 'The River where the Lilies blow,' appeal more to us than do his larger canvases. Joseph Henderson's spirited seascape of tumbling, foam-edged waves, 'Rough Weather, Sound of Kelbrannan,' is exceedingly fresh and healthy. Mr. Young's 'Borrodale' is clear and crisp. Wellwood Rattray, Thomas Hunt, J. D. Taylor, Peter Buchanan, R. W. Allan, W. Y. Macgregor, Walton, C. J. Lauder, A. Black, D. Fulton, and East merit special mention. James Guthrie is represented by one of the most important pictures painted of late years by a young Glasgow artist, 'A Highland Funeral.' The large work by John Smart, R.S.A., 'The Track of the Storm,' and Duncan Cameron's 'Ben Venue,' are both well studied and impressive. Among the portraits, 'The Earl of Dalhousie,' by W. W. Ouless, R.A., a fine manly piece of work; Joseph Henderson's 'James Wilson, Esq.,' and 'John Turnbull, Esq.,' Mrs. Gaddum's 'Countess of Taverna,' E. Patalane's 'Lionel and Mina,' R. C. Crawford's 'Miss Clugston,' and W. MacTaggart's 'Portrait of a Lady.' In the water-colour collection, Wm. Carlaw, De Nittis, R. Anderson, R.S.A., and several others exhibit good work.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL GALLERY.—The widow of the late Cecil Lawson has presented 'The Minister's Garden' to the Gallery.—The working palette of J. M. W. Turner has also been presented by Mr. R. H. Nibbs, of Brighton, to whom it was given, in 1824, by George Cobb, who received it personally from the painter.

LONDON FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The Princess Beatrice distributed the prizes to the successful competitors on March 10th, this being the first public act of her Royal Highness.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR RUSKIN AT OXFORD.—The first of the series of Slade lectures was delivered by Professor Ruskin, on Friday, March 9th. He commenced with a comparison between the work of the late Dante Rossetti and that of Holman Hunt. Of Rossetti he spoke as having done more than any other man of this century to raise and change the spirit of British Art, and as the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the romantic school in England. The word "romantic," Professor Ruskin explained, he always used in its noblest sense; that way, namely, of looking at the real world adopted by Burns, Scott, and Tennyson. Holman Hunt he regarded as the pupil of Rossetti; though in so doing he by no means meant to qualify his admiration of Hunt. For the pupil is often greater than his master, and it is a quality of dominant minds to know of whom to learn. While Rossetti's art culminated in 'The Virgin in the House of St. John,' that of Holman Hunt's is at its highest in 'The Light of the World.' In these pictures the essential difference between the two artists might be seen. Rossetti regarded the Old and New Testament as a beautiful poem; but to Holman Hunt "the story of the New Testament became not merely a reality, not merely the greatest of realities, but the only reality." The latter was "beyond calculation greater, beyond comparison happier in his Art" than the former.

The Professor concluded the more serious part of his lecture by saying that his audience need fear no more sermonizing. He was about to touch on lighter matters. He had made some discoveries: two lads and two lasses, who, though not artists, could draw in a way to please even him. He used to say that, except in a pretty, graceful way, no women can draw; he had now almost come to think that no one else can. To many of his prejudices, the lecturer said, in the last few years the axe had been laid. He had positively found an American, a young lady, whose life and drawing were in every way admirable. Towards the end of his lecture Professor Ruskin committed himself to a somewhat perilous statement. He had found two young Italian artists, he said, in whom the true spirit of old Italian Art yet lived. No hand like theirs had been put to paper since Lippi and Leonardo.

Professor Ruskin concluded by showing two sketches of his own, harmonious in colour and faithful and tender in touch, of Italian architecture, taken from the Duomo of Luca, to show that though he was growing older his hand had not lost its steadiness.

TURNER'S 'LIBER STUDIORUM.'—Mr. Wedmore, in a paper recently read before the London Institution, pointed out that the monetary value of Turner's works, in colour and in monochrome, would probably change places, as collectors began to appreciate the fact that the one was of more certain duration than the other. This prophecy seems about to become an accomplished fact. We have recently inspected a set of the 'Liber Studiorum' which has changed hands at considerably over £1,000, and a single impression of one of the seventy-one plates, 'The Ben Arthur,' which fetched over £200.—It is expected that a set which will come under the hammer this season will realise £3,000.

PERSIAN WARE.—A recent sale of old Persian faïence has drawn attention to the increase which has recently taken place in the price of this rare and beautiful ware. The collection which was offered in London consisted of about seventy pieces, and had been amassed by Mr. Consul Churchill at Asterabad, on the Turcoman frontier of Persia. The majority of the lots had been broken and mended; but this is not to be wondered at when the fragile nature of the ware, and its journeyings on camels' backs over many hundred miles, are taken into consideration. The prices were not materially affected thereby. Several of the most costly pieces were secured for the South Kensington Museum, who evidently have some special admirers of the ware amongst their advisers, for their collection is already a magnificent one. But the finest pieces, namely, a fluted bottle with long neck, in a brilliant lustred colour, and a green bottle, went to a dealer at seventeen and forty-one guineas respectively. A small brown jug was perhaps the rarest piece in the collection, but the decoration had in places been almost erased from long wear. A number of Rhodian jugs and plates, sold at the same time, showed a continued advance in price.

THE PRINTSELLERS' ASSOCIATION.—During the past year the number of proofs stamped by this Association was 57,702, these being of a nominal value of £275,643, representing 138 new works declared for publication. It may be useful to remind readers that though the Association stamp on a proof does not necessarily show a superior quality over unstamped engravings, it is a guarantee of openness of dealing most valuable to purchasers.

LIVERPOOL.—The annual report of the Museum and Walker Art Gallery shows that during 1882 the visitors numbered 470,243; of these 69,786 paid for admission to the autumn exhibition. The sales have somewhat fallen off. The seventeenth winter course of free lectures have just been concluded, the subject on March 1st being taken by Mr. Charles Dyall, the well-informed curator of the gallery, on "Amateur Art, useful and ornamental"; the object being to show how easily and cheaply elegant and useful objects for the adornment of the home may be made as an amusement for leisure hours. The lecturer gave many useful and practical hints to the large audience of the working classes in attendance. It is curious to note that out of forty lectures in this course, Mr. Dyall's was the only one bearing on the Fine Arts.

BOURNEMOUTH.—The third annual exhibition of pictures in oil and water colours, and paintings on china and terra-cotta, was opened on Monday, the 12th February, in the Town Hall, and remained open for a fortnight. In point of merit the collection surpassed those of the previous two years, but, numerically, it was scarcely so large. Local artists and local scenery were of course well represented. The loan collection was miserably small; but possibly the migratory character of the population of Bournemouth—one-half probably being composed of visitors—accounts to some extent for this deficiency.

NEW YORK.—An estimate has recently been made of the value of the principal collections of pictures in New York. It amounts to £1,300,000. Mr. Vanderbilt's gallery is the most

precious, its worth being set down at £200,000; then follow Mrs. Stewart's, £100,000; Miss C. L. Wolfe's, £90,000; Mr. A. Belmont's, £70,000. The pictures are almost exclusively confined to modern works, the majority being of the French school, a fact which is due in a great measure to the principal American dealers being of French and German origin. The fear of being deceived by spurious copies has besides hitherto prevented purchases to any extent of the masters of the old school.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—As it is intented to illustrate this important exhibition by special supplements in *The Art Journal*, manufacturers of artistic productions are requested to communicate particulars respecting their exhibits to the Editor.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

WE were unable last month, from want of space, to mention the exhibition which has been organized in the Palais de l'Industrie by the "Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs." While desirous of repairing this apparent neglect, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that this new form of feminine emancipation is not a very happy one. For the second time since its initiation this Society, though full of courage and willingness to succeed, is only able to bring together works of most moderate calibre. 'Veloutées,' of Madame Muraton, the seascapes of Madame La Villette, and the young 'Beauté du 1er Empire,' by Madame L. de Chatillon, are the principal works in the collection.

We much prefer to this series of pale, mannered, and incoherent work the curious assemblage of canvases, painted with plenty of spirit and energy, by Claude Monet. This collection may not please every one, and certain people accuse them of *impressionisme*—as if that were something of which to be ashamed. Yet nevertheless they are excellent in treatment, with much feeling, and combine fresh and original talents with an artistic temperament of the first order. There are fifty-six pictures, and they are exhibited by M. Ruel in the Gallery No. 9, Boulevard des Capucines.

Not far from this collection there has been opened in the Gallery of *L'Art*, Avenue de l'Opéra, an exhibition of the works given to help the sufferers from the inundations in Alsace and Lorraine. We principally note a charming fan from Clairin; 'A Souvenir of Strasburg,' by Pille; 'The Standard,' by Ed. Detaille; 'A Venetian Page,' by Cabanel; a 'Parisienne,' by Jean Beraud; 'A Meadow,' by Bastien Lepage; 'An Alsacienne,' by Henner; 'A Marine,' by Lepie; and among the sculpture, the contributions of Chapu, A. Lefeuvre, and Delaplanche.

We cannot leave the chronicle of exhibitions without mentioning that the artists have modified the regulation of the Annual Salon in that appertaining to the section of sculpture, engraving on medals, and in precious stones. In preceding years all the exhibitors had the right to vote for the medal of honour, and there was only one "tour de scrutin." This year the vote will be by the sculptors and engravers "hors concours" alone, whether exhibitors or not, and the juries of their sections. There will be three "tours de scrutin," and the medal will be awarded according to the majority of the votes given.

On the 19th of February a competition took place, which was organized by the Département de la Seine for the decoration by paintings of the beautiful town-hall of St. Maur les Fossés. Thirty-nine artists competed. In accordance with the programme, the jury made a first selection of three artists, namely, MM. Paul Baudouin, pupil of M. Puvis de Chavanne, Michel, and Milliet, who are each to prepare a large painted cartoon of a figure in their first design. The winner will receive £1,600. The Municipality of Paris are also preparing a series of very important competitions, having for their object the decoration of the town-halls in several of the arrondissements of the city. A sum of £16,000 will be awarded. We wonder if the proposed Municipality of London will ever see its way to thus so substantially encourage the Fine Arts.

The right to compile and sell the catalogues at the Paris Salon is now put up to public tender. This year Messrs. Bernard have become the publishers, at the sum of £1,260.

The Historical Monument Commission have called attention to the state of degradation in which they find the old palace of the Popes at Avignon, which has actually been transformed into barracks. The Commission are energetically urging upon the Minister of the Fine Arts that the Government have the soldiers turned out from the magnificent feudal monument. In it are still to be seen the curious frescoes which tradition commonly attributes to Giotto, but which appear more like the work of Spinello Aretino.

On March 7th the members of the Municipality of Paris attended the casting in bronze of the colossal statue of the Republic, which is to be erected on the Place de la République, formerly the Château d'Eau. The operation required the melting of 40,000 lbs. of metal. The statue, which is thirty feet high, will be inaugurated on the 14th of July, at the national fête, and placed on a pedestal surrounded by three allegorical figures in stone, a lion in bronze, and twelve large bas-reliefs representing the chief events of the French Revolution. This statue was cast at the foundry of MM. Thiebaut Frères, and is the work of M. Léopold Morice, winner at the competition in 1879.

It is also at MM. Thiebaut's that they have cast an allegorical group of the Defence of Paris, by M. Ernest Barrias, which will shortly be erected at the Rond Point of Courbevoie, at the end of the Avenue de Neuilly. An engraving of this fine statue is being prepared for *The Art Journal*. M. Barrias also completed a model of a statue to Bernard Palissy, which in a few days will be uncovered at Boulogne-sur-Seine.

The monument to Alexandre Dumas, the last work in sculpture of Gustave Doré, has also just been cast. It shows the author seated. The pedestal, executed by MM. Bouvard and Gravigny, architects to the city, will be ornamented at the base with a statue of Artagnan, and a group of three personages symbolical of the popular readers of the works of the author of the "Trois Mousquetaires" and of "Monte Cristo." It will be erected on the Place Malesherbes.

We must also not omit to mention the magnificent scenery, by MM. Lavastre, Carpezat, Rubé, and Chaperon, for the new opera, *Henry VIII.*, of which the first representation was truly an artistic event. We were particularly struck by that showing Richmond Park, and by the immense Westminster Hall, filled with wood-carvings and with fine carvings in stone.

In conclusion, we are pleased to announce that the celebrated painter, Munkacsy, is preparing a companion picture to his 'Christ before Pilate,' a work exhibited in several of the capitals of Europe. The new painting represents 'Christ Crucified on Calvary, between the Two Thieves.'

REVIEWS.

"ART, AND THE FORMATION OF TASTE," by Lucy Crane (Macmillan), is the attractive title of a little book which comprises a course of lectures on Art delivered by Miss Crane, and a touching memoir, presumably by her surviving brothers, of an amiable and accomplished lady.

The book is avowedly published as a memorial of her to her personal friends, and for the edification of the Art-loving public. It is clear that the writer was gifted with a refined sense of beauty, and that she was earnest in her pursuit of Art. But we could wish that this pious memorial of her had taken some more enduring form. The lectures, when copiously illustrated, as they appear to have been, and addressed to provincial audiences, were not without a certain value; but the expediency of publishing them in their present shape may well be doubted; they are not in any sense original, nor is the form into which they are thrown one which is likely to secure the public ear. The teaching is, in the main, of the usual orthodox cast—amplifications of the dicta of Ruskin, Pater, Morris, and others. Every one nowadays will allow that "to expend labour in disguising use and falsifying material shows an utter misconception of Art;" but we suspect that there be those who would handle rather roughly such "axioms" as "nothing *is* ornamental unless it is also really useful," quoted approvingly from Mr. Morris. The old bill of indictment—now quite undefended—against our furniture, our fire-irons, and the rest, is repeated much in the old manner. But we are not furnished with what we chiefly want—some clear guidance towards better things. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

"CECIL LAWSON; a Memoir." By Edmund W. Gosse, with illustrations by H. Herkomer, J. Whistler, and C. Lawson (The Fine Art Society).—Visitors to the recent exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery must have been impressed with the genuine greatness of the Art of the late Cecil Lawson. His work cannot fail to be appreciated by those who are able to distinguish between the labours of an artist born, and one who by pains achieves distinction. Lawson's pictures may not be popular yet, but this is because they are comparatively little known. As time goes on his power will assuredly be more widely acknowledged. That the interest in his life, too, will be heightened by the large, but not bulky, volume now before us, is more than probable, for it contains not only an appreciative and brilliantly written account of the too-short life of the artist, but it has been illustrated by his friends, Messrs. Herkomer and Whistler, with etchings and engravings from the most characteristic of his works. It will do much to make the painter's aims understood, though his completed pictures require no explanation. The objection that Lawson's paintings seem as if they had come out of the National Gallery, is, as Mr. Gosse says, really the highest praise that can be given. He was not a student of any school, having learned the technique of painting from his father and brother. He was an earnest student of nature, and to her teaching is due the greatness of his Art. The work is published in a cheaper and a more expensive form, but both editions are limited.

"EVERY-DAY ART" (Batsford) is in every way a charming book, and the king who cried out in his impatience, "Will no one write a book of what he understands?" would have found in Mr. Lewis F. Day a man after his own heart. That he is a master of his subject, both in theory and practice, is patent in every page, and we know of but few modern books so likely to be of real service to a public yearning for help in the tasteful decoration of their homes. We could, perhaps, have spared some portion of the dissertations on the ethics of the "Arts not fine;" on the morality or immorality of gilding, graining, and the like. Reasons addressed to a public, which, in spite of some ignorance of Art, has yet its wits about it, must be cogent and conclusive; and no reasons of sufficient cogency dealing with the iniquity of imitation in the abstract, or its permissibility under special conditions, have as yet been invented to meet every aspect of the case. It is a little disappointing to follow our author step by step in his preliminary remarks as to the decoration of a typical sitting-room, and on approaching the all-important question of tint, to be told that "it is a matter of choice to be settled *according to preference.*" And this is a weak point in all books of the sort.

The essay on "Nature and Art," and that on "The Workman and his Tools," are especially interesting and valuable; and a chapter addressed to ladies and amateurs, pointing out the methods most adapted to them, and the Art studies and employments which they can most profitably pursue, should find a wide circle of readers.

"LA GRAVURE." "LES PROCÉDÉS DE LA GRAVURE." "LA TAPISSERIE" (Paris: Quantin).—The publication of the set of handbooks which are being issued in France under the patronage of the Minister of the Beaux Arts proceeds apace, the foregoing being the product of the month of December last. The History of Engraving is by the Vicomte H. Delaborde, whose title to a knowledge of his subject is sufficiently attested by his being secretary of the Academy of the Beaux Arts, and one of the keepers of the Print Department in the National Library. The work on the same subject by his fellow-keeper, M. George Duplessis, has already been translated into English. It failed, however, to do justice to, or to record, the works of the leading engravers of this country. And this omission has not been rectified in the work before us. An engraving of Woollett's is alone deemed worthy of a place amongst the hundred illustrations, and of our mezzo-tinters the names of Rambach, S. W. Reynolds, and S. Cousins only are mentioned. From the latter's engraving of Lady Gover (*sic*) having been published half a century ago, the author has evidently arrived at the conclusion that that veteran engraver has been long deceased.

M. A. de Lostalot has compiled a very interesting and instructive record of the various processes of engraving, including all the most recent discoveries of reproduction by the aid of photography; and his position as editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* has enabled him to illustrate it copiously.

The "Handbook of Tapestry," by Eugene Müntz, is also replete with illustrations. This talented author gives a lengthy description and an illustration of the Mortlake tapestry, which Frenchmen, unfortunately, know more about than ourselves, possessing as they do in their Garde Meuble the finest examples which that factory ever produced. The manufactory at Windsor is not mentioned, but its recent establishment renders this omission pardonable. The volumes are published at three francs each, and are marvels of cheapness.

PAINTED BY E.A.WATERLOW. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES COUSEN.

HOME AGAIN

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF SIDNEY FIELD ESQRE.

LONDON: J.S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

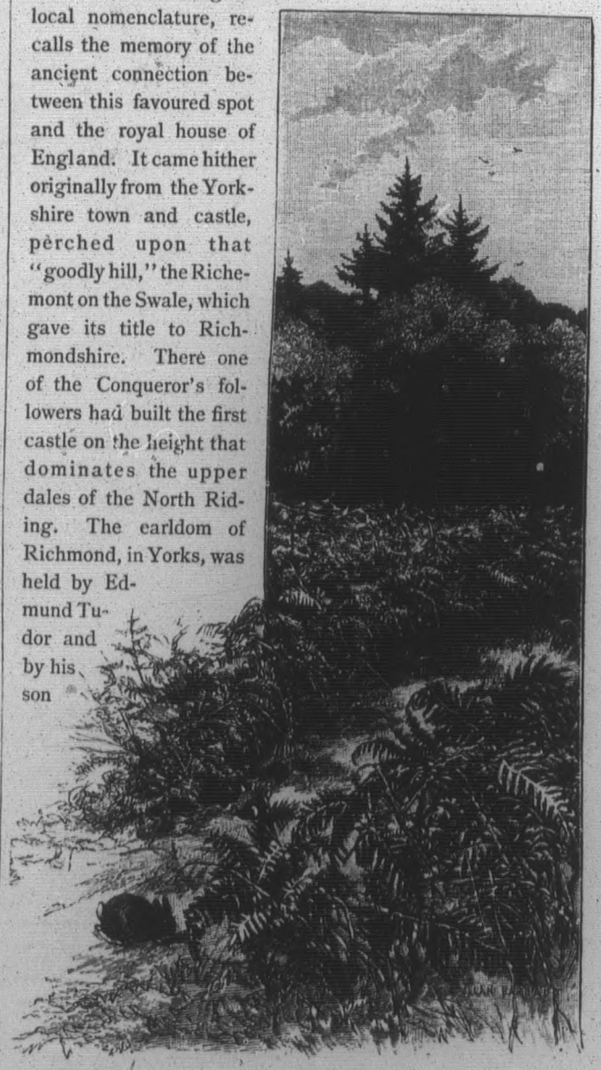
A LONDON BREATHING-PLACE.

Between the Upper and Lower Ponds, Richmond Park.

HERE, under the shadow of the broad trees in Richmond Park, one can sit and rest awhile in perfect quiet, amid the delightful restfulness of the wan green on the budding horse-chestnuts, and the richer verdure of the grass and the green-sward below. The wise man counts it no small thing, this ability to escape for a time, now and again, from the lifelessness of the great city, and to come into the full abundant life of the lawns and the hill-sides. Let us drink in the free fresh air with all our lungs, and let us feast our eyes on the rare treat of grass and trees and deer and open sky, with due thankfulness for the happy chance which has preserved all these things for our delectation so near the smoke and roar of terrible London.

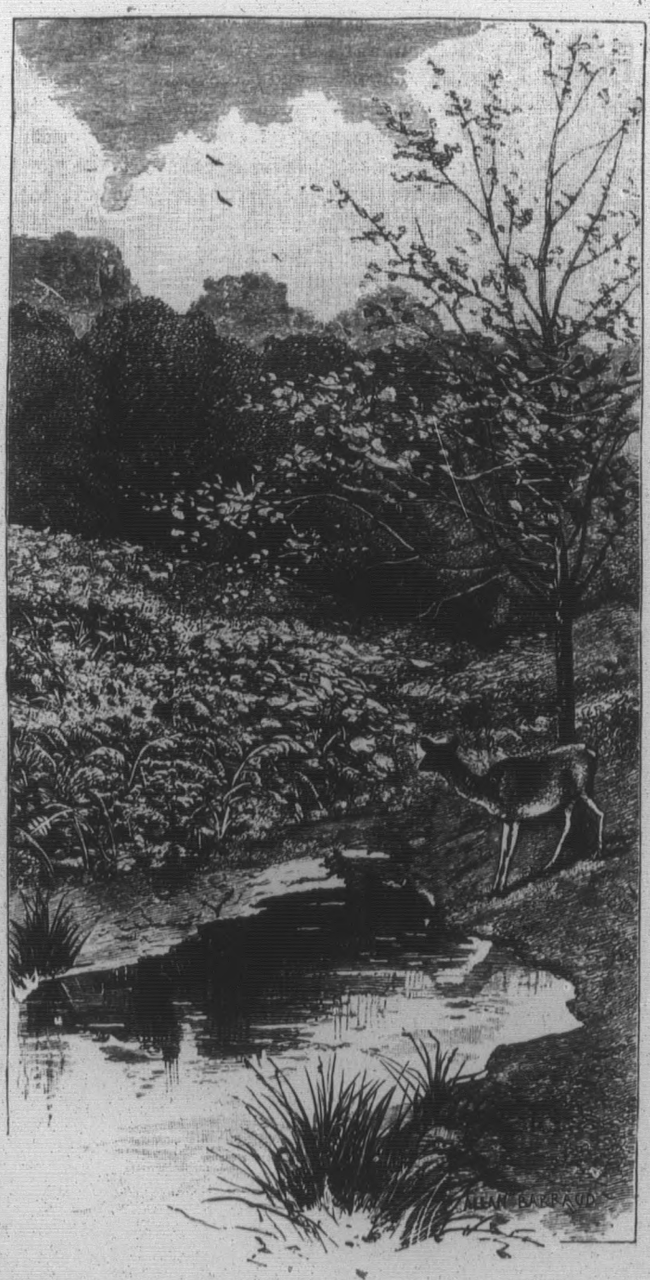
It is the misfortune of London to be situated at the exact point where the Thames valley begins to reach its tamest and ugliest portion. Few great cities are so badly placed for the enjoyment of pretty scenery in their own immediate district. Glasgow has the Clyde and Loch Lomond at her very doors; New York has the Palisades and the Hudson Highlands within reach of a cheap and easy steamboat trip; even Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield have some exquisite, unspoilt hilly country close enough for the enjoyment of their poorer artisans; but London lies in the very centre of a low alluvial valley, which has condemned her domestic architecture to the perpetual miseries of brick and stucco, while it has confined her attainable scenery to an alternation of rounded gravel hillocks and barren, though open upland heaths. The nearest quiet natural beauty to be got within a radius of some twenty miles or so from Charing Cross must be looked for either on the breezy chalk downs of the Guildford range, or in the few nearer gentle elevations as you go up the river toward the slightly hillier country on the west. Among these remaining bits of London country, Richmond Park must long rank first as the one patch of accessible greenery not yet seized upon for enclosure or division into building lots by private hands.

Some ferocious republican once proclaimed aloud to the people that he had discovered the real reason, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence, why such things as kings and queens were still permitted to be: it was in order that they might preserve public parks, gardens, and open spaces for the enjoyment of the populace in crowded cities. Certainly in London almost the only breathing-places left for us by the contractors are the royal domains, which, as the familiar notice-board assures us, are under the special protection of George, Ranger. It is thus that the group of public pleasure-grounds around the river at Richmond, including not only the park itself, but also Kew Gardens and Hampton Court, have been preserved for us from the heavy hand of the land speculator and the constructor of hastily-built suburban villas. The very name of Richmond, with its Norman-French sound, so unusual in English local nomenclature, recalls the memory of the ancient connection between this favoured spot and the royal house of England. It came hither originally from the Yorkshire town and castle, perched upon that "goodly hill," the Richemont on the Swale, which gave its title to Richmondshire. There one of the Conqueror's followers had built the first castle on the height that dominates the upper dales of the North Riding. The earldom of Richmond, in Yorks, was held by Edmund Tudor and by his son



The Denizens of Richmond Park.

Henry, afterwards Henry VII., in whose person it became finally merged in the English Crown. An old prophecy, attributed of course to Merlin, foretold that Richmond should come out of Brittany to conquer England; and when the prophecy was fulfilled on Bosworth Field, Henry VII. was not willing to let the lucky name under which he had gained the throne die out utterly in connection with the royal house of Tudor. So he transferred the title of his Yorkshire earldom to that other "rich mount," overlooking the loveliest reaches of the lower Thames, on whose summit he placed his Surrey palace. The name fitted the site admirably, for the view from the brow of Richmond Hill (as we ordinarily call it nowadays with unconscious tautology) is certainly one of the richest and most smiling in the whole eastern half of England. Nowhere else so close to London can one look down upon such a peaceful stretch of the great river, upon such a green mass of leafy trees, upon such a wide sweep of unbroken country. It is no small thing that the edicts of George, Ranger, have preserved for us the exquisite setting in the rear which gives so much more beauty to the famous hill, in the wooded lawns and pretty fallow deer, and still untampered combes and hollows of Richmond Park itself.



The Spring, Richmond Park.

Artificial, of course, it all is, compared with the genuine, unsophisticated country: it couldn't well be otherwise so close to London: but even so, nothing can spoil the beauty of the great trees, of the green sward, of the little spots that here and there remain among the remoter parts, away from the main paths, all overgrown even now by tall rank herbage and native brush of waving bracken. Here, towards the cool of evening, the adventurous local rabbit, undeterred by man, peeps cautiously out from his burrow's mouth, and nibbles away at the grass and weeds in the green open spaces between the fern brake, with eyes and ears all on the alert for the faintest shadow or footfall of his various and omnipresent hereditary foes. You must walk softly and gently across the turf if you wish to catch a passing glimpse of that timid suburban animal, the Richmond rabbit. But if you are careful and deft of foot, you may stand on a slope above his chosen feeding-grounds, and watch him crouching, half indistinguishable against the soil in that invisible grey suit of his, whereby he anticipated the latest military innovators some thousands of years—a grey suit that blends exactly with the dry stalks and broken twigs around him, so that only a quick eye can make out the contour of his plump little figure when he sits at rest upon all-fours, peaceably munching the nutritious daisy and the tasty dandelion at his ease. It is only when you alarm him by a rustling footfall on the bracken that he takes to his little undecided hopping flight, and lifts that tell-tale white patch of fur upon his back, which enables you to follow him readily with your eye into his open burrow. But if you come too hurriedly into these tiny bottoms, you see no visible rabbits at all; nothing but a general twinkling of ears and tails, all dispersing right and left like lightning towards their respective holes. The rabbits do much damage to the young trees, and help to gnaw down the growing shoots of things generally, no doubt; whence they are acknowledged enemies of the agricultural interest, and especially of the forester, the gardener, and the park keeper. But who would care half so well for the wild little bits that fill up the neglected hollows and patches of our English lawns and meadows, were it not for the chance of seeing bunny, with his bright, sharp eyes and pricked-up ears, turning rapidly to listen, after his eager fashion, in the little lanes and green passages that open out between the gorse and bracken, and darting with timid haste into his trusty burrow, as we descend noiselessly upon him from the ridges above?

If proximity to London has made the Richmond rabbits more than usually timorous, however, it has made the Richmond fallow-deer more than usually tame and unconcerned by the visits of obtrusive man. As they lie under the broad shade of the great oak-trees, or lounge about peacefully on

the intervening turf, they take no more notice of an occasional passing carriage than so many well-bred cows or sheep would do beside a crowded high-road. To say the truth, your fallow-deer is the very cit among the deer kind, the most utterly civilised and sophisticated species of his whole kindred. He is not by birth a true native member of the British fauna, they say; but he was introduced here as long back as the days of the Romans, so that he is by this time a naturalised alien of good standing; and ever since he has fattened in peace upon the close-cropped sward of English parks and ornamental grounds, till he has become to us all a component element in our mental picture of the great houses of England. His very form and colouring seem to mark him out for this peculiar function: he suits well with the broad open spaces and spreading shade and carefully-planned vistas of our half-artificial parks. Indeed, there is nothing else in the world that quite answers to that beautiful mean between pure nature and landscape gardening which we in England understand so well. A park, in fact, is a peculiarly British institution, of native origin and evolution. It is very different from the mere unkempt tangledness of wild American scenery, on the one hand, and from the even trimness, the straight avenues, and regularly-planted rows of Versailles and Fontainebleau, on the other. Such as it is, it exactly suits our own peculiarly gentle type of natural scenery; it shows off our sloping lawns and undulating downs, and big girth of oaks or beeches, to the very best advantage of which they are capable. And just as the park style of laying out is naturally adapted to English hill and dale, so the fallow-deer is naturally adapted to the well-kept park. The great

The Thames, from Richmond Hill.

shaggy white bulls of Chillingham are all very well, charging wildly about and tossing their huge heads, on a wide stretch of Northumbrian moorland; the stately red deer are all very well, raising their tall antlers proudly against the grey sky-line of a Ross-shire hill-top; the chamois is all very well, poised lightly on the summit of an Alpine crag; but none of them would tone in at all with the special gentle charm of open English wooded glades. The fallow-deer seems to have been specially created by Providence, or developed by Darwinian evolution (every man may choose his own theory on these matters in a free country), on purpose to meet the anticipated wants of the great parks of England. There is hardly another animal in all the world fitted to take its place in this respect—to fill the exact artistic niche in nature which it has found for itself—except, perhaps, the gentle, sleepy eland, with its pendent dewlap, and the graceful slate-grey koodoo, with its exquisitely-twisted spiral horns, which we may, perhaps, hope to see hereafter browsing just as quietly on the soft green sward of many an English lawn.

It was John Stuart Mill, that staunchest of utilitarians, who once said, in one of those frequent sentimental moments which give his philosophy all its æsthetic charm, that even utilitarians could never wish these English parks all enclosed for corn-fields, these great trees all hewn down for house timber, and these pretty little half-wild creatures all exchanged for orthodox prime oxen and waddling fatted South-down sheep. As one looks upon the fallow-deer lying scattered about in picturesque confusion between the trees (how is it that they always seem instinctively to throw themselves into the very attitudes a painter would naturally choose?),

one cannot help agreeing with him that this world is good for something more than beef and mutton. Let us have parks and lawns and overarched pathways still; let us have spotted deer, rich yellow brown against the grey bracken, and with their branched antlers spreading above into those broad plates about the sur-royals which mark out the full-grown buck at once as king of the little herd. But, after all, if you want to take the fallow-deer at his very best, you must take him in his baby stage, while he still rejoices in that uniform delicate tint which has enriched our poor little vague chromatic vocabulary with the pretty name of fawn-colour. Doubtless he is then uniformly tinted throughout in order to be less conspicuous among the dry herbage of the woodlands in his wild state; while the spots which he acquires as he grows older are a natural protective provision of the same sort, to simulate the dappled light and shade under the trees in the forest where he lies at ease chewing the cud of contentment after a full meal in the grassier glades. Nay, the hue even varies a little with the prevalent tone of the seasons, being brighter yellow in summer and autumn, but paler grey in winter and early spring. You must watch the deer among the thickets or brake, in which they naturally live, in order to see how curiously these tints harmonize with the general colour of their native surroundings.

A Resting-place, Richmond Park.

All botanists and lovers of wild scenery know that the most beautiful minor detail in English rustic bits is to be found beside the small pools or in the boggy hollows. It is there alone that you can find many of the rarer marsh-land flowers, many of the damp-loving ferns, many of the smaller animals and the prettiest insects. It does not matter how artificial the pool or the bog may be—perhaps a mere expansion in a drainage stream escaped from a culvert—you will yet find its bank lined with flags and brooklime, or its surface covered with spongy sphagnum and glistening red-leaved sundew. The stream that makes the ponds in Richmond Park springs from the ground of the park itself, and joins at last the little brook that flows into the Thames between Barnes and Putney. But expansion has turned it into a few broad pools, at which the fawns love to drink: and this attitude has always been a favourite one with sketchers, as with poets, from time immemorial. People who walk always on the made path, who are afraid of getting a little mud on their shoes, and who regard boggy spots as so much undrained land only, miss some of the greatest treats that can possibly be found in the way of wild English plant and animal life. It is not that these little hollows have much interest in them on the larger scale, but when you look into them attentively, with the eye of the artist or the naturalist—more nearly akin than outsiders believe—you find unexpectedly that they enclose a thousand petty beauties of lesser detail—little feathery sedges and waving woodrush; tiny creeping waterside weeds upon the bank, and long tresses of green algæ on the bottom; burnished blue dragon-flies flitting and darting among the irises above, and wee fat black tadpoles flitting and darting among the lazy green-grown watersnails below. To see beauty in nature, what is especially needed is a pair of eyes; given those, one can find plenty of it everywhere. Our suburban parks and gardens are not, in their larger elements, pure nature; but in the smaller elements they are, because pure nature always asserts herself at last; in spite of your civilised expelling pitchfork, *tamen usque recurrit*. The spores on the bracken still grow in long brown lines within their papery sheath; the flowers on the grasses still hang out their pendulous stamens quivering to the breeze; the cautious rabbit still feeds and listens in the open lanes; and the heart of man still rejoices among the green things of the earth, as though London, and smoke-jacks, and politics, and dynamite were a thousand miles away across the sea. This age has received these rare suburban breathing-spaces as a legacy from its predecessors; it is a duty which each of us owes in return that we should individually do our best to hand them down, at least none the worse for wear, to those that come after.

GRANT ALLEN.

ARCHITECTURE.*

ANCIENT peoples, the great dumb nations of the past, are known to us mainly through the architectural remains of their civilisation and magnificence; I mean architecture combined with sculpture and with painting, for they have been inseparably connected in all good architecture. Had not Rome, at the very moment of her greatest triumphs, ceased to be tongue-tied, and learned eloquence and poetry, little more would be known of her greatness and civilisation than the architectural monuments she has left. What has impressed mankind with the greatness of Egypt and Assyria? Surely not the scattered notices in a few ancient writers, but the remains of their architectural magnificence. The Romans had an evil intuition when they utterly destroyed rebellious or hated cities; they felt that by destroying all visible remains of their greatness, the remembrance of them would be swept from the memory of mankind. What is the threat of the eastern despot to his enemy but "I will make thy city a desert for the owls to hoot in?"

It is not astonishing, then, that this magnificent art of architecture, so admirable, so imposing, and whose works have such duration, should occupy so large a place in the imagination of mankind.

To find how large a space architecture has occupied in men's minds, we have only to consult literature, and to read the descriptions of castles, temples, or palaces, in the Bible, in the Arabian Nights, in Rabelais, in Bacon, in the historians and novelists; while in all epic, and some lyric poetry, stately buildings form an imposing background for the human actors.

It would be wearisome were I even to quote the more striking passages from the poets; in fact, my lecture would be but extracts from Homer and Virgil, from Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, from Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, from Milton and Pope, from Byron and the Poet Laureate, and yet it will be hardly fair if I fail to enrich a dry lecture with some of their splendours, so I give you the metal palaces of Alcinoüs and Satan, as described by Homer and Milton.

"The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colors of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptured gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
* * * *
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd,
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blazed on the banquets with a double day."

POPE'S *Odyssey*, book 7, line 110.

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze with bossy sculptures grav'n;
The roof was fretted gold."
* * * * *
"Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendant by subtil magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky."

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, book 1, line 710.

Can any one who has stood in moonlight between the leaning towers at Bologna forget Dante's simile?

"As appears
The tower of Carisenda, from beneath
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
So sail across, that opposite it hangs;
Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease
I marked him stooping."

CAREY'S *Dante.—The Inferno*, Canto 31.

Nor can one familiar with the cloistered quadrangles of the older colleges forget the Poet Laureate's description of the Palace of Art.

"And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods.

"And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands."

Shakespeare, in that magnificent passage,

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."—*Tempest.*

compares the works of architecture for duration and magnificence to "the great globe itself."

And bethink you what would become of the pictures, the mosaics, the stained glass, the bas-reliefs, were the architecture eliminated from them.

Of the beginning of architecture we know nothing; we may accept Vitruvius's theory, or we may ourselves judge which style was evolved from the tent, which from the different sorts of huts, which from the cave, and which from cromlech.

It is said that ornament is more natural to man than clothing, for the naked savage paints or tattoos himself; but this can hardly be true of buildings, for though amongst the rudest are the Druidical circles, if these can be dignified with the name of buildings, their unwrought uprights and lintels have been worked with mortices and tenons; these imply tools which must have been preceded by weapons, and the skins of animals suggest clothing. However, these circles have their

* First lecture on Architecture delivered by Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., at the Royal Academy.

value, for they show the post-and-lintel construction in its rudest form.

This form of construction was carried on through Egyptian, Assyrian, and Greek times.

Greek architecture was either suggested by the log hut, or was brought by the early settlers in Greece from their native place. Be that as it may, the Greeks carried this, the simplest of all forms of construction, to the very acme of æsthetic perfection. Let us linger a moment on a Doric temple, receive the impression, and analyze the effect; for in this way alone can we pursue our studies to any useful end. We are not to borrow Greek architecture nor Greek detail, but to extort from it the secret of success, and to apply our discovery to the perfecting of our own works.

The tapered and channeled Doric column, with its plain cap, whose square abacus contrasts with and shadows the round and delicately curved echinus, with its narrow horizontal lines of light and shadow below, is a masterpiece of contrasted forms. The long horizontal lines of the entablature contrast with the vertical lines of the columns, and there is a rhythmical proportion between the architrave, frieze, and cornice; the triglyphs again repeat the vertical flutings of the columns, and accentuate the horizontal lines of the cornice and architrave, while these vertical lines are prevented from being too abrupt and isolated by the undulations of the sculpture in the metopes. The breadth and depth of shadow from the corona, broken by the alternate shade of the spaces and the bright light on the mutules, their sharp angular shadows broken on the delicate flutings of the triglyphs, and the curved sculpture, form a deeper note than that of the columns below. While the whole is of absolute simplicity, a few dots being the only architectural ornament, the real ornament, the finest figure sculpture the world has seen.

The Ionic capital, said to be of Persian invention, is perhaps one of the loveliest forms ever invented. Callimachus, who seized on the basket and tile with the acanthus growing round it, and turned it into the Corinthian capital, has proved to the world how brilliant was Greek genius, and how rare is invention, for though this capital is said to have been made more than two thousand years ago, though there have been thousands of variations and paraphrases, no new capital since invented has succeeded in taking its place. Supposing the Greeks brought the type of their architecture with them, they perfected it, adorned it with the sculpture of the flowers they loved, and with subjects from their own history, their own faith, or their own traditions.

It is impossible to say if the Romans would have developed a native architecture of their own, had they been gradually civilised; we only know they did not, and as they always clung to the tradition of being merely ferocious peasants, it is almost impossible that they would ever have equalled the Greeks in the Arts. Though we admire the sagacity of wolves hunting in packs, it hardly justifies us in expecting them to show great development in the Arts.

Virgil, living at the point of time when Rome was most civilised, affected at least to despise the Arts of Greece that the Romans could not equal.

> "Let others better mold the running mass
> Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
> And soften into flesh a marble face;
> Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
> And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
> But Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
> To rule mankind, and make the world obey."
>
> DRYDEN'S *Virgil, 6th Æneid*, line 1168.

Virgil died about the year 19 of our era, and Plutarch was born about 50 A.D., but he holds precisely the same language. In his "Pericles" he says: "No young man of noble birth or liberal sentiments, from seeing the Jupiter at Pisa, would desire to be Pheidias, or from the sight of Juno at Argos, to be Polycletus; or Anacreon, or Philemon, or Archilochus, though delighted with their poems." He deplores Flaminius bringing some of the masterpieces of sculpture from Greece and exhibiting them at Rome, and says this caused the corruption of the Roman people; and he also tells us Crassus had many slaves brought up as architects, and let them out at great profit. The Romans had the merit of comprehending that Greek architecture was very superior to anything they could do, and paid their tribute of admiration by having a vulgarized paraphrase of the post-and-lintel construction of the Greeks stuck on the outside of their own arched buildings.

Within the next three centuries we see in Diocletian's Palace at Spalatro that developments were in progress, although artistic taste had deteriorated. These developments were to mark Byzantine and Romanesque architecture and to greatly influence Gothic.

Over the Porta Aurea is an arcade, supported by columns on cantilevers; the entablature from which the arches spring is reduced to a molded plat band, while fronting the temple of Jupiter is an arcade, the arches of which spring directly from the caps of the columns, with the entablature over the arches; and in another case, the entablature is bent round an arch as an archivolt.

In 330 Constantine transferred the capital of the Roman Empire to Byzantium, and in 532 Justinian built Santa Sophia, by which time the architects had learned the art of building a dome, on pendentives, *i.e.* on a square plan. The various barbarians that overran the Roman Empire added nothing to construction or decoration, except perhaps some of the barbarous ornaments of their own countries, and the architects they employed were in the first instance Byzantines; but they brought to the study of architecture the freshness, energy, determination, and inventiveness of a new race.

When the Scandinavians from the north, under the name of Northmen, Norsemen or Normans, and the Saracens from the east under the name of Arabs, embraced new religions, religious enthusiasm, added to their native energy, soon made them foremost in the world, and eventually brought them into conflict. The Arabs, or some of the people they conquered, became great geometers and mathematicians, and being forbidden by their religion to represent any living thing, developed the honeycomb work and used it even for their domes, and invented a new system of ornament composed of interlacing geometrical figures; while the Normans, or some of the people they conquered, became great sculptors as well as architects, and were getting ready to develop a new style.

During the Crusades the Normans became familiar with the pointed arch as well as with the Greco-Roman architecture of Syria. And during the eleventh century there was so strong a desire for incombustible ceilings, that constant efforts were made to vault churches securely, but in vain; most of the new vaults fell down or became ruinous.

About the middle of the twelfth century what is known as the rib-and-panel vault was invented, though in fact this vault was used by the Romans, only the arches were round and the ribs were made flush with the body of the work by filling up the panels, while in the Gothic rib-and-panel vault the ribs were

below the vault. When two cylindrical vaults pierce one another at right angles the groins are elliptical; this involves elliptical centres; and if the groin points are in stone, much knowledge and skill in getting out the lines and labour in working the stone are required. The Romans got over this difficulty in their groined brick vaults by building a rib at right angles to the line bisecting the angle of intersection and by dubbing out the groin points with plaster. The pointed arch had much less thrust than the semicircular, and was less liable to give at the haunches; it enabled the mediæval architects to make the diagonal ribs semicircular, and by means of the shifting trammel to confine their centring to the ribs alone. By these means great ease in working was obtained and expense was saved. Stone shoring in the shape of flying buttresses was also invented, and in the course of a century or two the whole of Western Europe was covered with ecclesiastical buildings vying with the pyramids in height, and of a slightness that still excites our admiration; absolutely original in detail and ornament, and enriched with stained glass, sculpture, and painting.

In Italy, Gothic architecture never took firm root; the Italians mostly kept to the Byzantine or Romanesque work, though occasionally a French or German architect was employed to design a building in the new taste; and the Italians learned a little Gothic, but the style was not congenial to them, a love for the simplicity and unity of a building was characteristic of their race.

As soon as Italy got settled and began to grow rich, manuscripts of the Latin authors were studied; scarcely a field could be ploughed, or a marsh drained, without a gem, a coin, a sculptured urn, or a bas-relief being turned up, all reminding them of old Rome. There were, too, ruins of the old Roman work around them, and some Roman buildings had been turned into castles and churches; the tradition, too, of Roman greatness must have hung about; the Emperor of Rome was still at Constantinople, though he talked Greek,* and had sorely diminished territory, while the German Emperors claimed to be the Emperors of Rome itself, and the Pope, as actual King of Rome, held universal ecclesiastical dominion over Christendom.

In the last quarter of our thirteenth century ancient art and literature were being studied, and the Fine Arts were being employed. At Florence, Dante was reading Virgil, Anolfo di Lapo was casing the Baptistery and beginning the Duomo, Cimabue at Florence, Guido at Siena, Margheritone at Arezzo, were giving life to the old Byzantine painting, Giovanni Villani was writing his annals, and Niccolo Pisano was studying antique bas-reliefs. In our fourteenth century Italy had the finest poem of modern times; her language was fixed by Boccaccio and Petrarch; painters, sculptors, and architects were all busy in building and adorning, and were still more deeply studying the antique; Greek was beginning to be learnt, and every place was being ransacked for manuscripts and antiques.

The glorious fifteenth century was to see the culmination of the Renaissance, the unfettering of the human intellect, which henceforward was to claim its right of being as free as air to pursue what investigations it thought good, and to publish the results it thought true, and to be subject to no further penalty than refutation. These beneficent results of the Renaissance we are still enjoying. Before the close of the century, almost every codex of the Greek and Latin writers had been collated, and the invention of printing enabled them to be distributed over the world; America was discovered, artillery had revolutionized war, astronomy was being again studied, and an absolute madness for all kinds of new studies and investigations had set in. Still it was the visual Fine Arts that were most attractive, the perfecting of painting, sculpture, and architecture, so that they might not only vie with the masterpieces of Greek and Greco-Roman Art, but resemble them. The rules of Vitruvius had been studied, and the numerous remains of Greek and Greco-Roman sculpture were copied and paraphrased, and every new building became more subtle in composition, more flavoured with the antique, and was covered with the sweetest ornament and the most lovely figures.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century all the sweetness and originality had departed from architecture, and though it gained something from the attempt to make its proportions more dignified, it became more and more a dull imitation of the appearance of Roman work, for as scientific architects these Italians were below the Romans, if due allowance be made for later information.

The classic impulse which culminated in Italy in the fifteenth century gradually spread itself, and affected the architecture of the Western countries nearly a century later, and this classic revival entirely killed Gothic.

The Renaissance, as I said before, was not only artistic, it was the freeing humanity from the mental fetters that had bound it; and though it produced at first a sort of furious joy for revelling in all the beauties and delights of this world, yet perhaps its first joy was to have the representation of the human figure in its fullest perfection, and then to have sumptuous buildings, gorgeous clothing, poetry, eloquence, music, dancing and banquets; still it gave us such a galaxy of genius that the world has not seen since the days of Greece after the Persian war. Men soon found, however, that there were other fields where more mighty successes were to be gained than in the arts; astronomy and science took the lead, and in the middle of the last century all the visual Fine Arts were almost dead, except perhaps a little portrait painting and landscape.

I wish to point out to you the difference between the structural arts of which architecture is the crown, and the imitative arts of painting and sculpture. Let there remain but a few masterpieces of painting and sculpture, an artistic race, and a proper demand, and you have your models in the people, in the animals, in the landscape, and there is no reason why painting and sculpture should not be as good as they ever were.

People even now desire to see pictures of the landscapes they have admired, of the faces they love, or of those who are celebrated, of incidents they have seen, read of, or imagined, but for architecture there is no perennial model, but only the remains of what the people of some former time, or of some other nation, thought beautiful. The vast extension that has been given to machinery, the new problems being solved in engineering works, have for the first time accustomed civilised mankind to dissever beauty and utility, and it is perhaps not so extraordinary as it may at first appear; before things are made beautiful, it is necessary that they should have been in a fixed state for some time, that mankind should have their energies unimpaired, a love for beauty, and sufficient wealth and leisure to enable them to perfect the things they have.

In the Chipped Flint Age mankind were too much engaged in obtaining greater comfort and in making conquests, to allow of their tools and weapons being perfected; but these advantages being gained, they were finished and polished

* In the "Arabian Nights" a man is said to talk Greek like a Roman.

in succeeding ages, and would have been ornamented had not the Bronze Age supervened.

We are in even a worse condition than the men in the Chipped Flint Age, for besides the impossibility of making those things beautiful which can with difficulty be made at all, the minds of men are turned towards science, towards the power it gives them and the wonders that it reveals, and the idea of making their habitations dignified or their utensils beautiful appears to them to be too trifling a matter to be considered.

There is not a single beautiful thing in nature that the bulk of men nowadays would care to have sculptured on their houses, not a fly, a sparrow, a cat, or a blade of grass. If they care so little for things they see daily and must to some extent admire and love, it is not surprising that they care not for elegance and dignity in their buildings, as this implies a much higher cultivation. Could Ictinus and Callicrates come again to this world, design, and have carried out the most lovely building that man ever conceived; could Pheidias adorn it with sculpture, and Michael Angelo or Raphael design its figure painting and Titian paint it, I believe the public would have the same feeling for it that the mathematician had for Milton's "Paradise Lost," and say, "It is ingenious trifling."

The engineers, who really represent the constructional wants and artistic feelings of the day, are mostly destitute of any sense of beauty, or repress it as a folly or a vice.

The propriety of imparting some beauty to their structures was being discussed at a public meeting when an engineer of some distinction said, with great indignation, "Such a thought never clouded my mind for a moment; all I ever think of, is how the end in view may be most securely and economically attained."

But we must not despair nor must we relinquish our strivings, but only hope for better times. The time must come when mankind will be satiated with ugliness and will earnestly seek for beauty—a time when they will pay with love and honour those who can well arrange, daringly construct, and adorn with sublimity, grace, and beauty the buildings they require.

I will finish my lecture with a short account of the modern phases of architecture, to show that our profession has neither been apathetic nor slothful, but has shown an industry and capacity almost unequalled in the world. It is true that as yet we have not invented a new style, but setting aside the question of whether this is in the hands of any body of men to do except at certain favourable epochs, how can it be said that a new style would not ere this have been developed if the civilised races of the West had really and effectively desired it?

When architecture was almost dead, in the middle of the last century, Horace Walpole, who besides being a wit was something of an antiquarian, thought it would be a patriotic thing to revive English Gothic architecture, forgetting that what was lovely to a warlike, superstitious, and semi-barbarous people of the past could not please then, if there was any true architectural taste. This revival was but a whim of fashion. Real architecture must not only supply a material want, but also an æsthetic aspiration. As we know, he made his maiden essay on Strawberry Hill and altered his dining-room in Berkeley Square to the Gothic taste. The architecture of his day was a kind of debased Roman with a slight infusion of the Chinese; we might call it Chippendale. The Dilettanti Society published Stewart and Revett's "Antiquities of Athens" and other works on Greek Architecture, and as Greek was not so utterly unlike Roman, a modification of Greek was then tried in all public and some private buildings. As many of the architects who practised it were men of genius, it is probable that had these buildings been erected in Greek times they would have earned immortal fame. I may mention the Bank of England by Sir J. Soane, University College and the National Gallery by Wilkins, some of the buildings in London and Liverpool by Professor Cockerell, and that most perfect of all modern antiques, St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, by Elmes the younger. This, too, like the Bank of England, is vaulted. The style is not suited to this misty and sunless climate, it is not our own; and though, "in the time of Pericles, sculpture might be mature, construction was in swaddling-clothes."

Sir Charles Barry, who was a great designer, with an eye for proportion, mainly used Italian architecture, where the effect is wholly produced by cornices, strings, and window dressings, and in his Reform Club has left one of the best buildings of modern times; though even he was eventually forced into the use of debased Gothic. During all this time the study of Gothic was being pursued mainly in an antiquarian way, though with some small efforts at revival, until, in the hands of Augustus Welby Pugin, Sir Gilbert Scott, and others, it burst into full bloom again and was carried on with great perfection by the late G. E. Street and W. Burges. So perfectly had the latter mastered the style of the thirteenth century, that, when he competed with Mr. Clutton for Lisle Cathedral, Viollet-le-Duc himself was deceived, and believed the drawings to be of the thirteenth century until he saw the water-mark on the paper. Michelet said it was impossible for persons not vowed to celibacy and fired with religious enthusiasm to build those marvellous Gothic edifices; yet, though that form of construction had been lost for nearly three hundred years, such has been the untiring industry and the genius of the architects of our time, that they have erected buildings which may vie with the old Gothic ones, and which a mediæval architect might mistake for those of his own day.

It appears to me that the tendency of the present time is towards simplicity, and if a national style is to grow up it will be one that will give exquisite proportion and elegance to that simplicity. Æsthetically speaking, proportion is the soul of architecture. I would leave all ornament to the sculptor and the painter. I try to practise what I preach.

Some years ago, when I had been speaking against restoration, a Scottish lord asked me what he could do but restore the roof of an old church on his property which was rotten and unsafe.

I advised him to put on a permanent roof in this wise:—to have some cast-iron semicircular ribs with elegantly moulded soffits, galvanized with copper or tin, to fill in between with cement concrete, to asphalte the outside, to divide the inside into forty compartments, and to have them covered with mosaic from the designs of the forty Royal Academicians, and he would then have a splendid but truly nineteenth-century roof; but I never heard of its being done.

Remember that, if your works are to last for ages, they must be vaulted or domed, like that "arched roof, pendant by subtil magic," of Milton's, doubtless suggested by the pendentive dome of Santa Sophia; and above all, let not the sarcasm which Martial levelled at the Roman architects be applied to you, "If you have a dull lad, make him an auctioneer or an architect."

G. AITCHISON.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—RECENT ACQUISITIONS.*

THE two works which most contributed to the renown of the Hamilton Collection were undoubtedly Botticelli's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' and Signorelli's 'Circumcision.' They are both described by Vasari, and were recognised by him to be two famous examples of the Tuscan school. Their acquisition at the same time by our Gallery was a piece of rare good fortune, which received acknowledgment in the applause that followed their purchase at the sale, and the satisfaction which has since found expression in the press. The 'Circumcision' was painted by Signorelli (1441–1523) for

The Circumcision. By Signorelli.

the church of St. Francesco, at Voltura. Shortly after it was finished, Vasari states it suffered damage from the humidity of the walls of the church, the harm falling especially on the figure of the infant Jesus. Sodonia then received a commission to restore it, which he executed by entirely repainting the child; for this he is censured by the biographer. However,

* Continued from page 43.

Vasari, it will be remembered, lost no opportunity to sneer at the Viennese painter; in the present instance, it would seem somewhat unfairly, for the child as it stands is no wise out of harmony with the rest of the picture, and besides, is in itself a masterly piece of work. There is a striking resemblance between the operator and Signorelli's own portrait in the 'Preaching of Antichrist' at Orvieto, therefore it is probable this figure also is a portrait of the painter. It may be remarked that while the rest of the picture is executed in tempera, the child is painted in oil. The composition is an eminently characteristic example of Signorelli's noble and masculine style. It has all the largeness of design of his fresco work combined with the richness of colour he sometimes succeeded in attaining. In his best work we find passages of positive colour sonorous as trumpet notes, but the emphasis always in the right place and never discordant. His colour was of a piece with his design, which was bold, vigorous, and incisive; aptly rendering the conceptions of the most fervid imagination that ever worked in Art. If we would seek his parallel, we must turn to the pages of Dante. In the Frescoes of the Dicomo, at Orvieto, the motives of the "Divine Comedy" stand out with an intensity equalling the living pictures of the poet, only the form is no longer mediæval. Signorelli expresses the hopes and aspirations of the Renaissance, its reverence for classic Art, and its revolt against dogmatic authority, its unrest and its passion for freedom. His genius was essentially revolutionary. No painter, perhaps, ever exercised a more disturbing influence in Art. But the movement he inaugurated was invigorating, spurring on to fresh endeavour in a direction in which he was at once the fiery leader and first pioneer. The present work, together with the recently purchased 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' and 'The Triumph of Charity,' gives a fair representation of the master, not showing him at his highest point, as in the Orvietan, Mont Olivetan, and Vatican Frescoes, but superior to what is to be found in any other gallery on this side of the Alps, saving only Berlin. It is there, through the remissness of one of our former directors, that we must go to study Signorelli's finest picture, 'The School of Pan.'

The Botticelli will be illustrated in our next article.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION.

AMONG the number of exhibitions that make of this season of the year anything but a time of refreshment for the votary of Art, the Tinworth Exhibition must be reckoned of peculiar interest. It is many years since we have been favoured with an Art exhibition that is so full of novelty. Those who demand this feature for their mental sustenance will be abundantly satisfied by visiting the Conduit Street galleries.

The striking story of George Tinworth's career, which Mr. Edmund Gosse tells with so much graceful sympathy, has probably been a theme of conversation in most Art circles this season. The facts of his humble origin, the untoward circumstances of his early life, the obstacles he overcame, and the surprising proofs of his talent now first collected in one exhibition, are naturally provocative of interest; for to a large section of artists, as well as to the general public, Mr. Tinworth has been "discovered," and his works are a revelation.

Mr. Gosse has dwelt with propriety in his memoir on the nature of those home influences to which the artist was subjected in his youth. These were certainly most repressive of all natural aspirations in the young man. They were even such as would be repellent to any imaginative nature. There is no doubt that they are accountable, in some degree, for certain qualities in the artist's works that are incongruous, and, in a few instances, provocative of vehement protest. It is but just that these depressing influences should receive due biographical consideration, but there is a fear that the peculiar circumstances of Mr. Tinworth's home education may be over-insisted on. They sufficiently explain his occasional divergence from immutable canons of taste, and his disregard of some first principles in Art. A good deal of what is strange in Mr. Tinworth's work is the result of the artist's peculiar temperament, and of idiosyncrasies that are unsusceptible of influence from any quarter.

A knowledge of the circumstances of Mr. Tinworth's early life is not only necessary to the full comprehension of his works, but it will be found helpful and interesting in other ways. He was born in Walworth, the 5th of November, 1843, the son of a wheelwright. His mother was a member of a dissenting sect of particular rigidity of life, and her influence over the boy was immense. The study of the Bible was followed by her with passionate assiduity, and young Tinworth was educated through it and for it, till it became for him his sole literature, and the one fecund source of inspiration. The incidents of its histories, parables, and, above all, of the Gospel narratives, teemed in his brain, and eventually fired his imagination. At a tender age he commenced assisting his father at his trade, but almost simultaneously showed the true tendencies of his genius by attempting, after a child's fashion, but with pertinacity, the cutting and carving of wood figures. These excursions from the province of his trade were discouraged by his father with prompt severity. He was "wasting his time." This was a period of deadly indifference to Art among the middle classes. Better times were approaching, however, for artisans imbued with artistic instincts, and for artists generally. Soon after Mr. Sparkes moved from the inconvenient building in Princes Road, Lambeth, to the new school of Art in Miller's Lane, young Tinworth heard of such institutions for the first time. The boy introduced himself to Mr. Sparkes, and made his *entrée* in the school. Here he worked at night for years, until, in 1864, he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he continued his career of successful progress. In 1867 he gained the first silver medal in the antique school. But it is not in his achievements in connection with the Royal Academy exhibitions that he thoroughly displayed his power. The most important event in his life was his becoming associated in the Art movement that has made the Lambeth Potteries of the Messrs. Doulton famous. Mr. Tinworth commenced executing work and designing panels for these potteries fifteen years ago, and he is there now. The indivi-

duality of his work soon brought him distinction and recognition. In 1874 his three characteristic and very powerful compositions, the 'Gethsemane,' the 'Foot of the Cross,' and the 'Descent from the Cross,' were bought for the Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh by Professor Archer. Later on Mr. Street, R.A., the late well-known architect, recommended the young sculptor to the notice of the Dean of York, and the reredos now in York Minster is the result of that introduction. Since then his work has been increasingly elevated in aim and accomplishment.

In considering under what category of Art Mr. Tinworth's panels in terra-cotta naturally fall we are confronted with a difficulty at the outset. They are by their very constitution defiant of inflexible definition. They sometimes approach the sculpturesque in treatment; more frequently by their energy, movement, and vivacity of expression, they are as distinctly picturesque. Many of them may justly be regarded as that form of sculpture which is supplementary to architecture, and with which the architect accentuates his tendency to efflorescence. As friezes they would, from their naturalistic treatment and quaint humour, find their fitting place in combination with Gothic architecture. Others, such as the 'Preparation for the Crucifixion,' the 'Descent from the Cross,' and the 'Release of Barabbas,' possess higher artistic value and are endowed with genuine sculpturesque qualities. The majority of these panels are, however, wanting in the attributes of sculpture. It is palpable that the artist's aim is to tell a story, and to tell it in the most vivid and realistic manner possible. The didactic purpose is not absent, and in these panels the artist has not disdained to "point a moral." They are frequently sermons in terra-cotta. Their pictorial and literal truth is often remarkable, while beauties of line and composition are sometimes altogether absent, or noticeable as rare accidents. It is hardly possible to speak too highly of the extreme vividness of these transcripts from life. As illustrations—using the word in its primal sense—many of these smaller panels will be found quite startling in the light they throw on the sacred text. Leaving these, however, for the while, the larger and in every sense more important compositions must be noticed. The uniformly high relief in which these compositions are projected is a remarkable feature in Mr. Tinworth's work. His naturalistic treatment is emphasized by this means, but in many instances it is productive of monotony, for the degree of relief is both too high and too uniform. This, in such works as 'The Entry into Jerusalem,' is destructive of the true frieze effect of continuity. The sense of processional movement in this clever work is marred by overcrowding, and at the reasonable distance from which a reredos should be viewed confusion is the result. Again, in those panels where the excessive relief is accompanied by an overhanging and heavy coping the degradation of the figures is notable. This is strikingly seen, by the way, in 'David with the Head of Goliath,' in which the figures are dwarfed and puppet-like by reason of a deep heavy canopy, the sombre effect of which is not broken by the foliage of the trees nor the uplifted arms of the woman with the tambourine.

In the three works from the Edinburgh Museum Mr. Tinworth first distinctly displayed his powers with plenitude and confidence. Hitherto he had profusely illustrated his exuberant sense of the grotesque and his exhaustless invention in numerous small designs in Doulton ware. Examples of such work abound in the present exhibition; the singularly ungraceful fountain may be cited as a proof of the boundless fertility of his ideas. Up to this period, however, his panels in terra-cotta are little removed from sketches. In them he is but tentatively realising his conceptions. The 'Gethsemane,' of which we give a reproduction, represents the apprehension of Christ in the garden, the moment chosen being the utterance of the memorable words, "It is I." The disciples are seen as shadowy figures hurriedly retreating under the gloom of the trees, with the exception of Peter, who has impetuously drawn his sword, and of Judas, who is seen grasping the money-bag and transfixed with fear. The effect of this sudden manifestation of Divinity is shown with a variety and power truly marvellous. All that is dramatic in the situation is enforced in diverse and surprising touches that are instinct with felicitous insight. There is nothing redundant in the composition; every figure introduced is essentially accessory to its interpretation, and every expression, gesture or pose, is telling. The prostrate soldiers, the priests, and their servants with swords and staves, the betrayer, and the flying disciples with their half-averted faces, are all under the influence of that critical moment. The Divine Presence is felt throughout by all. The calm of the Saviour is most happily contrasted with the tumult and consternation around. The pure serenity of this calm is eloquent, while the pathetic circumstance of his deserted and solitary position is admirably indicated. The power with which this affecting sense of desertion is combined with the momentary but triumphant vindication of the divinity of the Saviour is a masterly instance of the artist's insight into the spiritual signification of the situation. This work is not merely a literal transcript from the Gospel text, vivified by an unimpeachable fidelity to nature—it is a revelation of deeper import and higher significance.

Judging from the sketch in the present exhibition, the reredos in York Minster is one of Mr. Tinworth's most representative works. Its subject is the Crucifixion, and though the artist has treated it after his own peculiar style of realism, he has shown more respect to certain well-recognised *convenances* than is usual with him. The composition of this work is distinctly happy. Its leading lines are easy, flowing, and natural. There is no overcrowding, the groupings are well constituted and deftly managed. Mr. Tinworth has not allowed his Protestant predilections to injuriously affect his artistic sense in this reredos. The cross occupies due prominency in the composition, and though the work does not inspire devotional feeling—which was, perhaps, far from the artist's desire—the coarse indifference of the soldiers, who are casting lots, is not too brusquely insisted on. 'Going to Calvary,' and the 'Entry into Jerusalem' are two long panels crowded with figures of almost inconceivable variety of gesture and expression. The multiplicity of details, accessory to the figures, defies enumeration. While the former is the more powerful, the latter is the more attractive work. They are both instinct with that naturalism so characteristic of Mr. Tinworth's art, and are remarkable for the air of *modernité* that pervades them. Everything is sacrificed to literal truth. Thus the boy who is clashing the cymbals is obviously a street-boy, the veritable *gamin* of a modern city; his very joy betrays him, in its half-hearty smile. A Renaissance artist would have endowed him with some grace, his inspiration would have been Bacchic, his expression radiant with youth and health. The 'Preparing for the Crucifixion' and the 'Release of Barabbas' are among Mr. Tinworth's best work. In these, and the 'Descent from the Cross,' he most distinctly

appears as a sculptor. These works have more solemnity of feeling and more repose than other of his designs, and while wealth of invention and vigorous realism are as prominent as ever, these are subordinate to higher qualities. There is less distracting detail, less display than usual of surprising ingenuities. The 'Release of Barabbas' stands quite apart from Mr. Tinworth's other work in its simplicity and repose. The conception of Barabbas is very felicitous. A robust, muscular figure, modelled with great skill, he is stepping from the tribunal to receive the congratulations of his friends. His expression of rapture and triumph is given with astonishing force. It is curious to observe that, with the striking exception in the 'Descent from the Cross,' the artist's powers seem partially to desert him when he deals with the person of Christ. In the 'Preparing for the Crucifixion' the head of the Saviour is particularly timid and weak; in the 'Barabbas,' again, though the figure possesses much dignity and character, the head of Christ is disappointing. The absence of beauty, of sweet attractive grace, of the mute eloquence of patience in these representations of our Lord is very singular. It is not that the artist has sternly set himself to dissociate from the human figure all beauty whatever. In the 'Preparing for the Crucifixion,' the kneeling figure of Simon worshipping Christ has undeniable grace, and is really beautiful. There is beauty and genuine poetry in the conception of 'The Agony in the Garden.' The head of the Virgin in the 'Release of Barabbas' is of peculiar beauty, vexed by a dumb anguish. In several of his works the artist's expression of the grotesque approaches the ludicrous, as in the 'Christ bearing the Cross,' where the soldier is uplifting the prostrate worshipper. It is strongly apparent, too, in the 'Zacchæus;' and also in 'The Adoration,' where the boy engaged in eating provokes a smile by his excessive voracity. The figure of Delilah, in 'The Taking of Samson,' is one instance among many of Mr. Tinworth's graphic power. The expression of this figure is something marvellous. In 'The Prodigal Son' and 'The Last Supper' the literal exactitude of the artist's scriptural interpretation is displayed to great advantage.

There can be no question that Mr. Tinworth is an artist of remarkable individuality. To such an extent is this the case that he stands quite alone, apart from his fellows, companionless. He is a *naturaliste*, with a strong but not fervid imagination, genuine humour, and abundant invention. His invention, indeed, is notable enough in itself to repay separate study. In his best work it is one of the principal sources of his power. In some of his earlier designs it has been allowed to run waste in a multiplicity of petty ingenuities. To feel the necessity of reticence in expression, and more truly to apprehend the beauty of unity in composition, are perhaps what Mr. Tinworth most urgently needs. He is but young yet, and has a future before him. The fields of Art are vast and varied; having accomplished much in Biblical illustration, he may do other and yet higher work in pastures new.

J. A. Blaikie.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'Home Again.' Engraved by Charles Cousen, from a picture by E. A. Waterlow. Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow has been for some years a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and has slowly, but surely, established a reputation as a painter of peaceful country scenes, not without poetical sentiment. In 1881 he departed successfully from his usual class of subject in a picture called 'Outward Bound,' which many of our readers may remember. 'Home Again' was, we presume, intended to be a sequel to this, and appeared at Burlington House last year.

Mr. Waterlow's work is always natural, easy, and graceful. Without endeavouring to make nature other than she is, or giving an artificial prettiness to his rustic figures, he has a fine perception of what is most agreeable in both. The arrangement (or composition) of 'Home Again' is very suggestive of the impression he means to convey. Nothing can be more English, and therefore to us more homelike, than the landscape. The turnpike road with its milestone, the by-path that leads off into the wood, the broad placid river, with its flat meadow land beyond, the smoke that marks the neighbouring hamlet, the softly swelling outline of the hills on the horizon, and the windless evening sky, are all suggestive of the rest which awaits the sailor's return. From the vigour with which he is waving his handkerchief he already discerns those who are anxiously awaiting him, and from the nosegay which she holds in her hand, we may be sure that the sturdy lass who has set down her basket has something more than a "passing" interest in the traveller's return. The wheelbarrow has evidently been brought on the chance of the sailor's luggage being more than usually heavy with "curios" from foreign parts.

Mr. Waterlow has not allowed the hurry and bustle of the coach to interfere too much with the general sentiment of country quiet. The "coming event" is only beginning to cast its "shadow before." Apathy has been braced into expectation, but that is all; the dog in the foreground stands still watching with some anxiety the flurry of his flock in the distance. The pebble has been cast into the pond, but its ripples have not yet reached the shore. The attention of the boy and the girl is arrested, and their motion also. Sound and action are confined entirely to the distant bend of the road where, with a clatter of hoofs, a rattling of wheels, and a blaring of the horn, the coach swerves violently round the corner, raising the dust in clouds, and creating panic amongst the sheep. The scene is laid, we believe, in Sussex, on the road between Rye and Winchelsea.

'The Last Sheaf,' etched by A. Lalauze after M. Leloir, is described by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse at page 192.

'Gethsemane,' a terra-cotta panel by George Tinworth, is referred to in the article above by Mr. J. A. Blaikie.

FROM A TERRA COTTA PANEL BY GEORGE TINWORTH.

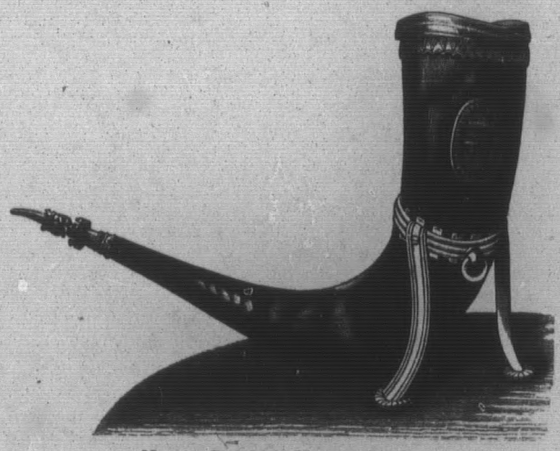
LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

OLD COLLEGE PLATE AT CAMBRIDGE.

BUT for the pieces of plate preserved by the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and by the City Guilds of London, our means of studying the art of the English silversmiths prior to the Restoration would be most inadequate. As it is, all but a minute fraction of the ancient silver of this country has fallen a prey to its easy convertibility into cash, and has passed over and over again into the melting-pot. Not only have the necessities and changes of taste of individual owners kept up a steady current of destruction, but at particular periods of English history, such as the Wars of the Roses, the Reformation, and the War of Charles I., the plate of the country has been drawn upon in a perfectly wholesale manner. The result is that ancient plate handed down in a private family is of the rarest possible occurrence; and the moderate number of pieces preserved by bodies corporate all owe their existence to fortunate escapes, and are but a sample of the treasures which have perished.

From the period when social life first became fairly settled and secure, until late in the seventeenth century, plate was regarded as a sort of reserve fund, to the augmentation of which superfluous wealth might advantageously be applied. Facilities for investment, so as to secure profits, at that time hardly existed; but a purchase of plate provided an agreeable addition to the ostensible importance of its owner, and could at any time be drawn upon when money should be needed. Accordingly the Colleges accumulated considerable stores of plate, not perhaps largely by purchase, the disposal of their incomes being clearly defined in their statutes, but by the munificence of founders and benefactors, and by the long-continued succession of gifts from fellow-commoners, each of whom was expected to add something to the plate in his College treasury. The custody of the plate is specially treated of in many of the ancient statutes of the Colleges; in those of Gonville and Caius the plate that might be brought out for ordinary use was limited to one spoon for each person at table, two or three salts, and one cup and two bowls for the use of the Master for the entertainment of friends of the College. It was further provided that the plate should not be parted with except in case of destruction of the College buildings by fire or other misfortune, and then only if the funds needed for renewal should not otherwise be forthcoming. That plate was looked upon as a reserve that could be expended for the purposes of its owners is further proved by the fact that Corpus College, the remains of whose ancient plate now forms the most varied and interesting collection of the kind in Cambridge, repeatedly sold plate to raise funds for building and improving the College; and in 1647, when some of the plate was sold to meet current expenses, the names and arms of the donors, engraved upon the pieces to be sold, were copied, and are still preserved in the College library. It cannot be doubted that the feeling of reluctance to part with any possession to which interest attaches was not in former times so strong as it is now.

One of the most ancient pieces of plate in the University is the drinking-horn at Corpus (Illustration No. 1). It was given, in 1347, to the Guild of Corpus Christi by its alderman, John Goldcorn; and the College of Corpus Christi—to form which the two Guilds of Corpus Christi and the Virgin Mary were soon afterwards united by Henry, Duke of Lancaster—succeeded to its possession. This horn, "quo usi sunt eiusdem Gilde fratres in festo præcipue Corporis Christi sane liberaliter," has ever since been handed round the College table as a loving-cup at the chief anniversary feasts. It needs peculiar handling, in a back-handed fashion, with the two silver feet resting upon the arm above the elbow, and a good lift of the right hand. The nervous drinker, who sets it down too hastily, may be punished by a good sprinkling of the contents, by reason of the sudden ascent of the air which has found its way into the small end of the horn. A head with crown and pointed cap, which forms a finial to the tip of the horn, has been said to be a likeness of Edward III. It is to be regretted that the cover, mentioned in early records, has long since disappeared. The pierced and battlemented mounting, the strap-like feet, and the engraving round the lip, are characteristic of the date of the horn; but the oval plate, engraved with the present arms of the College, is certainly a subsequent addition, for the horn had been passed round the table for more than two hundred years before these arms were devised in place of the former ones, which, to the minds of certain reformers, savoured of superstition.



No. 1.—Drinking Horn at Corpus.

The same College preserves an ostrich egg of equal antiquity with the drinking-horn. It was called the "Gripe's Eye," and was originally used as a pyx for carrying the Eucharist. Unhappily its ancient silver mounting became broken, and the egg was made into a standing cup, with fresh mounting of Elizabethan date and character. The name "Gripe's eye," or egg, was not unfrequently given to cups formed of ostrich eggs. The ostrich was so little known that its eggs were attributed to the fabulous gripe, or griffin.

The Founder's Cup at Trinity Hall is nearly coeval with the Corpus horn, the year 1350 being the date of the foundation of the Hall by Thomas Bateman, Bishop of Norwich. It is a plain beaker, with slightly ornamented moulding encircling its centre and its base. Its cover has battlemented ornament

round its edge, and in the centre rises to a short upright stem, in the top of which is a hole, once the setting of a stone, which, by splitting or becoming clouded, would, it was believed, proclaim the presence of any poison in the cup. This is an illustration of the fear of poison which for centuries disturbed the minds of our ancestors. Persons of high state practised all manner of precautions against the poisoner, and by degrees these precautions became matters of state ceremonial, and were elaborate in proportion to the importance of the persons partaking of the banquet. The king's cup was handed to him by a person of the highest nobility, and the most minute directions were observed for taking the assay of the contents, for removing the cover for the king to drink, and for replacing the cover immediately afterwards. It is quite possible that the original object of covers for drinking cups was to guard against the insertion of poison. To return to the Trinity Hall cup: the arms enamelled upon the boss inside the cover, and also inside the bottom of the cup, are heraldically interesting. They are the arms of Bateman, viz. *sable*, a crescent ermine within a bordure engrailed *argent*, whence are derived the arms borne by the Hall, which differ from them in that the bordure is assimilated to the crescent, and is blazoned ermine. The Gothic ornamenture surrounding the shield of arms in the bottom of the cup has some bearing upon the debated heraldic question as to the origin of supporters. It furnishes an instance of a practice prevalent in the fourteenth century, and coincident with the first appearance of supporters, namely, the insertion of curious animals in the curved spaces between the lines of Gothic ornament with which shields of arms were frequently surrounded. In this cup three wyverns in ingeniously varied attitudes are thus inserted. Probably they have no heraldic import, but they are an example of a decorative feature which accompanies, and may have much to do with, the first appearance of supporters in a distinctively heraldic sense. The mark punched upon the cup and cover by way of "hall-mark" opens up another heraldic question, for it consists of a coat-of-arms, at present unidentified, belonging no doubt to the place at which the cup was assayed. Accompanying this punched mark is a well-known zigzag scratched mark, which reduces our inquiry to Germany or the Netherlands. The arms are, a lion rampant, a chief per pale of crossed keys and two mullets.

Mazers, or maple wine-bowls, were for centuries in common use in England, and, where wealth permitted, were furnished with deep silver rims and with other mountings, such as silver feet, or an enamelled boss in the bottom of the bowl. Corpus College possesses three of these interesting vessels. One of them is said to have been presented by J. Northwood, a Fellow of the College, who entered in 1384. It has a somewhat simple rim of silver, which in form corresponds closely with the rim of a mazer in private hands, which is believed to be of the time of Richard II., and so far agrees with the date at which a gift by J. Northwood would be likely to have been made. Another of the Corpus mazers, of rather later date, is an example of the curious conceits in which Gothic silversmiths were fond of indulging. Rising from the bottom of the bowl to about the level of the brim is a little hexagonal battlemented turret, surmounted by a swan with its head lowered over the edge of the turret in an attitude of drinking. When the bowl is filled to the level of the swan's beak, the liquor flows away through a concealed hole in the turret and runs out from a hole under the bottom of the bowl. If the liquor is poured in sufficiently slowly, it will thus remain at the same level, as though the swan were drinking it as fast as it is poured in. The third Corpus mazer is of still later date; it bears the hall-mark of the year 1541–2. Upon a boss in its centre is enamelled a heraldic rose.

No. 2.—Founder's Cup, Emmanuel College.

There are two cups at Cambridge which may be said to be transitional between mazers and standing cups, namely, the Foundress' Cup at Pembroke, and the Cup of the Three Kings at Corpus. Pembroke College was founded in 1347; if, therefore, the Foundress' Cup could with certainty be traced back to her, it might be the most ancient piece in Cambridge. It is a silver-gilt standing cup, but in the earliest inventory in which it seems to be certainly identifiable, it is mentioned as a bowl. This is in the year 1491. In an inventory of the year 1546 it is described as a standing cup. The suggestion has been made, and is probably correct, that the stem and base were added between the above two dates; their style, moreover, corresponds with that observable upon other cups made towards the close of the fifteenth century. The upper portion of the cup has the appearance of a mazer with silver substituted for the wooden bowl, a very possible substitution in the event of accidental breakage. The ornamental work upon the silver rim of the bowl is of earlier character than that upon the stem, but Mr. Cripps, the leading English authority upon early plate, does not see his way to assigning to it so early a date as that of the foundation of the College. The quaint old custom of

inscribing mottoes upon drinking-cups is exemplified in this cup, which bears round the outside of the rim the verse—

"Sayn denes yt is me d're
For hes lof drenk and mak gud cher."

Round the stem is engraved, "God help at ned," and above, on opposite sides of the stem, are the letters M. V., the initials of the foundress, Marie de Valence. The letter M appears also upon a boss in the bottom of the bowl. The Cup of the Three Kings at Corpus is a mazer upon a stem and foot; round the silver-gilt rim are engraved the names of the three Magi, Jaspar, Melchior and Balthazar. The stem and foot are very similar to those of the Foundress' Cup at Pembroke, except that the stem here is of a twisted pattern. A curious device, consisting of a squirrel seated upon the back of a fish, is worked in enamel upon the boss inside the bowl. It may possibly be a pictorial illustration of the now unknown donor's name. There is no hall-mark or other means of fixing the date of this cup, but from its style it may be assigned to a date not far distant from the year 1500.

Cocoa-nuts were sometimes made into cups by the addition of a silver rim and a stem and foot, the rim being connected with the stem by three or more upright bands, often of delicate open-work lying flat upon the sides of the cocoa-nut. At Gonville and Caius College there are two such cups, which may be assigned roughly to the end of the fifteenth century. They each have a silver-gilt rim projecting outwards from the cocoa-nut to a distance of about an inch, giving the mouth of the cup a funnel-like appearance. The smaller of the two has a cover rising to a point, terminated by a pine-apple. The larger has no cover, its bands are ornamented with fleurs-de-lys in open work, and its base rests upon three lions couchant.

No. 3.—Poison Cup, Clare College.

Returning to pieces of plate made entirely of silver, and to a date somewhat earlier than that of the pieces last described, we come to the Foundress' Cup at Christ's College, the finest and earliest of the beautiful specimens of early plate in the keeping of that College. Though former generations of Fellows of Christ's are not altogether free from blame for having ventured on certain "embellishments" of some of their old plate, yet the excellent condition in which their plate has, on the whole, been preserved, deserves the highest praise. The Foundress' Cup, which is four and a half centuries old and covered with delicate repoussé work, shows almost no trace of wear. Its date is approximately fixed at the year 1440—though from its appearance it might have belonged to the end of the century—by the shield of arms enamelled upon the boss in the interior. The arms are those of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, viz. quarterly, France and England within a bordure *argent*, impaling the coat of Eleanor Cobham, his second wife, viz. *gules* on a chevron *argent*, three mullets *sable*. The Foundress, Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry VII., bequeathed this cup and other pieces to the College at her decease in 1509.

The Anathema Cup at Pembroke is the earliest specimen in Cambridge, and the fourth earliest known, of a piece of plate stamped with the English hall-mark. The earliest known specimen, the Pudsey spoon, given by King Henry VI. to Sir Ralph Pudsey, at whose house he lay concealed after the battle of Hexham, bears the hall-mark of the year 1445-6. There are examples of the hall-marks of the years 1459-60 and 1460-1, after which comes the mark upon the Anathema Cup of the year 1481-2. This cup was given to the College by Thomas Langton, Bishop of Winchester, and the inscription inside the foot, in record of the gift, begins with the words, "Qui alienaverit anathema sit." It cannot be doubted that to these words it owes its preservation. It is silver-gilt, plain, and rather clumsy looking, and forms a marked contrast with the elegant shapes and elaborately worked surfaces of such other cups of the closing years of Gothic Art as have come down to us. The curse attaching to the alienation of the cup has unfortunately not availed to save the cover.

All the plate at Cambridge of earlier date than the year 1500 consists of drinking-cups, most of which were intended to be passed from hand to hand. This custom of passing the cup survives in the ceremony of the loving-cup in many of the Colleges at their chief commemorative feasts. In the city of London the passing of the loving-cup is preceded by an announcement that the Lord Mayor, or Master of the Company, "pledges you in the loving-cup, and bids you all a hearty welcome." At Cambridge the loving-cup is quietly started on its round by the presiding host. As it goes round, each person bows to the person from whom he takes it, and to his neighbour on his other side, to whom he drinks; and in accordance with ancient custom, the person who has last drunk remains standing to defend the drinker from treacherous assassination. At the Founders' feasts in certain Colleges each person, before drinking, repeats a pious form of words; in Pembroke, for instance, the words used are, "In piam memoriam, Domine, dominæ fundatricis." The custom of

the loving-cup is of extreme antiquity, being derived from the wassail-bowl of our heathen ancestors. On the introduction of Christianity the wassail-bowl was too firmly rooted a custom to give way, and it was adopted by the monks under a new name, *poculum charitatis*, whence its present name, grace-cup, or loving-cup.

Perhaps the earliest specimens at Cambridge of plate other than drinking-cups are the Foundress' Salts at Christ's College. They are hour-glass shaped, with covers; their surfaces are divided vertically into lobed partitions, alternately plain and ornamented in repoussé with the rose, fleur-de-lys, or portcullis, the latter formed into the letter M, for Margaret, the Foundress' christian-name. Two of these salts are of foreign make, the other bears the hall-mark of the year 1507–8.

The Foundress' Beaker at the same College consists of a beaker with cover; it rests upon a projecting base, representing in its ground outline a Tudor rose, and having perforations round its upright sides for the purpose, possibly, of letting out the fumes of a small heating-lamp. The surface of the beaker and of the cover is engraved with exquisite diaper ornament, composed of roses, marguerites, and portcullises representing the letter M. At the top of the cover is a hexagonal ornament composed of six portcullises conjoined at their sides, surmounted by a finial of four marguerites and a Tudor rose. The cup, salts, and beaker bequeathed to this College by the Foundress form a set unrivalled in Cambridge for their combination of beauty, antiquity, and perfect preservation.

The Foundress also left to this College six "Apostle" spoons, not hall-marked, one of which appears to represent the Saviour with orb and cross in his left hand, and with his right hand held up with two fingers extended. This, a "Master" spoon, is an object of considerable rarity. There is a belief that the above six spoons form part of a set of twelve, and that the Foundress gave the remaining six to St. John's College, her other foundation. The early plate of St. John's has perished, but there is a record of the plate given to that College by the Foundress. It contains no mention of the spoons.

Christ's College further possesses a cup and cover assigned by Mr. Cripps to the year 1520, or thereabouts. It is covered with imbricated pattern in repoussé, and in the design of its general form it roughly resembles the Foundress' Cup, though with sufficient difference to give an impression of squatness and inelegance when seen side by side with it. Upon the knop of the cover is enamelled a coat-of-arms, which no one has yet succeeded in identifying, viz. *argent*, on a chevron *sable*, between three . . . . heads of the second, three mullets of the field, a crescent for difference. The heads have been considered to be adders' heads, but they might belong to almost any beast or reptile having a long sharp-toothed jaw.

The earliest example in Cambridge of a ewer and salver is the gift of Archbishop Parker to Corpus College, bearing the hall-mark of the year 1545–6. Both ewer and salver are engraved with the leaf-work arabesque ornament that characterises the silver work of the following half century. They now are filled with rose water, and passed round the table after dinner as an agreeable luxury, but at the time at which they were made such vessels were almost a necessity. Not only was it customary for a formal washing of the hands to take place before dinner, but owing to the absence of forks, which only came into use at the beginning of the seventeenth century, a provision for an occasional wash of the hands during the meal was obviously desirable.

At Clare College the Master has charge of three curious cups, two of which may be of English make, though none of them are hall-marked. They are the Falcon Cup, the Poison Cup, and the Serpentine Cup. The Falcon Cup should be called a box rather than a cup, for it consists of an oblong box, which forms the pedestal of an erect falcon. Mr. Cripps believes it to be of Antwerp manufacture of about the year 1550. The Poison Cup (Illustration No. 3) is a tankard, of which the drum is of exceedingly delicate filigree wire-work, enclosing a glass interior. In the centre of the flat cover is set a clear white conical crystal, with reputed properties for detecting poison. The Serpentine Cup is also a tankard, of which the body is of serpentine; the cover and mounting are of silver-gilt. The cover is ornamented with strap work, masks, and flowers in repoussé. The date of this and of the Poison Cup may be about 1565.

Throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth the increasing wealth of England, and the new and all-absorbing taste for Renaissance ornament, kept the silversmith hard at work. Enrichment of surface now came to be more thought of than beauty of form, a cardinal error, which, associated perhaps for the first time with pressure upon the designer's time in consequence of many orders, seems to have caused the art of the silversmith, in the height of its prosperity, to take a downward turn, from which it has since only risen at times and with special effort.

Cambridge has a good number of representative pieces of Elizabethan plate. The cup given by Archbishop Parker to Corpus College is a fine example of an Elizabethan standing cup and cover. Tall, covered with medallions, arabesques, strap work, fruit and flowers, its cover surmounted with a pedestal bearing a nude figure, this cup forms the strongest contrast to such a piece as the Foundress' Cup of Christ's College, which is of about one hundred and thirty years earlier date, and may be said to represent the best work of its time, as may this of the reign of Elizabeth.

The Apostle Spoons at Corpus, also the gift of Archbishop Parker, are as nearly as possible a set of thirteen. Twelve of them are of the year 1566, the other is of the year 1515. Only one set of thirteen, all of the same date, is known to exist, and is of much later date, namely, the year 1626.

The most interesting piece of plate of Elizabethan date is the Founder's Cup at Emmanuel College (Illustration No. 2), which has long enjoyed the reputation of being the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Though this cannot be proved, yet neither can its impossibility be demonstrated. Mr. Cripps says, "There is much in the shell work, the horses' heads, and the scroll figures with female busts, that recalls the known work of Cellini to the mind, but we may be spared the duty of identifying it with any foreign master hand. It is, perhaps, too late in style for the great master, who died in 1571, and was at his best years before."

The ewer and salver at Sidney College have also been reputed to be the work of Cellini, but here the question is set at rest by the presence of the English hall-mark of the year 1606–7, together with an English maker's mark. The pieces are, however, fine specimens of elaborate workmanship, being covered with repoussé work consisting of foliated arabesques and medallions of sea monsters and scallop shells.

For a few years before and after 1610 tall standing cups seem to have been almost exclusively made in a certain

pattern, consisting of an egg-shaped bowl and cover surmounted by a perforated steeple, and standing upon a balustre-shaped stem rising out of a somewhat high foot, the whole cup richly covered with chased and repoussé work in low relief. Specimens of these cups are at Trinity Hall, Corpus, Christ's, Emmanuel, and Sidney. At Trinity there is a great cup of the year 1651, having a stem and foot of the same pattern as the above, but with a plain semicylindrical bowl.

At Queen's there is perhaps the earliest known specimen of a large plain wineglass-shaped pattern of loving-cup with granulated bowl and balustre stem, which prevailed during the middle of the seventeenth century. The hall-mark here is of the year 1636-7. It was given to the College by Lord Compton, son of the Earl of Northampton, afterwards a distinguished Royalist.

So far College plate had fairly well survived the perils that had beset plate in other hands. But in 1642 its time had come. The king sent letters to the University and Colleges begging for a loan of their silver, and, with few exceptions, they sent him all but a few such pieces as for the sake of special associations they felt bound to preserve. In the town of Cambridge, for which Cromwell was member, disloyalty was rampant, and, as was usually the case, the opposite opinion prevailed in the University. It may, however, be more than a coincidence that of the four Colleges whose Masters were not deposed by the Parliament, two—Corpus and Christ's—possess far finer collections of plate than any of the other Colleges; and the plate of another, though despatched to the king, was intercepted by Cromwell, and converted to the uses of the Parliament. Such College plate as reached the king was conveyed to him at York or Nottingham by two members of the university, "not without some difficulty, having been conveyed through by-paths and secret passages; whereby they escaped the designs of Oliver Cromwell, who, with a party of townsmen and rustics, lay in wait to intercept it." Disgusted at being thus eluded, Cromwell returned to Cambridge and seized the three Heads of Colleges who had been most active in the business, and conveyed them to London, where they were lodged as prisoners in the Tower.

Cambridge possesses many specimens of plate of various date, from that of the Restoration to the present time. But the Commonwealth marks a definite epoch in the history of English plate. Pieces of earlier date are practically unique of their several kinds, and are so owned as to be unlikely ever to come into the market; whereas collections of pieces of later date are constantly being formed, though at great cost. It is therefore with the period of the Commonwealth that this article is concluded.

A. P. Humphrey.

GEORGE MASON: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

CHAPTER III.—Work in England.

MASON'S Paris visit, in 1855, had evidently brought him among artists of his own nation. Mr. J. B. Pyne, the landscape painter, was there, and bought of him a little picture which Mason had painted in Rome; and on the strength of the temporary wealth—for Mason's life had still the advantage of "short views"—he went over to England with his friend Mr. Aitchison, stayed in the country, and became engaged to the lady with whom he afterwards spent the long years of a happy married life.

It was after this that his noblest Roman work was done and his name established, for he returned to Italy full of the new impulse given by the comparison and interchange which are necessary to all artistic life. His pictures challenged the judgment of his time; and the dangers of obscurity—which lead to contempt of success and to a belief in one's own patent of originality, as I think Mr. Lowell has called it—were over for ever. Johnson praised Burke for the quality of "communication," and perhaps Mason, who evidently possessed it, would never have lost communication, even if he had been an unsuccessful man. But every biographer must rejoice when his hero has passed the time of mental solitude; for "solitude," says Cowley, "can be well fitted and set right upon a very few persons."

After a year or two of Rome, Mason quitted Italy altogether; he went to England, married, and settled with his young wife at Wetley Abbey. At this time his health was seriously weakened, and though his pleasure in life was not a whit impaired, though he had still the emotional delight in music, the simple-hearted delight in romances, and in what can only be expressed by the child's word "play," he yet suffered from the deep occasional depression which few sensitive natures escape, and which is both the cause and the effect of feeble health. One of the puzzles of æsthetic study is undoubtedly the relation between all lyrical or subjective Art and a brain which is stimulated by some strong or slight form of disease. The extreme instances of this strange connection are to be found in the magical emotions of delirium, in the transcendental experiences of dreams under approaching illness, in the visions of opium. Such magic, such visions, and such experiences are mingled with the very essence of poetry, fragments of which, caught by the sane and waking man, make his poetry poetical. Therefore, when I hear the common clamorous demand for the "healthy" in the arts, I am inclined to question whether it is not an unwitting cry for the abolition of the most intimate moments of the human mind. The identity of the "healthy" with the right in Art can only, I think, be believed in by the professors of a stolid though cheerful kind of optimism which may be pleasant to hold, but is certainly fatuous to proclaim. Now Mason's Art was only very lightly touched with what I am constrained to call, in spite of the disagreeable paradox of the words, the magic of disease; he had certainly less of it than had Schumann, Shelley, or Rossetti; it is not impossible for the optimist to enjoy his work. Nevertheless the disease, with its strange stimulus, was there. And his life and his beautiful work bring us face to face with the trite but deeply discouraging problems of the mixture of good with evil.

When Mason came to England it was with no intention

* Continued from page 111.

of doing distinctively English work. He had not learnt to look with pictorial eyes at the kind of nature which surrounded his home, and the lack of subjects and interests added to his depression. It was then that his friend, Sir Frederick (at that time Mr.) Leighton, turned Mason's thoughts and eyes in the direction which was to become habitual to them. The friends were walking together in the neighbourhood of Wetley, so familiar to Mason, who was desponding over the small prospect of work that seemed to be before him, when Sir Frederick gave him that impetus—the most delicate and valuable gift of sympathetic friendship—which does no violence to the mind it is applied to; does not deflect it, but hastens and helps it. It is obvious that Mason was ready for the impetus he received when his companion showed him how the little accidental scene then before them was already composed into a picture; how the lines corresponded, and how the forms combined in a manner which the sensitive eyes of Poussin would have found admirable. Sir Frederick made a little sketch in his pocket-book, and revealed to his friend how pure and regular and how conformed to the rules that satisfy men's eyes Nature can be even in the small and unheroic country which has never been profaned by the name of "picturesque." The slight pencil marks which meant so much have been preserved in the pocket-book of the President, as a remembrance of the walk and the conversation which had such great results.

From that time Mason painted Wetley almost as persistently as Millet painted the plain of Barbizon, and Corot the purlieus of Fontainebleau. Where he lived his simple life in the deepest retirement and solitude—that solitude of the family which is not loneliness—there he pitched his easel. 'Mist on the Moor,' 'Catch!' 'Crossing the Heath,' and 'Return from Ploughing,' which was engraved in the last chapter, were a few of the pictures painted at this time. There are two great enemies to fine national landscape art—centralisation and cosmopolitanism. These forces—usually contrary to each other—unite in their action here, for the great town centralises the people of a country, empties them of local associations, and then sends them to foreign countries in search of the picturesque. Thus the spirit of place is absolutely absent from the greater part of modern Art. The localism of the Umbrian painters, the character of their hills, the fact that masterpieces of a school are to be sought out above the village altars of Italy, all this is impossible to England, where we have a museum in the town and facilities for foreign travel, in place of the unvulgar provincialities of Siena and Perugia. But a few, even in England and in our day, have felt and made others feel the charm of the spirit of place—Mr. Blackmore conspicuously among novelists and Mason among painters.

The landscape to which he now turned his thoughts we find upon his canvases; we see a poverty akin to that of the hills which the Umbrian masters painted. It was a cultivated earth, the rocks with a scanty covering of soil, trees with few leaves, a sky with little colour. There was a series of delicate negations, restraints, rejections, an exquisite poverty. To the mind in a lyrical mood these things are more dear than are the contrary abundances, profusions, affluences, and assertions of beauty. Mason was distinctively an artist of the field, and not of the garden or the forest. He dealt with Nature, not in her solitudes, nor in her tameness, but chiefly in her association with the difficult lives of men, in her co-operation, when she meets their labours in seed-time and harvest, and seems to share their self-denials and their weariness.

With regard to the figures which in line and feeling are so harmonious with his landscapes, Mason must be pronounced an idealist. His realism is only apparent; it deals with little outward things—a sun-bonnet unknotted, a lace unloosed, the accidents of rustic dress, or a pretty action caught from life. But no one who knows English country life will be inclined to deny that there is a decisive predetermination to see things not precisely as they are, but as the artist would have them. It is not easy indeed to imagine how otherwise the English agriculturist and his wife and daughter are to be treated at all. When Millet painted a *farouche* young savage, keeping her sheep on the borders of a forest, he needed to change nothing of her pose, or of her garments, or of the sylvan look of fear in her face; and for the rendering of men and women going to work in the level morning sun, or doing the tasks of the farm and the granary, he needed simple and thoughtful apprehension, but no inventive fancy. With the Italian peasant it is the same. But the English villager can be shown, in beautiful Art, only with the help of a little make-believe. We need not pretend that he wears a coloured sash, or any improbability of that sort; but we must pretend that his shoulders are broader, his flanks lighter than the actual average; we must frankly affect to think that the village girl has not discarded the pink or primrose-coloured sun-bonnet which used to shade her wild-rose face, that she habitually wears a long pinafore of which the cool white tones catch the evening light from the west, and that her innocent figure takes light curves as though from the wind which meets her or overtakes her on the shadowy hills. Yet in truth there is only one people more impossible than our own for the uncompromising realist—and that is the American people. The English labourer has no costume, but the Transatlantic rustic is more unfortunate, for he has no working clothes. He follows the plough in his black Sunday coat—the Sunday coat of other years, and looks like nothing but a shabby *bourgeois* even while he is leading a life more elementary than any to be found in Europe, a life without the division of labour which has made the modern world so dreary—while he is growing corn and spinning flax, shooting the wild thing and breeding the tame one. But excepting that utterly incongruous American, the rustic of England must be considered the most unpaintable countryman in the world. Idealisation therefore becomes necessary to every artist who does not wish to paint without figures those little English scenes which lie, as it were, in the suburbs of villages, and with which the figures of the place are naturally and appropriately associated. Neither painters nor poets (with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Barnes) can leave the truth undisguised and unadorned. But of course a true artist will not idealise in the direction of banality and conventionality. He will feign that his milkmaid strides through the dew in the sweet careless drapery and the charming hat of Mr. Fildes' "Betty," and cares to toss a handful of field flowers into her milking-pail—which the Betty of real life has quite ceased to do since those pleasanter English days when "all her care was that she might die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet." Or he will make believe that there are as pure and heroic and Greek lines of form in the humble garments of village life as Mason shows us grouped about the moors and blackberry thickets of Wetley. The days of the sham classic and of later insincerities and conventionalities are over, and if a painter

"pretends," he pretends on the lines of a certain sincerity and fitness.

Of the recognition which Mason's English work won from the world there are, as usual in such cases, two accounts to be given. The little public hailed with peculiar pleasure a painter whose poetry was at once obvious and delicate. The larger public did not appreciate Mason at all. If this seem a harsh assertion, I appeal to those who remember the days when the Royal Academy possessed, year by year, some finely composed and harmoniously toned picture, which a peculiar manner, no less than a peculiar beauty, set apart from the crowd, and which was signed with Mason's name. The large public looked and passed, or passed without even looking, and did not reason of them, except by calling them curious—which is the inarticulate way of expressing a decided but indefinite popular disapproval. The smaller public, however, is articulate at least; and there was but one opinion among the most articulate—the journalists. A glance at the critiques of the time shows a unanimity which is almost, if the aforesaid inarticulate expression may be permitted me, curious. The poetry of the pictures is acknowledged in similar words, and with evidently the same tone of pleasure, by writer after writer; it is clear that the prosaic kind of landscape painting then prevalent had become distasteful to all who had made their artistic education in any degree liberal, by that better knowledge of Continental Art which was at the time beginning to work changes in England. It is difficult, in glancing over that array of witnesses, to realise the fact that this artist was unappreciated. When the time came for his election to the Associateship of the Royal Academy, so great a number of votes were given to him as testified to the feeling of those who were his brothers in Art, some of them the companions of his sketching-days, one of them in a sense the "sole begetter" of Mason's most personal and distinctive work, many, as his residence in England made him better known, his affectionate friends. In spite, therefore, of his evident failure to gain the slow attention of the larger public, Mason must have felt that his choice of English subjects recommended itself as greatly to the world of Art as it did to his own desires. He seems to have had no regrets for Italy, no returns of thought towards the shining plain of the Campagna, or the flowering marshes, or the thin olives on the coast, or the vigorous figures of the South. He never touched an Italian subject after he had tasted the pleasure of composing the young trees and the young forms of girl and calf, in the 'Wind on the Wold,' the experimental picture, which Sir Frederick Leighton still possesses. His days of health were gone, and the robust Art of that earlier time, this also had passed away for ever.

It was in 1865 that the long seclusion of life at Wetley Abbey came to an end. The family had dwelt there so simply and wildly that their rare journeys to the nearest town had been made in a market-cart, and the long straggling rooms of the lonely house had been all too vast and vacant for the little group of inmates. The Masons' friends naturally wished to have them within reach, and it was felt that the relations of artistic life and friendship in London would help the fame of one whose personality was so attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Mason came up to town and began house-hunting with such vague intentions that, standing in the turmoil of the Strand, they determined to take the first omnibus that passed them, to journey in it to its uttermost bourne, and then to begin their search, working back towards town. The omnibus chanced to be bound for Hammersmith, and it landed them close to Shaftesbury Road, the place where they lived for four years. Here were painted 'The Cast Shoe,' 'Geese,' 'The Gander,' 'Young Anglers,' 'Unwilling Playmates,' 'Evening, Matlock,' 'Wetley Moor,' and 'The Evening Hymn.' Among these the 'Young Anglers' is one of Mason's few English pictures that are studies of daylight, for his addiction to the more obvious kinds of poetry led him to an almost monotonous presentation of the easily understood sentiment of evening. It is perhaps an unexpected thing to say of a painter who had touches of magic, that he was not subtle. Yet assuredly Mason's treatment was demonstrative. If he had been more subtle he would, perhaps, have been a realist *quand même*, even in the study of English life, and he would certainly have painted the morning and the noonday as Millet painted them in his simplicity. But the 'Anglers' stands out by reason of the energy of the execution as well as by its light and feeling. It is as fresh as it is harmonious. A flowering bank borders a stream; some ducks disport themselves with a charm which Mason caught from all life; a luminous white sky is reflected in the pure water, as are the figures of three children watching their float; behind these a field slopes upwards, and is flecked with linen lying out to dry; and a most atmospheric distance is bounded by a rhythmic line of hills. The 'Evening Hymn,' exhibited in 1868, won the artist his election to the Associateship of the Academy, and was dreamed over, and was painted and re-painted, during two years. It is a rich after-sunset scene, peopled with grave and noble figures, worthy, for their distinction and dignity, to walk for ever homeward from their prayers along a Pheidian frieze—English girls and men idealised on the lines of loveliness and of sincerity. The spectator faces the late flames of a sunset which is diffused by light cloud; thin trees lift their slender branches against this golden sky, and a winding river catches its light. With their backs to the west come a little company of girls in pale, cool-coloured print dresses and sun bonnets, faintly invested with the eastern light. They walk from the church which glimmers below in the gathering darkness, and sing from their hymn-books as they go. The foremost has a shadowy, melancholy face; her companion to the right is exquisitely and modestly conscious of the gaze of two nobly posed young shepherds who stand watching the pious procession; farther back a girl lifts her arms to gather up her hair with a most heroic action, and farther still another droops over a white rose which she has just received from a lover. The composition is, as usual, one of the chief beauties of this lovely picture, for Mason's colour—dealing as he did habitually with the rich and mellow tints of a special climate and time—is perhaps not the greatest of his merits; whereas in the composition of form his powers were great indeed. In the lines of landscape his sensitiveness rivalled that of Poussin; in the grouping of figures his knowledge had been studied from Raphael. As to the motive of the 'Evening Hymn,' we are told that it is still the custom for the Staffordshire girls to sing 'Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,' as they go home from church over the moors. But it may be feared that the custom is peculiar to Staffordshire. I have seen Rhinelanders kneeling in their vineyards at the Angelus; and have met groups of women answering one another in the prayers of the rosary as they strode over the remoter hills of the Romagna; but never a line of milkmaids singing a hymn in England. Also charmingly ideal and distinguished studies of child life in country conditions are 'Geese' and 'The Gander.' In 'Evening, Matlock,' we have an exquisite

picture of cooler twilight, with a grey sky tinted by vague and dim blues and pinks, while a gleaned corn-field shows obscure tones of russet and gold. The landscape and the thin trees have that most attractive and yet pathetic grace of poverty, mention of which has been already made. A girl carries a wheatsheaf and drives a little flock; and there are in the figure and elsewhere in this lovely work certain signs of a tired or suffering hand.

Wearing his new honours as Associate, Mason, with his family, moved to a larger house and studio at Theresa Terrace, Hammersmith. There he worked for three years, and there in 1872 he died at the age of fifty-four. The peace of these later years must have been far fuller than that of any past time. Mason's happy marriage had brought him six children, whose playmate he was; and his friendships were numerous and loving. With Frederick Walker, with Signor Costa, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he had relations of the greatest sympathy; with Mr. Leslie he painted on the Thames. His work lay close to him, Nature was within reach, and his models were in his own household, for professional models he would have none—his sisters, children, nursemaids, were his sitters. He laboured, while strength lasted, with the old thoroughness, altering without weariness, and making his studies in a small space, wherein the composition was perfected. He kept his old careless ways, and was to the last so incapable of that respect for money which is expected of the modern man that he could neither count nor keep it, and for safety's sake his purse was wont to be furnished with a single sovereign, after the manner of the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter's, though with a different intention.

During the three or four years before his death, Mason did some of his most lovely and memorable work. In spite of failing strength, he painted, besides slighter compositions, 'Girls Dancing,' 'Only a Shower,' 'Derbyshire Landscape,' 'Blackberry Gatherers,' 'The Milkmaid,' and 'The Harvest Moon.' The first named is, as usual, a lovely pastoral, in which young Greeks appear with their feet in the English fields, and clad in what might be the raiment of English lads and girls. The boy is piping, and the maidens—children of twelve or fourteen, whose forms repeat the motion of the winds with which they live and play—are dancing to the simple tune. The little festival of youth and happiness is held upon a high field near the sea, the deep blue of which is in the distance. 'Only a Shower' shows similar girls caught by a light squall of wind and rain. One of them repeats an action which was a favourite one with the painter—she has set down her milk-pails, and lifts her hands to confine her loosened hair. 'The Harvest Moon' was the last picture Mason finished. It is a study of the hour—

"What time the mighty moon is gathering light."

The composition is processional, and the motive that ready but never wearisome subject, return from field labour towards the fall of night. Men and women troop over the rugged ground, which has been all day yielding sympathetically to their difficult toil. A woman carries a sheaf of corn, which glows in the last western light; a man thrums a fiddle, as he walks by a gracefully awkward girl; a boy strides through a gate with excellent action. In front goes the waggon with its last load, and lights are appearing here and there, in solitary cottage windows. The spectator faces almost east, towards a sky of mingled tones, and an exquisite distance.

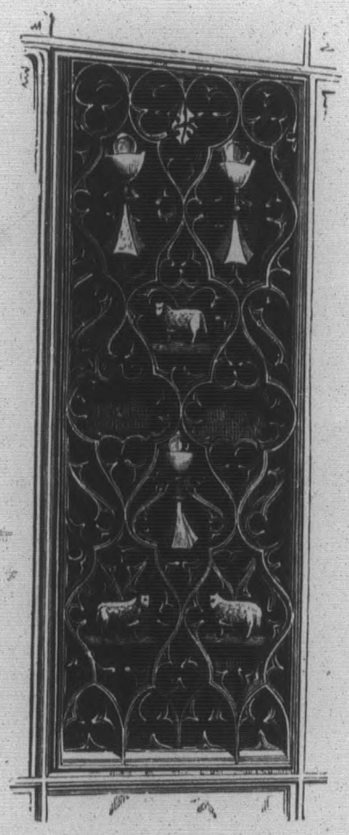
When Mason died, great as were the unabated powers of his mind, and immense as was the loss to Art, his work was done, insomuch as he had delivered his message completely and unmistakably. Such further work as he might have done had he lived, would have been but a variation of his important and significant theme—it would hardly have been any different theme. We have to deplore the comparatively little quantity, but the inestimable value of the quality is the same as though his work had been multiplied a thousand times. And the lessons which he taught in the school of England—the inspiration and the rebuke, both fruitful, and both priceless, stand for ever indefeasible.

ALICE MEYNELL.

NOTE.—In gathering together such fragments of biography as have been presented in these pages, no small difficulty has been encountered; for even the testimony of intimate friends has been uncertain, and often conflicting. For a final word on one or two points, and a fresh word on one or two others, I am indebted to Mr. Edwin Mason, a surviving brother of the artist, and cannot do better than quote some passages as they stand in the letter he has written concerning the period of early life which he and his brother passed at Wetley. "I was his constant companion," writes Mr. Edwin Mason, "and I know that his time was fittingly occupied. He and I were educated there by my father; our mornings were daily devoted to the classics, and though George was often in bed reading Shakespeare, and Byron, and Shelley, he nevertheless attended assiduously our many lessons, showing his preference for Horace and Virgil over Livy and Tacitus. His leisure was spent in reading the best and purest of English authors, or in making and painting models of boats and regiments of soldiers, with which he fought the great battles of the world. His time, in fact, was spent as the time of the son of a high-minded, cultivated gentleman (which my father was) should be, and under his eye and his watchful care. About the year 1830 he went to an eminent surgeon in large practice in Newcastle (Staff.). In 1832 my father was a candidate for the representation of Stoke-upon-Trent in the Reform Parliament in the Liberal interest. . . . . George preceded me to Birmingham, but in 1836 I went to him there, and for several years we lived in a little cottage. It was in Birmingham that George became intimately acquainted with the late Mr. J. J. Hill, a portrait-painter. From Hill, who was a great lover of the "Fancy," George learned to box, and in his studio also conceived his passionate longing to become an artist. That he afterwards indulged in a few youthful escapades is true, but he was never a lover of low company, except as an artist observer. His departure for Rome was occasioned by an accidental family circumstance. As for the 'ruin,' the fact is that my father, owing to the failure of a relative for whom he was security, lost a considerable share of his fortune; and just about the last two years of George's stay at Rome the remitting of income to him became impracticable; but under my personal management my father's property came round, and he lived upon it for the rest of his life, and died worth £15,000."—A. M.

METAL RAILINGS AND FINIALS.

RAILING is one of the forms in which iron has been most extensively used, to a great extent ornamentally, or with the intention of being ornamental, although no doubt many hundred miles of iron railing have been put up in modern times in which this intention, if it existed, has been so conscientiously concealed as to be very little traceable. But the ornamental treatment of metal affords a means of making, wherever such a thing is required, a screen or boundary which is of solid construction but does not prevent a view through it, and which, while generally placed where it is for practical reasons, can be made subservient at the same time to decorative effect. That is the proper function of metal railing. In the process of the revival of styles, the decorative idea of railing has often been separated from its practical use, and railing has been introduced simply to produce decorative effect. Many modern Gothic buildings, for instance, show an elaborate railing along the ridge of the roof, as if to prevent adventurous persons who have ascended one side of the slope from crossing and descending to the other side; and a few years ago one used to see constantly in architectural competition drawings, and often in actual buildings, railings on every window-sill, giving protection to imaginary balconies, but for the purpose really of giving variety and "sparkle" to the architectural elevation. This kind of employment of railing is an artistic vulgarity. Railing should be introduced where it is necessary or serviceable, and then made beautiful, when it becomes legitimate and pleasing.



No. 1.—Grille Brass-work.

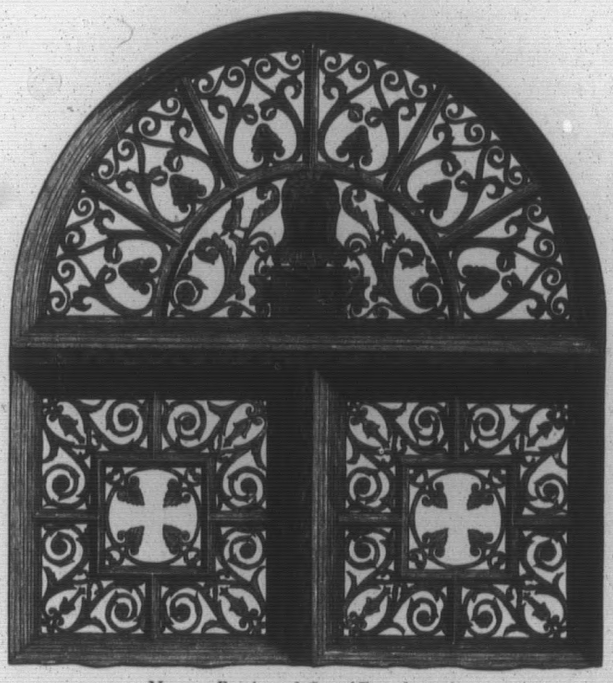
From the practical point of view, railing may be introduced either to screen something without keeping the air out, or to act as a defence without interfering with sight. The treatment will not be the same in both cases.

The illustrations to this paper, it should be said, are from the collection of the late Sir Digby Wyatt. (See *The Art Journal* for 1882, page 23.) The first example belongs to the former class, if to either. It is brass work of mediæval date, and probably German, but we have no special information about it. As drawn here, it is shown with what appears to be a wood backing, and if so, it would be a mere piece of ornamental work without much meaning, but if considered as an open *grille*, it is a fairly good example of metal screen-work. From the symbolism of the lamb and the sacramental cup, it is obviously part of some screen connected with church use. We say it is fairly good, without giving it higher praise, as it is not distinctly metallic in design, but is an imitation in metal of the usual style of small tracery work in wooden panels of this kind in mediæval work, which again is in its turn imitated from stone work. Metal design not specially illustrating the qualities of metal cannot be considered of the first order; but, apart from this, it is a good bit of tracery design, and rich in effect. The apparent attempt at a semi-perspective treatment of the feet of the chalices introduced is not good, and has a clumsy effect. The object seems to have been to make them better fit the shape of the openings in the grille in which they are placed, but that is not the right kind of way to do it: the feet should have been differently designed, instead of resorting to an apparent distortion.

The next example is a portion of railing from the façade of St. Peter's, evidently a balcony railing with the symbols of the Papal power introduced on an escutcheon in the centre. This is a piece of design sufficiently metallic in character, this character being imparted to it mainly by the thin and free spiral scrolls introduced, which could not well be executed except in metal. It is not work of the highest order of taste; the design does not hang together very well; for instance, the centre floral form in each compartment is fitted in awkwardly amid the scroll work on each side of it; but these defects are chiefly apparent when it is considered in detail; when viewed as a whole it has a generally rich and elegant effect, and answers its purpose well as a barrier for protection to those standing in the balcony, without hiding them entirely from the sight

No. 2.—Portion of a Railing from St. Peter's, Rome.

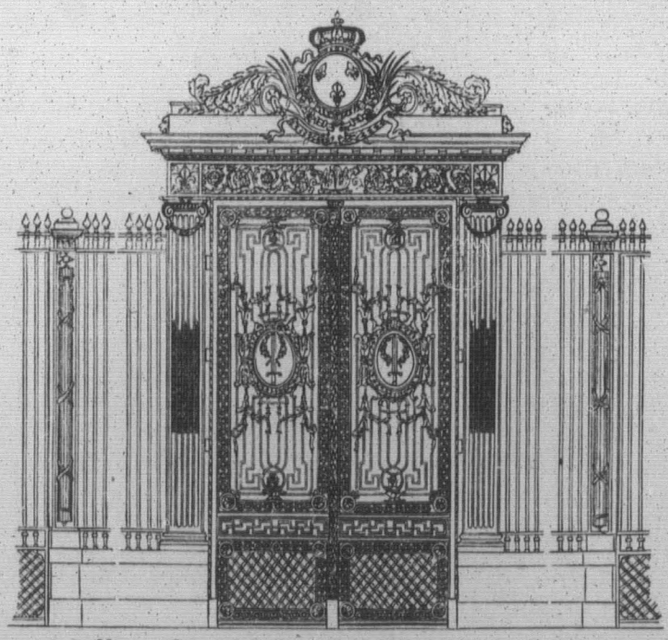
of spectators. If we consider that this balcony is one probably to be occupied occasionally by high ecclesiastics in gorgeous robes, it is evident how much would be lost from the appearance of the balcony on such state occasions if the mass of colour caused by the robes were cut off by a rigid line at the level of the top of the balcony, instead of being seen continued to the floor line, through the interstices of the iron work. The ladies' gallery in the House of Commons is an instance of ornamental iron work used with the opposite purpose, with the express intention of excluding those close behind it from the view of spectators at a little distance on the house side of the railing, while they can nevertheless obtain a pretty good view through the interstices themselves.



No. 3.—Portion of Gate (French work).

The next illustration, No. 3, represents a portion of a metal gate, French work, which contains some very good detail. The heavy moulded framing is not in the best style for metal work, but the filling in of the panels is very graceful and sufficiently metallic in character. This looks, however, we must confess, a good deal like cast-iron work; if it is so, the symmetrical repetition of the fitting of the panels, over the head of the door especially, is explained and justified; the filling in that case is obviously cast from one pattern and applied afterwards. It could not in that case be done otherwise, as it would be impossible to cast that gate simultaneously; the bars would break or bend the interior patterns in cooling. If, however, it were a piece of wrought-iron work, this would be bad and poor treatment, as it would involve the deliberate repetition of the same forms by a separate operation of the workman for each, thus losing the opportunity for giving greater interest and variety to the works by varying the details. As cast iron, therefore, the example would be a good one; as wrought iron it would not: it is not in character with that way of working.

Our next example is the gate and railing of the Palais de Justice at Paris. There is a great deal that is very effective as well as suitable in this design, as far as the gates are concerned. The object here is to make a sufficient fence which shall nevertheless not obscure the view of the building; and in regard to railings used as a fence it must always be remembered that one practical object in them should be to present as little facility as may be for climbing up or over them, and that consequently the richer effect which might be got by cross lines and by filling in the lower spaces with ornament has to be abandoned in order to avoid rendering the fence unsuitable for its practical objects. Thus the straight up-and-down, unadorned railing is in keeping with its purpose, though it might have been made to look less bare by some little shaping of the rails themselves, giving them a twisted surface at one point, or by some means of that kind, such as a mediæval worker would certainly have employed; and the termination of the rail at the top might have been more effective. The modern spirit in these matters is eminently practical, however, and the single straight railing certainly exemplifies this tendency of the day. The close treatment of the lower portion of the gates, and the rather rich ornament round the margin, are suitable in their positions, and throw out into greater relief the lighter and more graceful treatment of the centre. But the gates themselves have considerable merit, and represent legitimate metal design, though not in the highest school. The various symbolical adjuncts are gracefully worked into the design.

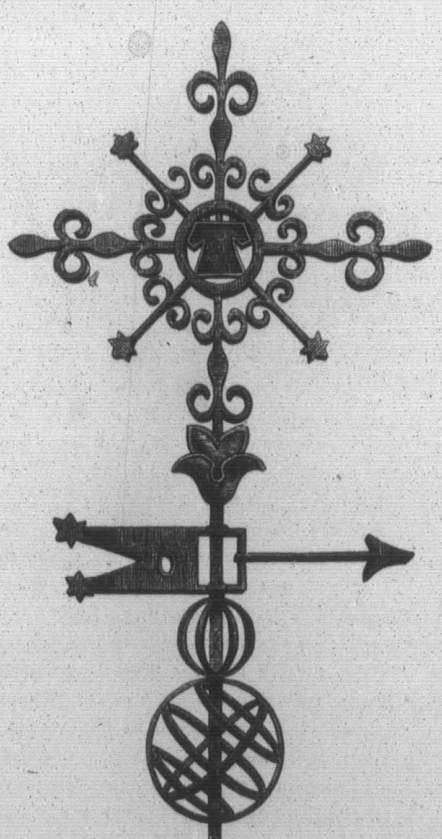


No. 4.—Gate and Railings of the Palais de Justice, Paris.

It may be observed here, however, that considering how much room there is for the play of fancy in the design of metal gates, it is surprising how few are the forms into which gates of this class have been fashioned, and how much the same type and general arrangement seem to be repeated. The present example, which we have called a good one of its kind, is

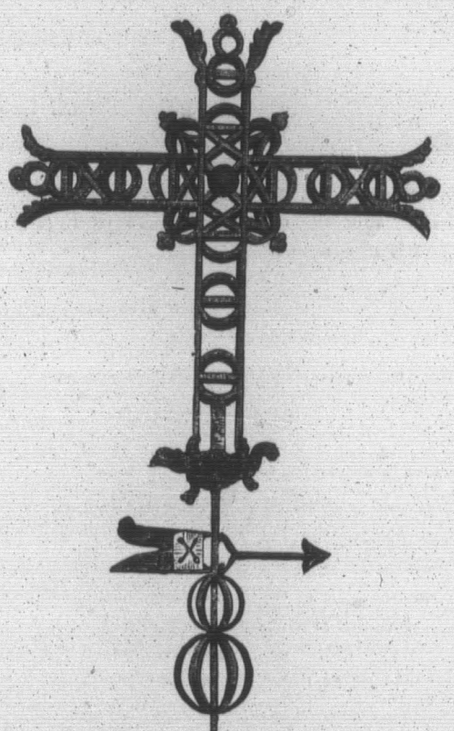
nevertheless entirely destitute of anything that could be called fancy or originality; it repeats the square panelled forms common to the idea of a framed door; a method of construction not employed in the same way in a metal door as in a wooden one, and which really need not be employed at all. With the ductile nature of wrought iron it should be possible to play with the shapes and details of iron gates in almost infinite variety; but we seldom see any departure from a few well-worn and what may be called respectable types.

The designs for *flèche* terminations which follow Nos. 5, 6, and 7, are also French, but very obviously not modern French. That which especially marks them out as older, is the manner in which the ball at the base of the design is formed, not by solid or apparently solid metal, but by a conglomeration of rings hooped together, giving the large outline required, but



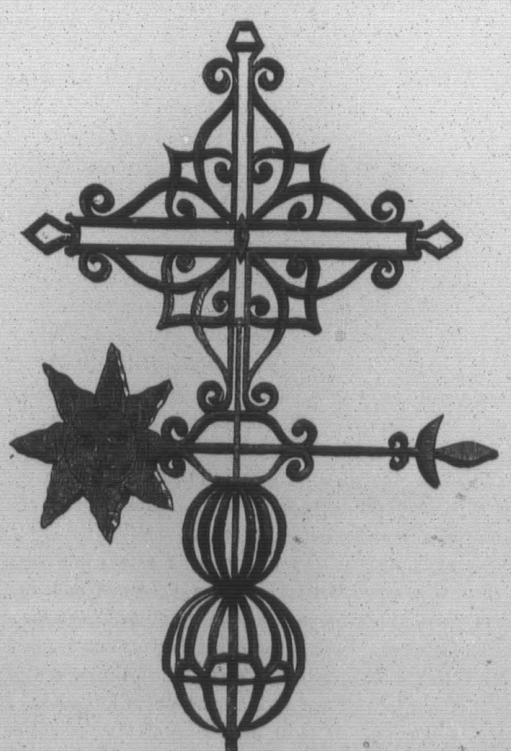
No. 6.—Flèche Termination.

at the same time retaining the lightness properly characteristic of iron work, and allowing the construction of the work to be seen. This is essentially a wrought-iron design; it is what could be done by no other method, and in no other material. In No. 5, the spherical forms are rather too small in proportion to the cross; in the other two the proportion is better. The remaining portion of the design in each case is a cross, very variously treated, however. That of No. 5 is the least effective, it is stiff and straight lined, and is very weakly placed on the stem. The other two are both good and effective cross designs, but No. 7 is certainly the most free and bold in design, and the most picturesque in outline; and the junction of the cross with the vane and the lower portion is more solid and secure in appearance, owing to the greater area of the points of contact, than in the other case. All these examples, however, are in a style much more purely belonging to metal work, than is to be seen in the other details given in this paper, and the



No. 5.—Flèche Termination.

contrast between them is worth studying in relation to the question of style and material, which is perhaps more often



No. 7.—Flèche Termination.

forced upon one in regard to metal work than in any other branch of Art-workmanship.

'THE LAST SHEAF.'

BY MAURICE LELOIR. ETCHED BY A. LALAUZE.

IT is not only Frenchmen whose fancy loves to revert to the days of the old régime. To us English, whose retrospect is apt to be historical rather than æsthetic, there is seldom absent a sense of impending tragedy as we indulge in dreams of those days; and even this pretty pastoral suggests such lines as these:—

> "For these were yet the days of halcyon weather,
> A Martin's summer, when the nation swam
> Aimless and easy as a wayward feather
> Down the full tide of jest and epigram.
> A careless time, when France's bluest blood
> Beat to the tune of 'After us the flood.'"

These verses, as many readers may know, come from the story of "Rosina," by Mr. Austin Dobson, an artist in words, who, perhaps more nearly than any of our painters, can approach in lightness of touch such designs as this by Maurice Leloir. But the retrospect of Maurice Leloir, revelling in the gaiety and colour of the past, is free from any such sad cast as will tint at times the verses of the English poet. It is only beauty that the painter seeks; that beauty of romantic light in which the past reappears at times to all of us in moments of golden fancy.

Though this charming scene could scarcely be more French either in subject or style, it needs little explanation even to the most insular of Englishmen. The festival of "Harvest home" is familiar in Kent as in Normandy, and though it is not our custom to decorate the squire's boat with the 'Last Sheaf,' it is not difficult to feel that it would have been a very appropriate ornament to the barge of a seigneur who deigned to honour the villagers with his presence at their festivities. Here he comes sure enough, seated under an improvised canopy, with his young wife and child by his side. He himself is young and handsome, and all three sit erect with a bearing of no little dignity, while the rowers labour gallantly at the oar, the minstrels warble on flute and bagpipes, and all goes gaily as a marriage-bell, or as that Norman *gavotte* or *bourrée* which is filling the warm autumn air. We must, perhaps, imagine the music before we can feel the true charm of the scene. We take our pleasures sadly, they say, but if it were not for sounds which are supplied by the imagination the countrymen of M. Maurice Leloir would seem to be taking theirs seriously enough. There is no joke about the way the four musicians set to work; it is gaiety in earnest, and the patrons of the festival seem to regard the whole thing with a gravity undisturbed. To a deaf man who came suddenly upon such a scene it might seem a little stiff and dull, but not to those with ears to hear the merry fiddling and piping which are but a prelude to the mirth that is to come.

M. Maurice Leloir, the inventor of this pretty romantic pastoral, is better known in France than in England. He is young, and one of the most promising of that school of historical genre which loves to escape from the unpicturesque costume and commonplace sentiment of the day, and restore for themselves and us the wit and colour of a bygone age. We too delight to create again the world of our ancestors; but to us it is a greater effort to disengage ourselves completely from our surroundings. To Maurice Leloir the Arcadia of his fancy is more real than the Paris of to-day, a city useful to him as an artist, mainly as a storehouse of bric-à-brac and a residence of models, which he can arrange and transfigure by his fancy into visions more captivating than any presented by the actualities around him. To him an old shoe suggests an amour, a faded scarf a *fête champêtre*. His elder brother, Louis Leloir, has even more of gaiety; his figures have the briskness, the vivacity, we might almost say the wit, of Molière; his invention is more lively, his fancy more ethereal; in caprice more fertile, in sense of beauty more dainty. Maurice, on the other hand, is freer from affectation and extravagance, with a more distinctly human note in all he does.

It has been greatly to the advantage of Maurice that he has had not only his father, Auguste, but his brother Louis, to instruct him. His training as an artist has been long, severe, and thorough. Both Louis and Maurice are members of that small but choice Société des Aquarellistes Français which, with others not less illustrious, counts De Neuville and Harpignies, Lambert and Jules Worms, amongst its fellows. Those who do not know of what bright and vivid work the brothers Leloir are capable, we would refer to the exquisite publication of this Société, which, adorned on every page with the daintiest fac-similes of sketch or finished design, is now in course of publication.

Although both the brothers, no doubt, owe much of their style to the works of Boucher and Watteau, of Baudoin and the St. Aubyn, and are thus unmistakable followers of the most national of French artists, the spirit of their work belongs to themselves and their century. It is not the follies and the fashions, the life and the mirth, the intrigues and the sentiment of the present, but those of the past that they love to depict; and this, paradoxical as it may seem, is the note of their own time. Moreover, in Maurice, at least, may be traced an interest in the people rather than the world of fashion, in the bourgeois rather than the aristocrat; an interest, it need scarcely be said, which belongs almost exclusively to his age.

Of the etching I need say little, especially as M. Lalauze is well known as one of the most accomplished of French etchers. In catching the very spirit of the artist whose work he translates into black and white he has few rivals. In this plate he has managed to retain with great fidelity the lightness and brightness of the whole scene. With what judicious variety of accent has he made it sparkle with life and sunniness! How crisply touched are the festoons of vine leaves which decorate this rustic galley, with what feathery grace the silver willows scintillate in the golden autumn air! The elaborate trophy which celebrates the peaceful triumph of the "Harvest home," with its sheaf and cock and rake and scythe, its sprinkled flowers and straggling leaves, might have proved a stumbling-block to a less deft and ready needle. 'The Last Sheaf,' under the title of 'La Dernière Gerbe,' was a prominent feature in the Salon of 1882.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

PAINTED BY MAURICE LELOIR. ETCHED BY A LALAUZE

THE LAST SHEAF

THE COGNOMENS OF PAINTERS.

COGNOMENS of painters, like the study of artists' signatures, which we considered in a previous article (see page 120), is a subject both of interest and instruction.

A large proportion of Italian painters are known by Cognomens, rather than by their actual names. These are often humorous, not to say ridiculous, and in this they only followed what was the custom, for Isaac D'Israeli, in his entertaining "Curiosities of Literature," devotes an article to the titles assumed by Italian learned academies, such as the Oziosi, Fantastici, Insensati, Lacrusca, &c. In some of these every member also assumed some burlesque title, by which he was known both within and outside the circle of the academy—thus Grazzini, the novelist, one of the Umidi, is very well known as La Lasca, or the Roach. Some of the Cognomens bestowed on Italian painters will appear equally strange when translated. The lack of surnames in the earlier time rendered the use of Cognomens an absolute necessity, for the sake of distinction. The simplest are those derivable from names of birthplaces, such as Justus da Padua, Leonardo da Vinci, Alessandro and Cristoforo Casolani, etc. (the last mentioned has been called Consolani, by mistake: he was born at Casole, whence his name). Such surnames, however, have often been superadded to the patronymic, until the latter has been almost obliterated by disuse, such, for example, as Paolo Caliari (Veronese), Giulio Pippi (Romano), and many others equally well known. In some instances the use of this species of surname is apt to create some confusion; thus, three painters are known as Caravaggio—Michael Angelo Amerighi (or Morigi), Polidoro Caldara, and Giovanni Battista Sacchi (also called Caravaggino); again, three painters are known as Calabrese, viz. Marco Cardisco, Nicoluccio (a pupil of Lorenzo Costa), and Mattia Preti; to these may be added Solimena, who has been called Ca-Calabrese ringentilito: instances could easily be multiplied. In other cases the use of the name of the birthplace is very desirable; Antonio Pordenone is an example. There is much doubt as to the real name of this painter; his father is said to have been known as Corticelliis (or Cuticelli). Maniago, in his "Storia delle belle arti fruliane," informs us that the artist's children were known as Regillo; Vasari and others, his contemporaries, call him Licinio, or Licino; while Frédéric Reiset, in his excellent "Notice des dessins du Louvre," assures us that authentic documents prove his name to have been Sacchiense. Thus, according to these authorities, this painter has had, including different spellings, six names—a state of things very confusing—and the employment of the name Pordenone, about which there can be no doubt or misinformation, is certainly more convenient; no other painter having been known as Pordenone.

Some of the Cognomens of Italian painters are diminutives, and sound ridiculous when translated; for example, Bernardino da Luini (little Bernard of Luini), Parmigianino (the dear little Parmesan); three painters, it may be noted, are thus styled—Francesco Mazzuoli, Michele Rocca, and Girolamo Scaglia. There is certainly a tinge of the ludicrous in this type of surname, and we shall appreciate its full force if we try to think of Gainsborough as "little Tommy of Sudbury," or Reynolds as "our dear little Plymptonian." What a contrast is offered by the latter to the dignified Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.! Francesco di Cristoforo Rustici was the youngest of three painters of the name, and died prematurely, and from either of these circumstances is known as Il Rustichino. Other diminutives are derived from the name of the artist's master, and may be considered partly eulogistic and partly the reverse; thus Tommaso di Stefano, a pupil of Giotto, is far more generally known as Giottino, because he so completely inherited the manner of his master. "The Ape of Nature" is another, but rude, eulogy passed upon this master. Several painters have been known as Raffaellino: Giovanni Maria Bottali was so named by his patron, Cardinal Sacchetti, because he so skilfully imitated the great prince of painters; also Raffaello del Garbo (pupil of Fra Filippo); Raffaello Motta (pupil of Lelio Orsi), who further resembled his namesake by his premature death; and G. F. Romanelli. Again we have not a few painters known directly from the names of their masters; thus Piero di Cosimo, who was the scholar of Cosimo Rosselli, Cecchino del Frate, pupil of Fra Bartollomeo, and Ercole de Maria, called Ercolino di Guido. The latter is said to have copied an unfinished picture by Guido so exactly that the master completed the copy, without suspecting the imposition. The early laxity in the use of surnames presents several curiosities: Simone da Siena sometimes assumed the name of his father, and sometimes (more frequently) that of his father-in-law, so that we have S. di Martino and S. Memmi. Taddeo di Bartolo di Fredi takes the name of father and grandfather: this is not uncommon. Domenico Mecherino called himself Beccafumi, from the name of his patron, Lorenzo Beccafumi, who had early noticed his talent, and raised him from the position of a shepherd to be the pupil of G. B. Tozzo (Capanna); F. de Rosso also took the name of his patron, Salviati, and his pupil, Giuseppe Porta, assumed the same name.

Not a few Cognomens given to Italian painters have reference to some personal characteristic or deformity; these are certainly in bad taste, and sometimes actually insolent. In this class we have Tommaso Guidi, universally known as Il Masaccio, the Sloven, because, like Cromwell and some other great minds, he was inattentive to his person, being entirely absorbed in his art. Giov. Fran. Barbieri's cast in the eye is perpetuated in his cognomen, Il Guercino. Pietro Paolo Bonzi was a hunchback, and in Italy this deformity is handed down to posterity in three nicknames—Il Gobbo da Cortona, de' Caracci (of whom he was the pupil and assistant), and de' Frutti (from his eminence in fruit, etc., being to the Caracci what G. da Udine was to Raffaelle); in France, too, he is known as Le Bossu des Carraches; similarly Francesco Boni is known as Il Gobbino de Sinibaldi, the little hunchback of the Sinibaldi, in whose service he was, and Andrea di Solario,

Il Gobbo da Milano. Antonio dal Sole, another pupil of the Caracci school, painted with the left hand, and is inaptly termed Il Monchino de' Paesi, the handless landscape painter. Pietro Ciafferi was known as Lo Smargiasso, or the Bully; Francesco Montelatici as Cecco Bravo, because of his quarrelsome disposition; Buonamico del Cristofano is known far more widely as Buffalmacco, a name he obtained by his wit and jesting; Felice Ficherelli was of a taciturn disposition, rarely speaking, it is said, but when asked a question—he obtained the epithet Riposo on this account. It has been said that such names as these, which are superfluous, are in bad taste: it would certainly not accord with our notions of refinement and personal courtesy to talk of Barry as "ill-tempered Jemmy," or Turner as the "Chelsea Miser," but even these are more than equalled by some of those cited above. Instances of the opposite nature are very rare, but Giorgio Barbarelli was called Giorgione on account of the "grandeur of his mind and person."

Many Italian surnames refer, and sometimes invidiously, to the origin of the painter, the trade of his father, etc., of which Andrea d'Agnolo, called del Sarto (his father was a tailor), and Jacopo Robusti, well known as Tintoretto, the little dyer, are familiar examples. This of course is a fruitful origin of surnames in all countries, and like some of the Cognomens above mentioned, they frequently supersede the actual family name. The father of Domenico Bigordi invented and manufactured the Ghirlanda, an ornamental head-dress worn by Florentine children; from this circumstance Ghirlandajo, or Grillandajo, as it is sometimes, but manifestly improperly, spelt, has been invariably used almost to the extinction of Bigordi. Giovanni Andrea Donducci was called Mastelletta, from his father's vocation, a bucket-maker; G. B. Benvenuti is known as l'Ortolano, because his father was a gardener. Gabriele Cappellini was named Il Caligarino, the little shoemaker, from his original occupation; it is related that one of the Dossi praised a pair of shoes he had made, observing that they ought to have been painted, upon which Gabriele determined to become an artist, and succeeded. Francesco Comi is called Il Fornaretto, or the little baker; he is also known as the mute of Verona, having been deaf and dumb. Giovanni Buonconsigli, or Boni Consilii, is called Il Marescalco, or the steward. Antonio Solario is known as Lo Zingaro, *i.e.* the Gipsy.

Another numerous class of Cognomens have been conferred upon painters from their style of art. Four painters have been called delle Madonne; the reason, of course, is obvious. Lippo Dalmasio is the most identified with the name; his Madonnas were once so popular that, it is said, no family of distinction in Bologna would be without one, and Guido so admired them that he declared the artist must have been indebted to some supernatural power for their beauty. The others known by this cognomen are Lippo, a pupil of Giottino, Vitale da Bologna, and Carlo (Carluccio) Maratti. Agostino dalle Prospettive was so named because of his perfection in the painting of perspectives, *i.e.* illusions in the shape of sham colonnades, staircases, and falsities of all kinds. Lanzi conjectures him to be the same as Agostino di Bramantino of Milan. Other painters have been similarly surnamed, amongst them Pietro Paltronieri, who is called Il Mirandolese dalle Prospettive. Amongst those known as da' Fiori, or flower painters, we have Gaspero Lopez, a Neapolitan, and Nucci. For their proficiency in landscape several painters have been known as da' Paesi, such as Francesco Bassi, Il Cremonese da' Paesi; this title serves well to distinguish him from another Francesco Bassi also of Cremona, and again another of Bologna. Girolamo Muziano was at first distinguished for his landscape and was known at Rome as da' Paesi, but he afterwards devoted himself to higher things, and we are told he was so assiduous in the pursuit of the grand style, that he shaved his head to prevent himself leaving the house! Michael Angelo Cerquozzi and Francesco Monti are both known as delle Battaglie, and Aniello Falcone, a master of Salvator Rosa, has been called l'Oracolo delle Battaglie. We may instance some other Cognomens of this class: Paolo di Dono manifested a great affection for birds, he kept large numbers in his house and frequently introduced them into his pictures, whence he merited the name of Uccello, by which he is very generally known in history. Sante Vandi is called Santino da' Ritratti for his excellence in portraits; Giuseppe Caletti, commonly called Il Cremonese, painted a picture of St. Mark, surrounded by a number of volumes, which were painted so naturally and pleasingly that he was called Il Pittor da' Libri,—painter of books; Bernardino Barbatelli at first painted only grotesques on the exteriors of houses, and obtained the name of B. delle Grotesche, a cognomen not uncommon (*e.g.* Prospero Orsi); having developed this art, and acquired much fame for his façades, he became B. delle Facciate; finally an unusually superior work of this class, in which he introduced the Nine Muses, brought him the name of B. delle Muse. With regard to his universally known sobriquet of Poccetti, Baldinucci says he obtained it by his love of deep potations, but the Canon Pecori avers that the name was carried by the family for a century and a half before his birth. When Michael Angelo painted 'The Last Judgment,' his love of the nude gave great offence in some quarters, so that Paul IV. proposed to cover it with white-wash, a fate from which it was saved by Daniele Ricciarelli (da Volterra), who covered portions of it with drapery; from this circumstance he obtained the nickname of Il Braghettone, or the Breeches-maker! His good office in saving the *chef-d'œuvre* of the world for the Romans ought surely to have shielded him from their satire. Filippo Mazzuoli or Mazzola of Parma displayed a special power in the treatment of fruits, flowers, etc., and became known as dalle Erbette. Some of the Cognomens of this class are laudatory; such as Andrea del Sarto's "Senza Errori," Andrea Luigi di Assisi, "L'Ingegno," not only for his ability in painting but for his general aptitude for administration. Luca Giordano, who obtained great celerity of hand, was denominated Il Fulmine della Pittura, while his versatility of style earned him the name of the Proteus of Painting. His other sobriquet of Fa Presto had a humorous origin which is well known. His father kept him very closely at work, not ceasing even for meals; when hungry the youthful Luca would gape like a nestling and his watchful father would hasten to feed him, the while affectionately admonishing, "Luca, fa presto,"—"Make haste, Luca!" This circumstance becoming generally known, the painter never lost the facetious title. Pietro della Vecchia was so called for his ability in imitating the older masters. The acme of laudation is reached in the epithet, Il Divino, bestowed on Raphael and Michael Angelo. While in Spain Luis Morales is similarly named. On the other hand a few surnames are derisive—both Ludovico Caracci and Domenichino have been nicknamed the Ox, for their slow and patient labour.

As a last class of Cognomens, we will take those of accidental origin. There was a painter of Florence named Bartollomeo, whose grandfather was a porter or commissionaire; from this cause, he and his family carried the name of Del Fattorino. Bartollomeo del Fattorino lived near the gate of San Pietro Gattolini, whence he became very generally known as Baccio (diminutive of Bartollomeo) della Porta; while yet young he became a partisan of Savonarola, and was besieged with him in the convent of San Marco; the battle so terrified Baccio that he vowed to enter a religious order, if he escaped with his life. This determination he persevered in, and became a Dominican, or preaching friar; he was subsequently known as Fra Bartollomeo di San Marco, or shortly, Il Frate. Guido, or Guidolino da Fiesole, whose family name, according to some writers, was Santi Tossini, became Fra Giovanni on entering the same order, while his fervent piety gave him the epithet of L'Angelico, and his beatification after death, Il Beato. Andrea del Castagno, whose memory has been maligned for four centuries by the false charge of the murder of his master, D. Veneziano, obtained the name of Degl' Impicatti, because he painted the external wall of the tower of the Bargello (then the Palazzo del Potestà) with the execution of the conspirators of 1478. Sebastiano Luciani is more generally known as Del Piombo, because he was appointed Keeper of the Seals by Clement VII. Alessandro Turchi, or Veronese, was surnamed L'Orbetto. Pozzo says he derived it from having been the guide of a blind mendicant (perhaps his father), when a boy, but Signor Brandolese obtains it from a defect in the painter's own left eye, which he says may be observed in his portrait. Giovanni Bittonte having established a dancing academy at Castelfranco, became known to his contemporaries as Il Ballerino.

In a future number I hope to continue the subject as regards the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, together with notes on misnomers.

ALFRED BEAVER.

AFFECTATION IN ART.

MR. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A., recently distributed the prizes to the successful students of the St. Martin's School of Art, and, after some preliminary remarks on the efficiency of the school and the success in life of some of its former pupils, he addressed the students as follows:—

"I am sorry to say that I appear before you in the unenviable character of a defaulter, for whereas you have been accustomed on occasions like the present to listen to able lectures written for your benefit and instruction by friends and colleagues of mine, I have come to-night without a lecture, and you must take any remarks of mine simply as the familiar talk of a student speaking out the thoughts that happen to come uppermost in the presence of his fellow-students.

"The intention in founding these schools was not, as is too often supposed, to create artists in the usual acceptation of that word, but Art teachers, and, through them, Art workmen; for artists, indeed, need no artificial incubators to bring them forth, and England, within a century, produced Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner, at a time when there were absolutely no Art schools in the country.

"But behind the acknowledged intention of educating students to produce Art work of many kinds, I cannot help thinking there was also lurking in the mind of the promoters a hope, unacknowledged and unspoken, of educating the taste of many who would never in their lives do any Art work whatever. That such a result has come about we know to our constant gratification; we see it around us at every moment, in the improved lives of the middle class, and the comparative tastefulness of their surroundings.

"I think I may, then, roughly divide you into three classes. First, a small, very small, minority who will become artists, that is to say, who will paint pictures or mould statues. Secondly, a great majority who will become Art workmen. And thirdly, a residuum—if you will forgive the word—who, after attending these schools, may perhaps never again handle a pencil or a modelling tool. To the members of this last class I would say, that the instruction they have received here will tend to their greater happiness, to their leading better and more intelligent lives; it will give them an appreciation of the ever-varying beauties of nature which they would not have had without that instruction; nay, it will even make them better citizens—better citizens in the sense in which the men of Florence were good citizens in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; for whenever some work was to be done in their midst, whether picture or statue, bronze gate or carved pulpit, it was generally entrusted by them to the fittest man, and thus they left to their descendants a city of beauty, which is even now the wonder and delight of all lovers of Art.

"Addressing myself to the first and second classes—the artists to be, and the Art workmen to be—I would chiefly insist to-night upon this piece of advice, so much needed, as I think, at the present day—avoid affectation; pity it, for it is to be pitied; but loathe it, fly from it, as you would fly from scarlatina, small-pox, or any other fell disease.

"When you leave these schools, and first begin working on your own account, you will very naturally look around you for some great work of Art which shall for the time take the place of the master you have left, and guide you in your first steps; there is nothing to be ashamed of in so doing. Art is in great part tradition, and no artist, whatever the splendour of his genius, can do more than add something of his own to the sum of what has been done before. Happy indeed is he who can do that.

"Now, if you are honest in heart, you will at the very outset have to face this tremendous difficulty—that whereas it is almost impossible to imitate the true and beautiful, it is very easy to imitate what is eccentric and affected. Take an instance or two. Suppose you meet in your walks a perfectly made man or woman, and wishing to ascertain whether some friend of yours knows him or her, you endeavour to make a drawing of the individual; you will find it quite beyond your power to produce a recognisable portrait. But if, instead of that perfectly made man or woman, you have met some poor little afflicted hunchback or some woman of eccentric walk

and carriage, a few strokes of your pencil will be sufficient to make your friend say, 'That is So-and-so.' And as it is with the perfectly made man or woman, so it is also with the works of the really great painters of old. You may sit in front of a Raphael or Titian, and study it and admire it for hours; you will find it impossible (unless you possess equal skill) to reproduce any portion of it, so as to give an idea of its beauty to one who has not seen it; but if, instead of Raphael or Titian, you study for awhile a picture—say by Botticelli—a few lines of your pencil will reproduce his peculiarities.

"I have mentioned Botticelli, but pray do not imagine for an instant that I ignore, or would underrate, the merits of a very remarkable and able man. He was a painter of infinite accomplishments, and his works abound in passages of exquisite drawing; but throughout his whole life's work there is ever present a vein of affectation which gives an air of unreality to almost all he has done. Go to the National Gallery, look at his work there with your own honest, clear eyes, and see for yourselves what I am endeavouring to point out to you.

"Botticelli was an eccentric even in his own time. Great, simple-hearted Benozzo Gozzoli was painting his series of scenes from Bible history in the Campo Santo of Pisa, and making the walls of the sunny cloister bloom with trees, flowers, and children; and all around Botticelli (in Florence itself) Art flourished, honest, healthy, and true; but he stood aloof, as it were, from his contemporaries, and loved to paint illustrations of the works of obscure poets, now forgotten; pictures often so obscure themselves in meaning that the Florentines of his own time could not understand them.

"It has become necessary to point this out to you, because within the last few years the influence of Botticelli has spread very much in England, and has acted like a subtle poison on many a young student. Many young men of great natural talent—men evidently of education and refinement, but without that sound training in drawing which you have received—seized with a passionate desire to become painters, have looked around (as I have told you you will do when you start in your career) for some master painter whom they could follow as a guide in their first work; they have looked at the works of the much-vaunted Raphael and Titian, but found Art such as theirs quite useless for their purpose; for what, indeed, is there in those masters which can be appropriated? There is nothing to lay hold of, so to speak; their figures do their work in a sane, natural way; what then is to be learned from them? You may as well look at the real people around you. But it is very different with Botticelli; his thin, pale men and women look out on the world with wistful eyes, and, with languishing grace pretend, and often pretend only, to do their appointed tasks. Here is no difficulty in the way of imitation; Raphael and Titian are out of reach, but this is not out of reach; a little practice will enable a student to reproduce the mannerisms of the master—his mannerisms, not his excellences; and once this first fatal step is taken, how difficult to return! How sad to wake up some day, in middle life, and find you have been, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the imitator of an affectation of the fifteenth!

"Now I will tell you what I consider to be the sound way of studying the great masters of old. We read that Benjamin Franklin, when a poor printer's boy, wishing to learn how to write good sound English, procured a volume of Addison's *Spectator*, and read the essays therein, and copied them, and wrote them again from memory, until he felt he had mastered the style of the man, his way of expressing himself. Did Benjamin Franklin become an imitator of Addison, think you? Did he not rather become quite a different sort of man? He learned the language of Addison, but expressed *his own* thoughts in that language. What Franklin did with Addison, I would wish you to do with the really great masters. Look at their works, note how they painted, how grandly and simply they clothed their thoughts; and having learned as much as your talent will allow, go you and express *your own* thoughts, and yours alone.

"But another lesson, and a still more important one, is to be learned from the old masters; they not only drew and painted simply, they also thought honestly. There is not a trace of affectation to be found in the vast and varied works of Pheidias, Homer, Raphael, Titian, or Shakespeare; whatever they did was sane: the greater the genius, the greater the common sense. No poet ever possessed a more imaginative fancy than your own Shakespeare, and nowhere has he been more lavish of it than in his two plays of *The Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but—granting the possible existence of such creatures as Ariel, or the little folk who play in and out amongst the ferns around their fairy queen—you will find that all their actions are perfectly sensible, and are always the result of what has happened before. And that sanity and unerring common sense (the hall-mark of true genius) you will always find in the works of the great painters; there are no feeble, moon-struck persons in their works, no wandering lunatics yearning for the unattainable. Whether Titian painted a holy family enthroned on high, or Bacchus impetuously leaping from his car in pursuit of Ariadne; whether Raphael drew for our delight a sweet Virgin-mother bending in awe and love over her child, or St. Paul, with arms upraised, preaching to the people of Athens—gods and virgins, saints and sinners, are all sane, clear-headed people, doing their appointed work in a perfectly natural way; and so, finding that at all times and everywhere these gifts of reason and clear insight are the allies of true genius, and that the greater and brighter the intelligence the nearer it approaches to that pure white light which we call Divine wisdom, I would wish to fix a label, as it were, on what I have said to you to-night, so that you may remember it in a pithy way, and I will therefore sum up in a phrase, which occurs to me on the spur of the moment, and say, 'The nearer in your works and thoughts you approach to perfect sanity, the nearer you will approach to God.'"

THE JONES BEQUEST TO SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.*

WE may pass next to the consideration of the clocks, of which Mr. Jones had a most remarkable variety of specimens in all the best known styles. There is no more valuable object in the collection, both on account of its rare form and the richness and beauty of its workmanship, than the lyre-shaped clock, No. 194. The lyre is formed of gros blue Sèvres porcelain, of excellent quality; the clock face, which bears the maker's name of "Kinable," is painted with the signs of the Zodiac, and is surrounded by a row of large and brilliant paste. Above the two arms of the lyre is a delicately modelled head of Apollo, surrounded with rays. Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of the festoons of flowers on the upper part and on the base of this clock, and the general proportions are in every respect most graceful and elegant. The ormoulu mounts are by Duplessis. We illustrate this clock on page 198 (No. 13). We cannot speak in the same terms of the smaller Sèvres clock, No. 728, the ormoulu work of which is known to be by the master-hand of Gouthière, and bears evidence of his refined skill. The general form appears lacking in beauty of proportion, and the mounts do not, in our judgment, accord so well with the porcelain as in the foregoing example. The Sèvres is of a colour and quality said to have been made only for Queen Marie Antoinette, but we are not aware whether there is any authentic foundation for the rumour that this clock was formerly in her possession. That such was the case in respect to the small upright carriage-clock, No. 730, is beyond doubt, this very clock having frequently accompanied her in her journeys. The shape is a very homely and well-known one at the present day. The maker was Robin, of Paris. The face and the sides are all of Sèvres porcelain, richly jewelled, and therefore of somewhat late date. There is nothing in the mounting to attract attention, and the main interest of this object centres in its historical associations. The case bearing the royal cypher is still preserved. Perhaps the most singular clock in the collection is that supported on the back of a bronze elephant, and surmounted by a monkey holding up an umbrella, No. 308. The taste of this work is questionable, and the clock, made by Martinot, of Paris, seems badly attached to the elephant, giving the impression of top-heaviness, and implying a need of further support. On the ormoulu work, immediately beneath the clock face, is the signature of the maker of the case: "fait par Caffieri." The

No. 10.—Escritoire à Toilette of Queen Marie Antoinette (No. 726).

No. 11.—Lacquer Commode, with Mounts by Caffieri (No. 668).

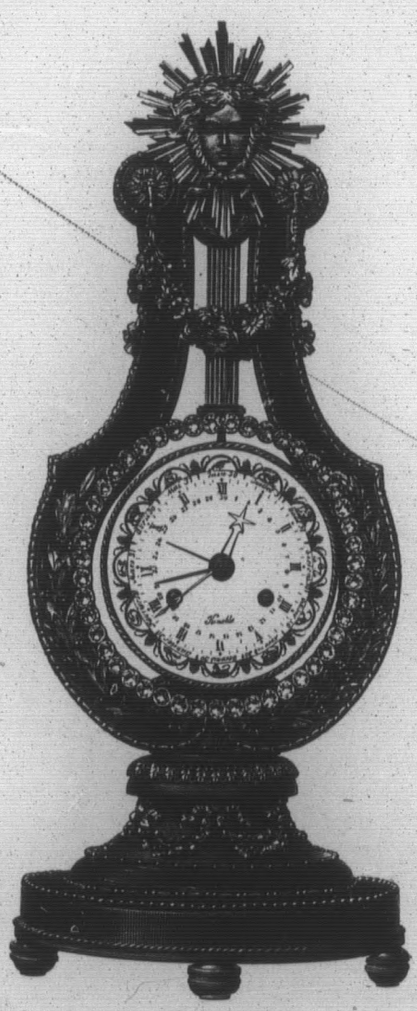
* Continued from page 128.

workmanship is extremely good, and beyond the fact that Caffieri was a contemporary of Gouthière, little is known concerning him. Several of the pieces of furniture in this collection bear mounts said to be of his make. His work lacks the delicacy and refinement of Gouthière, and he seems to have preferred a bolder and more massive treatment of the brass, characteristic of the gilt carved-wood work of the Louis XV. period, from which the predominant forms of the ormoulu are undoubtedly derived.

Another important clock which must be briefly mentioned only, as we hope to give our readers an illustration of it hereafter, is the wainscot clock by Robin, the case of which bears the mark "Veuve Lieutaud," No. 567. For the same reason we must withhold for the present our description of the singular ormoulu-mounted clock, No. 667. The large boule clock, No. 406, may be mentioned as an instance of the skill with which the French workmanship of the last century can be imitated by London clockmakers—this clock having been made to order a few years ago for Mr. Jones. The ordinary upright clock, No. 679, with plain glass panels, has very little to attract attention, and we are somewhat at a loss to understand on what grounds it occupies a place in this collection. Two small clocks in a case near it, Nos. 644 and 648, are also of minor importance: the latter is an early specimen of ormoulu mounting, and exhibits

No. 12.—Sèvres Porcelain Vase Clock (*No.* 151).

careful workmanship. One of the most pretentious examples of ormoulu work, in connection with the clockmaker's art, is that by Denis Masson, No. 694. A nymph, or allegorical figure, sits on the right of the clock, which is placed on

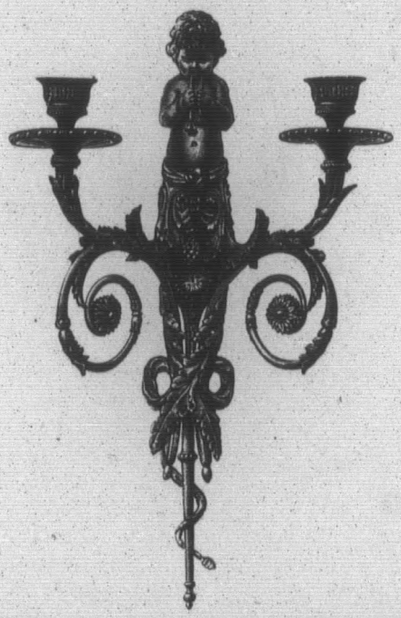


No. 13.—Lyre-shaped Sèvres Porcelain Clock (*No.* 194).

a dwarf fluted pillar; her foot rests on a scroll and book. On the opposite side of the clock is a globe, in front of which is a telescope lying on a wreath and palm-branches. Some well-chased chaplets of oak, bound with ribbons, encircle the clock, and the whole is placed on a black marble base. This is also an early example of ormoulu work.

It is possible, by the date-letter of the plaques of the Vincennes porcelain clock, No. 167, to indicate its approximate age, the china having been made in 1754, only two years before the royal factory was transferred thence to Sèvres. The decorations of the porcelain are very elegant; below the dial of the clock is a Cupid; on the top and sides are sprays of flowers. An interlacing ribbon in *bleu-du-roi* surrounds the exterior. The maker's name is Lepaute de Bellefontaine, of Paris. We illustrate on this page (No. 12) another clock, in the form of a vase, of turquoise blue Sèvres porcelain, with revolving dials, of uncommon design, mounted in chased ormoulu. The design of this clock is of great elegance and beauty. We have still to mention the pretty little clock by Guibet l'aîné, of Paris, No. 662. The case is of chased ormoulu on a white marble base. Above the clock is a group consisting of a ewer and flagon and a lyre arranged at the base of an incense-burner. Under the dial is a Sèvres

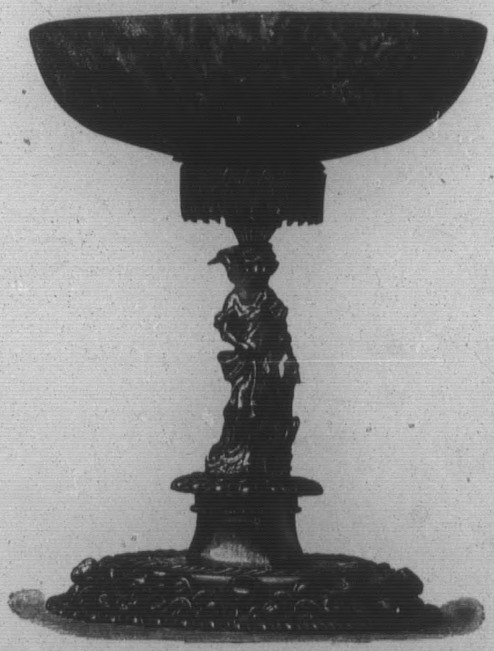
plaque painted in pink with a girl and bird-cage. The clock, in a boule case, with a small figure of a cock chased in ormoulu on the top, is an example of a very familiar type of French workmanship; the pattern of the inlay behind



No. 14.—*Girondole for Two Lights in Chased Ormoulu* (*No.* 500).

the pendulum, which is seen to advantage through the plain glass in front of the case, is well designed.

We may now turn to the furniture, which, as we have already pointed out, is perhaps the strongest feature of the collection. If we were asked to name the one piece of all others which may



No. 15.—*Agate Cup, with Silver-gilt Jewelled Mounts* (*No.* 474).

be considered the gem, we should not hesitate to choose the *escritoire à toilette* of Marie Antoinette, No. 726, which we have engraved on p. 197. It is somewhat unfortunate that there is a doubt concerning the name of the maker. It has been, with some reason, attributed to Riesener; but as it is not marked, it may perhaps have been made by his master, Oeben. In the handbook it is inaccurately ascribed to David. The charm of the workmanship consists in the general elegance of the design of the wood-marquetry in tulip and sycamore, inlaid with village scenes, trophies, musical instruments, and flowers in variously tinted lime or holly-wood, most delicately coloured. The fretwork border which surrounds the panels seems to have been borrowed from Japanese examples, which were, we know, in great request in France at this period.

Any specimen of furniture known to have been made specially for a queen, and particularly for a royal lady with such an unhappy history as the unfortunate wife of Louis XVI., has a melancholy interest attaching to it, apart from its merits as a

No. 16.—*Silver-gilt Candlestick* (*No.* 451).

work of Art. Besides the singular beauty of the marquetry work of this escritoire, the design and finish of the ormoulu mounts must also be noticed. The front is cylindrical and encloses drawers with curiously curved and inlaid fronts. Beneath them is a sliding shelf which covers drawers in three compartments—the two outer ones contain dainty toilet requisites; on the right hand, brushes with beautifully designed marquetry backs; on the left side are Sèvres porcelain pots and glass vessels, and all the mysterious paraphernalia of the toilette. It is difficult to say which portion of this beautiful specimen of cabinet-making is deserving of the highest praise, for the ormoulu mounts, if not the work of Gouthière himself, are, at any rate, from the hands of one of his most skilful rivals. Of course, as the giant of his age, all the fine work of

this period is attributed to him, though, as he seldom signed his productions, it is difficult to determine with certainty what he actually made. He often worked for Riesener, and the secretaire made for Stanislaus, King of Poland, has mounts of undoubted Gouthière workmanship.

The commode with marble top, by "Joseph" (No. 11), is an excellent example of this class of furniture. The French cabinet-makers of the last century were most expert in adapting the Japanese lacquer work for their purposes, and seem to have been able to bend it in any direction to suit the complicated curved surfaces in which they delighted. In this commode the mounts are brought into such high relief in places as to form the handle of the drawers, and it is strange to see how entirely the forms have been disregarded in fitting the drawers, which cut both panels and frames in half in the most ruthless manner. We have selected the graceful little girandole, No. 560, one of a pair (see No. 14), as another example of well-designed and excellent workmanship in chased ormoulu. The ormoulu base to the figure of the crouching nymph, which is ascribed to Falconet (No. 17), was probably made originally for something else, but the treatment is quite consistent with its present use. This graceful statuette is of white marble, and the plinth is of grey marble with chased metal mounts.

No. 17.—Crouching Nymph, in White Marble. School of Falconet (No. 691).

We give on this page (No. 18) an illustration of the snuff-box, No. 529, said to have been given to Marshal Vauban by Louis XIV. It is of tortoiseshell, oval in form, with enrichments of trophies and military devices, richly chased in gold in high relief. The candlestick we have drawn on page 199 (No. 16) is one of a pair of very excellent design and beautifully chased. The base is circular, and below the nozzle are three rams' heads with well-executed festoons. The workmanship is probably French. Our other illustration (No. 15), also on the previous page, is of an Agate cup, supported by a female figure in silver-gilt. The base of this cup is enriched with emeralds and rubies set in filigree.

No. 18.—Tortoiseshell Snuff-box of Marshal Vauban (No. 529).

There are two interesting enamels of Madame de Maintenon on two different tortoiseshell snuff-boxes—the first, No. 479, represents her when she was Madame Scarron; her good looks, contrary to the general rule, seem to have increased with years, for she is far more comely in No. 530, though older and more mature. Very many of these great French ladies are fair beauties, which does not accord with our commonly received ideas, while one English lady, whose portrait is here, is on the contrary quite a brunette—the lovely Miss Hamilton, afterwards Countess of Grammont. Besides the little enamel portrait of her in tray 4, No. 287, there is another in an exquisite case, designed as a memorandum-book, the covers of which are of fine old lac, mounted with gold borders. Many of the miniature enamels by Petitot here have evidently been taken out of snuff-boxes, though some still remain in their original shrines. One snuff-box, No. 475, contains an oval enamel portrait of a charmingly pretty lady, whose name has not been handed down to us. There is a fine enamel by Petitot of Anne of Austria, No. 312, wife of Louis XIII., in a widow's dress. Here, too, are the portraits of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., No. 254, and of the beautiful Henrietta of Orleans, her daughter, No. 344. How strange, sad, and ghastly the fate of this lovely lady! Abandoned at the opening of the Civil War by her mother as a small infant in the city of Exeter, and then, smuggled out of England, disguised as a beggar child, she shared in France the small pension bestowed on the Queen by the French monarch, and this was so ill paid that these royal ladies are said once to have remained the whole day in bed for want of fuel to make a fire. The little Henrietta was married when quite young to her second cousin, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, whose portrait by Petitot, No. 240, is also in this collection. She conducted herself so as to give him great and just displeasure, and died suddenly, in the prime of youth and beauty, of poison administered to her, it is said, by her husband.

G. R. REDGRAVE.

(To be continued.)

THE UNITED STATES: NEW TARIFF ON WORKS OF ART.

MUCH astonishment and no little dissatisfaction has been caused in European Art circles by the announcement that after July 1st the tax upon oil paintings, by others than Americans, entering the United States, will be thirty-three per cent. At the present time the customs duty is ten per cent., and the new tariff is the actual result, however strange it may appear, of an effort to have this reduced, or done away with altogether.

In November last, in New York, the Society of American Artists inaugurated the movement by unanimously passing the following resolution:—"Resolved, that the attention of the present Tariff Commission and of Congress should be called to the fact that whereas the United States of America is the only leading nation in the world that has not inherited the works of Art of any great epoch of the past, it is, at the same time, the only nation that puts a penalty, by means of a tariff, upon the importation of works of Art, both ancient and modern, and that, in the opinion of this society, all works of Art should be exempted from the payment of duties, both in the interest of Art in general and of American Art in particular." A special committee was also appointed to act for the society in the matter. One of the results of this movement was the introduction, on the 29th of January, 1883, by the Hon. Perry Belmont, of New York, of the following Bill in the House of Representatives:—"A Bill in Relation to the Importation of Works of Art.—Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that no duties shall be levied or collected on any works of Art, either ancient or modern, or on any objects of classical antiquity imported into the United States, but the same shall be wholly exempt from duty; and the term 'works of Art,' as here used, shall be understood to include all paintings, drawings, photographs, lithographs, etchings, and engravings of every kind, and all statuary, of whatever material, such as marble, stone, wood, ivory, metal, or plaster; also all plaster casts of objects of artistic or archæological value; and the term, 'objects of classical antiquity,' as here used, shall be understood to include all objects of Art or manufacture produced before the beginning of the nineteenth century. Section 2. That Section 1 of this Act shall not be understood as exempting from payment of duty modern jewellery or any objects of trade manufacture attached or to be attached to clocks, gas fixtures, or to other objects of household furniture; neither shall the same be understood as exempting from payment of duty statuary imported for the sake of the material of which the same is composed. Section 3. That all provisions of law inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed." Petitions in favour of the Bill were signed by a large proportion of the artists of America, by directors of many museums and galleries of Art, by connoisseurs, and by influential citizens of the entire country.

In opposition to this certain American painters living in the States, the foremost not being of American origin, raised the cry of protection for native talent, and after very little ado Congress voted for the increase above noted. The object of the Washington Government is, of course, to endeavour to compel American purchasers to buy the works of native artists, either living at home or abroad; but the fallacy of this protective duty has long been known, and from what we learn from Paris it is very probable to be of far more injury to the Americans themselves than to the French, against whom the tax is principally directed. English artists have, in comparison with the French, little custom from the States, and when it is considered that a large number of young American painters are at present receiving instruction at the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, without payment, it may readily be believed that French painters are most indignant at the new duty. Amongst retaliatory measures mooted in French Art circles are the exclusion of American students from the École des Beaux Arts except on payment of very heavy fees, and that the Salon jury be prohibited from granting any medal or award to an artist of the offending nation. One conductor of a large atelier is even said to have declared his intention of shutting his studio to American painters, unless Congress sees its way to repeal the Act. The Americans at present studying Art in Paris necessarily feel their position acutely, and are heartily ashamed of the narrow-mindedness and practical ingratitude of their Government. As soon as the new tariff was announced they held a meeting, and a committee has been formed to petition Congress to repeal the law. They argue very justly that the development of Art in America will be prevented by the prohibition of European works of Art; that all American artists are indebted to the hospitality of the French Government, through the École des Beaux Arts, where the teaching is gratuitous, and of the Salon, where their works are invariably well received.

ENGLISH EXHIBITIONS AND ART NOTES.

SOME SPRING EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

THE show of water-colours at the Dudley Gallery is always welcome in the spring, and brings indeed to many Londoners the first feelings of nature's awakening beauty. The young year, with its greys of sky and of landscape, its yellow flowers, and its fitful gleams, yields a hundred subjects for painters in a medium which specially lends itself to delicate and flitting effects of light and colour. And like the spring itself the Dudley exhibition is a harbinger. It forestalls the most important water-colour shows of the year, and indicates the character of the work of the season which has not yet emerged from the studios. But it would be ungrateful to dwell too much on this feature of the gallery, containing as it does so much realisation and accomplishment of its own. This accomplishment has not perceptibly fallen off under the new organization, by which the "Dudley Gallery" has been transformed into "The Dudley Gallery Art Society," most assuredly not in the number of drawings hung. That upwards of five hundred works (many of them placed too high to answer any artistic purpose) should show much disparity of merit is natural enough, especially when there is an amateur element

among "subscribing members." But there is a high average of merit, accentuated here and there by drawings of quite exceptional excellence.

'Teddington Lock' and 'Burnham Hill,' by H. Caffieri, show English scenes treated with a charming science which belongs to Continental rather than to English Art. In her illustration of 'The Beautiful Lady,' Miss Edith Martineau displays more idyllic dash than dexterity of drawing. A less ambitious lady in her range of subject, Mrs. Cecil Lawson, shows much distinction in her painting of flowers, particularly in her 'Purple Poppies.' 'Waiting for Fisher-boats,' by W. R. Beverley, is full of wind, just as Mr. Pownoll Williams's solitary contribution of a Venetian canal scene is possessed by a gorgeous golden mist. Other strong atmospheric effects in connection with water have been achieved by Miss K. Macaulay, a lady who, in her desire to strike out from lines already made familiar to us, is in some danger of producing violent and too artificial shadows and reflections. A word of praise must be given to 'The Thames above Battersea Bridge,' by Hubert Medlycott; to the old peasant woman whom Walter Langley introduces to us with the aphorism, "Time moveth not, our being 'tis that moves"; to Miss Bertha Newcombe's 'Once upon a Time'; to 'The Call to Prayer' at a Bagdad Mosque, by Arthur Melville, whose figures want a little pulling together, but whose surfaces of stone in sunlight are positively hot; to 'The Church of St. Francis,' at Assisi, by Harry Goodwin, and to 'Behind the Bar,' by J. H. Henshall.

At the exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers, in Savile Row, upwards of one hundred and sixty works bear testimony to the popularity which "the blundering art" has achieved among the brothers of the brush. Mr. Ruskin would not find in these etchings any great prevalence of the qualities which led him to use the phrase just quoted. The accidental is not nearly so much in favour among the painter-etchers—most of whom are, after all, painters first and etchers afterwards—as is the deliberate, the painstaking, the neatly finished. Such subjects as 'The Lawn-Tennis Champion,' charmingly treated as it is by Otto Leyde, is, perhaps, better suited for a brush than for a needle. It is not until we come to 'Bridges of the Thames River—No. 1. Hammersmith,' by Ned Swain, that we feel the etcher has been quite at home, no medium being better than his for the infrequent lines of bridge and boat-mast, and for the leaden river and sky—a mere play upon monochrome. There is something very pleasantly idyllic about the works of William Strang, as shown in his 'Fortune Teller,' and Walter W. Burgess is sufficiently effective in his 'Cathedral of Limburg, on the Lahn.' R. W. Macbeth's 'Flora' cannot fail to be popular, yet Flora is not a refined type of feminine beauty, nor are the fore feet of her dogs drawn with any vital softness. Of portraits there is some scarcity—that of Mr. Lowell, the American minister, by Mrs. Merritt, being one of the most interesting.

Lady etchers are a much less numerous class than lady artists in oil and in water-colour, and Mr. Ruskin's last generous praise of the feminine capability in both these latter mediums is well deserved by many of the exhibitors at the gallery of the Lady Artists in Marlborough Street. Miss Mary Forster, Miss Kate Macaulay, and Miss Newcome appear here, as well as in the Dudley, with work which entitles them to distinction. A still more familiar hand is Miss Hilda Montalba's in her 'Sorting Crabs on the Venetian Lagoons,' a picture full of air and light. Miss Beresford has a certain charm which makes her figures always popular, even when they lack the sureness of drawing, which few exhibitors in this gallery command—one of the fortunate few being Miss Hipkins.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have been able to compress into their gallery in Bond Street two exhibitions—one comprising thirty-three water-colour drawings of English cathedrals, by Mr. Birket Foster, minute in size and in finish, and some clever sketches from nature made by Mr. John Mogford.

THE NATIONAL GALLERIES.—The sum devoted to the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery is, for 1882-3, £25,600; for the National Portrait Gallery, £2,727; and for the National Gallery, Ireland, £2,000. The Gallery at Edinburgh receives nothing. This is a veritable Scottish grievance, and we would suggest that some of the Northern representatives to Parliament—Lord Rosebery or Dr. Stewart—should take the matter up and endeavour to secure a sum which will allow a nation with much artistic instinct to acquire at least one new picture every year.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Frank Holl, painter, was elected an Academician on March 29th.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—To those who take any interest in the welfare of this society, and hope to see it retain its position in the world of Art, the recent election of members must be most disheartening. At a time when the selection should have been a liberal one, and every endeavour should have been made to convince the young painters that the Old Society really wished to open its doors to their work, we find them filling vacancies with artists (Messrs. Holl, R.A., and Poynter, R.A.) who are not water-colourists by profession, and whose work elsewhere cannot allow of their being more than very occasional contributors. As regards the other three gentlemen upon whom the choice fell—namely, Messrs. John Burr, H. D. Glindoni, and W. J. Wainwright—we must reserve our judgment until we see their works at the forthcoming exhibition, for at present their names are unknown to us, save in connection with paintings in oil, or in what are termed "partnership drawings." We hear nothing of the promised water-colour schools.

LIVERPOOL.—The committee of the Liverpool Art Club are preparing a display of amateur drawings, sketches, and designs. This is to be followed by an exhibition of oil pictures and drawings in black and white, also by amateurs.—The following will be the "hangers" at the ensuing Autumn exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery:—Marcus Stone, A.R.A., C. E. Johnson, W. Collingwood, and Joseph Knight.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Royal Society of Artists' eighteenth spring exhibition opened on Easter Monday. The collection numbers about nine hundred works. Some of the most prominent places are given to artists formerly resident in Birmingham, but now better known in a wider field. Among these may be mentioned John Parker's 'Dame Durden'; E. Buckman's 'Toast of the Army and Navy'; and Walter Langley's two drawings of fisher-folk, which display higher qualities than anything he has previously exhibited. The local element is still further shown by one large gallery being devoted entirely to sketches by the late hon. secretary, Allen E. Everitt. This well-deserved tribute to his memory forms an interesting feature, and will do much to enhance his

reputation. Among the more striking features of the exhibition may be mentioned six portraits of eminent literary men, by F. Sandys; 'Winter Cherries,' by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.; a little gem by Carl Haag; two charming drawings, 'Much Ado about Nothing' and 'A Study for a Background,' by E. K. Johnson; 'A Stiff Breeze,' by H. Moore; 'The Wanderer,' by J. MacWhirter; 'The Canterbury Pilgrims,' by Corbould; 'An Eastern Question,' by J. A. Houston; fruit and flower subjects by W. J. Muckley.—L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., has accepted the Presidency of the Society in succession to J. E. Millais, R.A.—A commission has been given to Mr. A. Bruce Joy for a statue in marble of John Bright, in recognition of his long connection with Birmingham. The statue is to be placed in the new Art Gallery.

CHESTER.—The annual Loan Exhibition was held on March 27th and 28th. It included a goodly number of pictures by Chester painters, and a selection of Mr. Ruskin's works from the Sheffield Museum. The designs for a new museum and school of Art were also shown.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Mechanics' Institute and Technical School, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Master of the Clothworkers' Company, London, on October 19th, 1881, will be opened during the summer by a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition.

BRADFORD.—A Sketching Club has been formed here, and will meet monthly, holding exhibitions in the winter, and making excursions in the summer.

OLDHAM.—A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition will be opened on August 1st in connection with the opening of the Free Fine Art Gallery, Museum, and Reference Library.

SOUTHPORT.—The Spring exhibition of pictures which opened on March 10th at Southport is fully up to the average, including over five hundred oil paintings and an equal number of water-colour drawings.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

The exhibition of the works of Claude Monet, of which we spoke in our last letter, has been followed by an interesting and very original collection of paintings by M. P. Renoir, which has met with much success. M. Renoir is in portrait-painting what M. Monet is in landscape. Both exert themselves to the utmost to catch the most fugitive aspects of nature, and to fix on canvas the varieties of light and shade in foliage, in dress, or in the painting of flesh. To obtain these effects, M. Renoir brings to his labours a great richness of colour, and a free yet precise touch in painting. Of the seventy works he exhibits, the two best are 'Danseurs à Bougival' and 'Danseurs à Paris,' which are full of originality of treatment, of life, and of intelligent observation of Parisian manners.

The large number of visitors to these exhibitions contrasts singularly with the hostile indifference with which the painter Monet was assailed at his first appearance. The public of old were shocked by the first attempts of the *impressionistes*, but they are now becoming accustomed to their somewhat glaring colour and rash conceptions, which are so great a scandal against academical traditions.

It is impossible for us to pass in complete review all the different exhibitions which succeed each other so rapidly in Paris. Nevertheless we must not omit to mention that containing the works of M. Bida, whose illustrations of the "Évangiles" have long been famous. This exhibition has been organized by the Cercle de l'Union Artistique (Mirletons), and offers a selection of strictly correct designs, revealing a splendid training in draughtsmanship, and an incontestable knowledge of composition, but at the same time a want of vigour and of life, and an unfortunate lack of truth in the interpretation of Oriental manners.

By the time these notes are published the Salon will have thrown open its doors. The number of pictures sent (about eight thousand) has much surpassed that of any former year. The jury are MM. Bouguereau, Harpignies, Henner, J. P. Laurens, Humbert, Busson, Jules Lefebvre, Tony, Robert Fleury, Pille, Benjamin Constant, Guillemet, Puvis de Chavannes, Lalanne, De Viullefroy, Français, Luminais Butin, Cot, Bonnat, Duez, Hector le Roux, Rapin, Lavieille, Hansteau, Protais, Guillaumet, Baudry, Lansyer, Barrias, Boulanger, Maignan, De Neuville, Van Marcke, and Gerôme. Five of these have declined the honour—namely, MM. De Neuville, Bonnat, Van Marcke, Baudry, and Gerôme; and these have been replaced by MM. Bouvin, Carolus Duran, Gervex, Bin, and Ed. Yon.

It is expected that this summer the administrative services will be installed in their new offices at the magnificent palace of the Hôtel de Ville, of which we hope some day to give a detailed description. While the new edifice is being finished they are clearing away the last calcined vestiges of the ancient "Maison de Ville." The chief portions of the celebrated façade of the Boccador will be placed in the Musée de Cluny, in the collections of the Musée Carnavalet, and in certain Parisian promenades.

While mentioning the Hôtel de Ville we must not forget the beautiful bronze statue, the model of which M. Fremiet is now finishing. This artist has been commissioned to execute a great *torchère* for the lighting of the grand staircase. Instead of resting content with an ordinary production he has had the original idea to make an equestrian statue larger than life of a herald of the sixteenth century holding out a lamp, which is intended to contain an electric light.

It is said that in order to thoroughly complete the pictorial decorations of the Hôtel de Ville many millions of francs must be spent and a goodly number of years pass over. It is rumoured that certain painters of Alsace and Lorraine have asked permission to paint an apartment to be specially dedicated to the separated country. The coats-of-arms of the lost cities are to form a frieze round the ceiling, and upon the walls are to be reproduced the most picturesque landscapes of the environs of Strasbourg and Metz, together with the principal celebrities of Alsace and Lorraine.

It is announced that the Louvre will shortly be enriched by one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Eugène Delacroix, 'La Grande Barque' (a canvas known in catalogues under the title of 'The Shipwreck of Don Juan'), which has been given by Madame Adolfe Moreau in the name of her husband, who died last year. This fine gift will be hung in the Salle Daru, where are placed the pictures by Leopold Robert, and the well-known 'La Baigneuse' by Ingres.

The École des Beaux Arts has also received two interesting collections. The one is composed of thirty-three drawings by Géricault, and the other, bequeathed by M. Dubois, consists of a series of water colours, showing all the transformations of military costumes in France. This unique collection is the fruit of fifty years' labour, and possesses great historic as well as artistic interest.

REVIEWS.

"LECTURES ON PAINTING," delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy. By Edward Armitage, R.A. (Trübner & Co.).—While many of the non-painting critics and teachers of Art deal with the theoretical side of their subject, and do so in language more or less complex, Mr. Armitage has chosen to treat the most practical of all the numberless questions which young students shower upon their teachers, dead, living, animate, and inanimate. In a style of absolute straightforwardness and simplicity he sketches the early history of Art, avoiding cant, and attempting to steer his hearers and readers between the Philistinism which has not quite given up speaking of the "Dark Ages," and the fetishism which idolizes trecentisti and quattro-centisti with less discrimination than enthusiasm. If in dealing with the Byzantine, and with some great modern landscape painters of the French school (Mr. Armitage skips the masters of the Renaissance), his more ardent disciples may think that he avoids, by rather too wide a sweep, the æsthetic admiration so common in our day, there is nothing said that their after culture will not be able easily and naturally to modify. On all matters of experience Mr. Armitage is a guide full of the most direct and honest sense; his remarks on the much-vexed question of the representation of the movements of men and animals in progression are specially valuable, and on such subjects as composition and finish his handbook will be found to be altogether "safe." The lectures are helped by some slightly rough, but very expressive and sufficient outline sketches.

"A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE" (Marlborough: W. Gale).—It was with much gratification we some months ago recorded the progress that was being made at Rugby School in the formation of a museum by means of which Art education was being materially assisted. It appears that at Marlborough College a movement akin to this is in progress, and no better plan could have been adopted than that of obtaining casts of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture. Mr. Upcott, to whom much that has been done is due, has written for the use of the boys a pamphlet under the above heading, which deals with the subject in a practical, simple, and succinct manner.—We regret to learn that Mr. F. E. Hulme has resigned the Art Mastership at this college, which he held for ten years.

"LES MÉDAILLEURS ITALIENS DES QUINZIÈME ET SEIZIÈME SIÈCLES." Par Alfred Armand (Paris: E. Plon et Cie.).—These two exquisitely printed volumes appeal to a more special and technical taste than most readers possess, being composed of an exhaustive catalogue of the medals and medalists of the time indicated, with full descriptions and references. The work is, of course, undertaken for the collector, whether national or private, and to him will be of great value.

"CATALOGUE DE LA COLLECTION TIMBAL" (Paris: Société Anonyme des Imprimeries Réunies. 75 c.).—The authorities of the National Museum have allowed a new departure to be taken in the matter of this catalogue of the collection of sculptures, paintings, and drawings which the French Government acquired by purchase on the death of Mr. Charles Timbal, and which has recently been added to the Louvre. A lengthy explanatory notice on each object has been written by the keeper of the department in which it has been placed; and a capital photogravure of the beautiful drawing of Raphael, the Virgin and Child, with the Saints Sebastian and Roch, makes an elegant and interesting frontispiece.

"THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY." (Blackie).—A little more than a year ago we reviewed the first of the four volumes which compose this most important work. Good faith has been kept with the subscribers, and we now welcome its completion. An appendix in the last volume includes some 3,000 words which had either been overlooked in amassing their 130,000 fellows, or have been accepted as part of our native tongue during the past year. Amongst the former we note "acierage" and a "knotted pillar;" amongst the latter "æsthete" and "ensilage." We cannot speak too highly of the way in which the work has been carried out from the beginning to the end.

"HISTORY OF BAYARD." Compiled by the Loyal Serviteur. Translated from the French of Loredan Larchey. (Chapman and Hall). The "Loyal Serviteur," who acts as so devoted a Boswell to the chivalric Johnson *sans peur et sans reproche*, has found a new editor, as he will certainly not cease to find editors in the time to come. His "pleasant and recreative history" is told with so much vigour and simplicity, so much generosity in admiration, and so much unconsciousness of self, that it will always be to the chivalry of France what the "Pilgrim's Progress" is to the piety of England and the "Imitation of Christ" to that of the world. The book of the "Loyal Serviteur" is a soldier's book, but it is also a book for historians and for all who think the past worth recalling. It is the antidote to Don Quixote. It is the calmest and simplest of epics, and follows the "bon chevalier" through siege and battle, prayer, confession, almsdeeds, the succouring of lovely ladies, "sallies" of wit, occasional tears, and withal a certain dignity of emotion, a consistent *nil admirari*, and, in fact, through the whole range of a gentleman's life according to the not altogether base ideal of the time. The text of the present edition is enriched with illustrations, some of which are from photographic reproductions of old engravings, and of uncommon beauty, both of design and of execution. Among these are several line-engravings of knightly sport and battle, and some passages of more familiar life which are eminently interesting. In contrast with these are other illustrations, as distinctively modern as the former are antique—bright and delicate vignettes of foray and pursuit and the life of camps. The book is a double translation, having first been rendered from ancient into more modern French, and thence into English. The main part of the latter translation is not ill done, but the introduction is disfigured by Gallicanisms so gross that they look like deliberate and wrong-headed affectations. It is hardly credible that an Englishman should in good faith write and print "the chosen epoch suits admirably such reproductions, for she is contemporary with the Renaissance." The mention of Titian in English as "Titien" looks, on the other hand, less like a crime and more like a blunder.

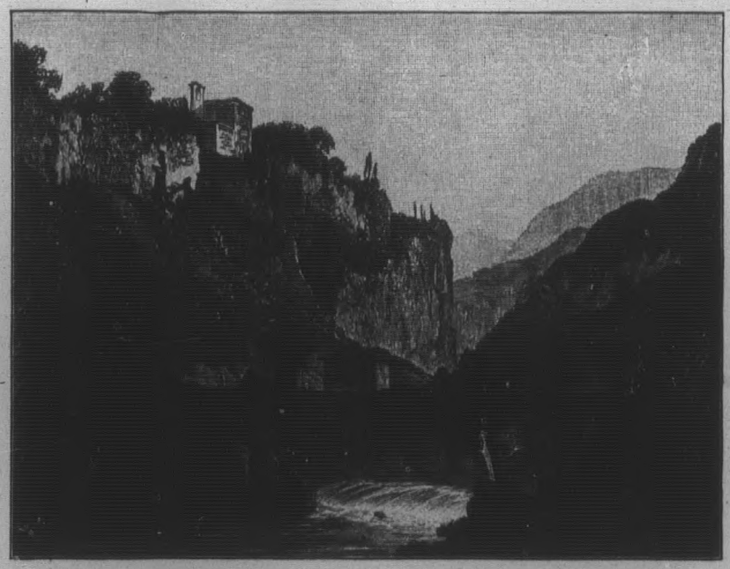
WINTER FUEL.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY FREDK SLOCOMBE.

JOSEPH WRIGHT OF DERBY.

THE exhibition, at present open at Derby, containing an almost complete series of the works of Joseph Wright, A.R.A., may be regarded as a model one, even in these days of admirably arranged collections. It is not too large to be tiresome to the visitor who can only spare time to go once, yet it is not too small for others, having leisure, who desire to combine pleasure with profit.

As the pages of *The Art Journal* have already contained some notices of Wright of Derby, it is not necessary to do more than briefly mention the principal events in his life, adding such details as have not previously been printed in these pages. Born at Derby on Sept. 3rd, 1734, and educated at the Grammar School there, various mechanical pursuits engaged his boyish attention—making small cannons, shows with reflected glasses, etc.—until, at the age of eleven, he took to copying any pictures he could see, the public-house signs providing the readiest means for the study. His father, doubtless convinced (and who can say he was wrong?) of the precariousness of an artist's career, at first endeavoured to dissuade the boy from his liking. But after the not uncommon practice of drawing in secret, the father, aided by his wife's motherly perception, agreed to send his son Joseph to be a painter, and at seventeen the youth was placed as a student with Thomas Hudson, the portrait painter.* Eleven years previously a greater portrait painter had entered the same studio, and the skill of the youthful Joshua Reynolds had in this time aroused the jealousy of the mutual teacher. John Hamilton Mortimer, afterwards A.R.A., was also a student of Hudson; he was a great friend of Wright's, and their subjects were closely akin in subject and treatment. Although Hudson was not everything that could be desired as an instructor, he yet gave his pupils a thorough grounding in the art of painting in oils, and his example of conscientious labour was never lost on those he taught.



The Convent of St. Cosimato.

Two years of tuition, or superintendence, by Hudson was all young Wright could stand. It is not recorded that the master was jealous also of this pupil, but it is certain that no very great encouragement was given to the boy-painter, and he grew tired of the stiff portraits he had to copy, which did so little to quicken his progress. Wright left the studio, and, turning his back on the metropolis, went again to Derby. The disagreement, if one may so call it, between master and pupil was not serious, however, for three years later—after the young painter had made many portraits of Derbyshire personages—Wright was again in London working under Hudson. There he remained for another fifteen months, all the while regretting his inability to obtain a better teacher.

Had Wright been fortunate enough to find an instructor in Reynolds, it requires little insight to discover how much the younger painter would have profited by the connection. Reynolds's independence of academic training would have acted most beneficially on the too conventional methods adopted by him. Reynolds had the talent to find out the best methods of work after leaving his first teacher, but Wright went on in the way he had been taught, and continued painting in the mannered style of his predecessors. Although Wright never approached such wonderful portraits as the 'Hon. Mrs. Graham' or the 'Blue Boy,' his Art came nearer to that of Gainsborough than that of the premier President; his love of landscape being quite equal to Gainsborough's, and some of his views almost as fine as that master's work.

Returning to Derby in 1757 he commenced his more ambitious works, at the same time steadily working at portrait painting, and within the next few years he executed 'The Air Pump,' 'The Orrery,' 'The Alchymist,' 'Miravan,' and many other celebrated pictures, most of which have been engraved.

In 1773 Wright married and went to Italy, where he spent

* Lord Orford, in the "Anecdotes of Painting," states that Hudson for many years enjoyed the chief business of portrait painting in the capital, though Vanloo and Liotard were his successful rivals for some years. "Still the country gentlemen were faithful to their compatriot, and were content with his honest similitudes, and with the fair tied wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waistcoats, which he bestowed liberally on his customers. . . . The better taste introduced by Sir Joshua Reynolds put an end to Hudson's reign, who had the good sense to resign his throne soon after finishing the family-piece of Charles, Duke of Marlborough." Hudson died January 26th, 1779, at the age of seventy-eight.

several months at Rome, being specially engaged in making large and careful drawings from Michael Angelo's works. Returning to England in 1775, after a short stay at Derby, he went to Bath in the hope of succeeding to Gainsborough's practice in the fashionable city, but in this he was disappointed, and he once more returned to Derby and did not again try his fortune elsewhere.

Wright received the unusual distinction of having his birthplace attached to his name, not because he was thought to confer any special prestige on the fine old midland town, but simply to distinguish him from his contemporary, Richard Wright, of Liverpool, a marine painter. Richard Wright's picture, 'The Fishery,' was engraved by Woollett, and is one of the engraver's finest efforts in such designs. It is frequently, but of course wrongly, attributed to Wright of Derby. There also was an American modeller (1756–1793) called Joseph Wright.

Girl with Doves. (*Miss Duesbury*).

The most remarkable episode in Wright's life was his elevation to the dignity of Associate and full Member of the Royal Academy, and his secession from that body. A great deal has been written respecting this latter event, and in a Life of Wright of Derby, which Mr. W. Bemrose is preparing for early publication, we may expect to have some new facts and comments brought before us. We are permitted to make use of some of the material that writer has collected.

It appears that Wright, on his return from Italy in 1775, entered as a student at the Royal Academy, and in November of 1781 he was elected an Associate, and in February, 1784, a full member of the Academy.

One of his most intimate friends, Mr. J. Leigh Phillips, who possessed considerable artistic judgment, wrote an account of Wright's treatment by the Royal Academy in 1797, the year of Wright's death. And there is not the least doubt but that he was well acquainted with all the circumstances.

Phillips says his portraits were mostly confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Derby, but few of his pictures being publicly exhibited, owing to their having been generally sold before they were finished. He also felt a repugnance at sending his works to an exhibition where he had too much cause to complain of their being so placed that, if possible, they might escape the public eye. As a proof of the truth of this, the last pictures he exhibited were placed upon the ground, in consequence of which they were so much injured by the feet of the company, as to render it necessary to have the frames repaired and regilded.

The jealousy which prompted these slights, added to the circumstance of his being rejected as an R.A. at the time Mr. Garvey was a successful candidate, did not tend to increase Wright's opinion of the liberality of his brethren in the profession. The Academy, however, being afterwards made aware of the impropriety of thus insulting a man of his abilities, sent their secretary, Newton, to Derby, to solicit his acceptance of a diploma; but this he indignantly rejected, knowing how little the Institution could serve him, and feeling perhaps a satisfaction that his friend and fellow-student Mortimer and himself were both deemed equally *unqualified* to enjoy the honours attached to that Royal establishment.

The Messrs. Redgrave, in their "Century of Painters," take exception to this account of the treatment of Wright by the Academy, and say, "We are inclined to discredit the whole of the tale," upon the grounds that "we have searched the records of the Academy to learn the facts connected with Wright's retirement." It is, of course, possible that there may have been an omission of the circumstances, which were not altogether palatable to that learned body; and it is a well-established fact that true merit has not always met with the reward it deserved, even at their hands. Against the authors of the "Century of Painters" is arrayed the fact that the writers and poets of the day took up the case when the circumstances were fully known, and if Wright felt aggrieved he had a perfect right to decline the honour, and he does not deserve the severe and uncalled-for criticisms of writers a century later, founded upon such unsatisfactory materials.

Again, Mr. S. Redgrave, in his "Dictionary of Artists," states, "On the foundation of the Academy he had entered as

a student, and in 1781 he was elected an Associate. His election as full member followed in 1784. But we are told that, annoyed by another having been elected before him, he retired altogether from the Academy. The facts, however, do not bear out this statement, and it appears more probable that the nervous, irritable, ailing painter, settled quietly so far from the metropolis, was afraid of the duties and responsibilities which his membership would entail." Mr. S. Redgrave, however, unfortunately omits to state the "facts."

Our own opinion is that the circumstances as recorded by Phillips were in the main correct; that Wright's contributions to the annual exhibitions at the Academy had been systematically unfairly placed up to the year 1782; that he felt his abilities deserved recognition before those of Mr. E. Garvey, his competitor at the time, whose works consisted principally of small pictures of gentlemen's seats; that at this period the elections at the Royal Academy partook of the nature of a contested election; and that nothing would be more repugnant to the sensitive and honourable nature of Wright than having to pass through an ordeal where merit was not the sole arbiter.

'The Air Pump,' which we engrave, is the best known of Wright's works. It was excellently mezzotinted by Valentine Green, but it is better known from the original picture till recently at South Kensington and now in the National Gallery. The Act for lending pictures belonging to the nation

The Air Pump.

was not passed when the Derby exhibition opened, and this picture is not there, therefore we engrave it in order to fill the only gap which exists in that collection. It was painted in 1765, and represents a philosopher in the act of restoring the air, which had just been pumped out, to an exhausted receiver. A bird was placed in the glass, and as the air was gradually taken away, it sunk breathless to the bottom. Now, however, the experimenter—who probably would have been a vivisectionist had he lived in our day—sends back the precious, if invisible, atmosphere and the bird begins to recover its vitality, "to the great relief," as the official catalogue says, "of two young girls present who thought it was dead." The figures are all portraits of friends of the painter's, being the same as in the well-known companion picture, 'The Orrery,' where the same philosopher gives a lecture on the Universe, illustrated by the elaborate instrument before him. The prices Wright obtained for these pictures was £200 from a Dr. Bates, of Aylesbury, for 'The Air Pump,' and £210 from Earl Ferrers for 'The Orrery.'

It is not a little curious that the works by which Wright is best known should represent groups engaged in the mechanical pursuits of which in his earliest years he was so much enamoured.

'A Boy blowing a Bladder,' which we are permitted to

engrave by the courtesy of the owner, Mr. F. C. Arkwright, is one of a series of similar subjects, for which Wright appears to have had considerable demand. There are four in the Derby exhibition, but it is known that others were also executed. The artist's object seems to have been to show his dexterity in painting the distended veined bladder, to represent its rotundity while he preserved its appearance of thinness and pliability.

Some difficulty has been found in engraving the 'Landscape with the Convent of St. Cosimato,' so as to retain the lightness and delicacy of the original. The picture is small (only 25 by 18 inches), having a most beautiful glow of sunshine, which rivals Wilson at his best time. The painting is thin, with none of the technical qualities at which modern painters aim. It is one of the older school as regards workmanship in painting, but its breadth of treatment and fine effect of daylight can never be old. The convent is near Vicobaro, and the remains of the Claudian aqueduct over the Arno are plainly visible. The only real defect in the picture is the artificiality of the falling water. It lacks liquidity, and tumbles over with all the conventionality in the world. The picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1788, and is now the property of the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Griffith, who has given permission for this engraving to be made.

A Boy blowing a Bladder.

The remaining illustration is a fair specimen of one of Wright's portraits, and represents Miss Duesbury, at the age of eight, feeding some doves. The kneeling girl is attired in a white dress, with pink socks and shoes; the pose is just a little strained, but is still childlike and natural.

These four engravings give a very fair idea of the scope of Wright's art, which, it will be seen, did not aim at anything more than the faithful portrayal of incidents in every-day life or a pleasing representation of nature. The ideal he seldom tried, and never succeeded in thoroughly: the 'Allegory of the Old Man and Death,' 'The Gladiator,' and 'The Captive' are among the best. 'The Alchymist in search of the Philosopher's Stone' is another fine composition—very similar in treatment to 'The Air Pump' and 'The Orrery.' The Alchymist kneels before the crucible, where he has discovered phosphorus, and "prays for the successful conclusion of his operation, as was the custom of the ancient chymical astrologers."

Of the "Conversation pieces," being portraits painted in a group where some action is taking place, one of the best of Wright's efforts is the canvas with 'Three of Mr. Newton's Children gathering Cherries.' It is Gainsborough-like in its treatment, yet more highly finished than many of that painter's portraits. Wright also executed a large number of portraits of the gentry in Derbyshire, and no collection in that county is deemed complete without a specimen of his much-esteemed portraits.

In landscapes the large canvas of 'Ullswater,' which was left unfinished at the painter's death, is Wright's most important work. It does not, however, excel in real beauty and refinement the smaller picture we have engraved.

Until the present exhibition, Wright was considered to be more noteworthy for his representations of figures and objects under artificial light, than as a painter of effects seen by ordinary daylight. Yet the unbiassed visitor to the Derby collection must admit that as a portrait painter, either in single figure or in "conversation pieces," and as a landscapist, he is quite as worthy of being considered a master of his art.

Certainly with the Derby collection for reference it is very easy to place Wright among the founders of British Art. He was almost an equal in landscape of Richard Wilson; a near rival in portraiture of Gainsborough; one of the first water-colourists who left the style of tinted drawings and introduced warmth into his designs; an excellent draughtsman; a fair colourist; and an artist with a knowledge of composition such as many of the younger painters of to-day would do well to emulate. He was never content until he had applied his utmost skill to the work on hand; and no picture seems to have left his studio until he could add no further touch without detracting from its merit.

D. C. THOMSON.

CHARACTER IN ARCHITECTURE.*

"ARCHITECTURE," says Vitruvius, in his celebrated treatise on that subject, "depends on fitness, arrangement, proportion, uniformity, consistency, and economy;" and he explains them thus:—

Fitness is the adjustment of the size of the several parts to their several uses.

Arrangement is the disposition in their just and proper places of all the parts of the building, and the pleasing effects of the same, keeping in view its appropriate character. It is divisible into three heads, which considered together constitute design; they are called ichnography, orthography, and scenography [or the plans, elevations, sections, and perspective]. These three are the result of thought and invention. Thought is an effort of the mind ever incited by the pleasure attendant on success in compassing an object. Invention is the effect of this effort.

Proportion is that agreeable harmony between the several parts of a building which is the result of a just and regular agreement of them with each other, the height to the width, this to the length, and each of them to the whole.

Uniformity is the parity of parts to one another, each corresponding with its opposite, as in the human figure.

Consistency is found in that whose whole and detail is suitable to the occasion [he mentions the different orders suitable to the different deities]. In respect of custom, consistency is preserved when the vestibules of magnificent edifices are conveniently contrived and richly finished, for those buildings cannot be said to be consistent to whose splendid interiors you pass through poor and mean entrances. Natural consistency arises from the choice of such situations for temples as possess the advantages of salubrious air and water. Natural consistency also requires that bedrooms and libraries should be lit from the east, bath and winter rooms from the south-west, picture galleries and other rooms requiring a steady light from the north, because from that quarter the light is not sometimes brilliant and sometimes obscure, but is steady and unchanged throughout the day.

Economy consists in a due and proper application of the means afforded according to the ability of the employer and the situation chosen, care being taken that the expenditure is prudently conducted [Vitruvius advises local materials to be used]. The other branch of economy consists in adapting the building to its particular use, to the sum to be spent, or to the elegance required; for town houses must be arranged in one way, and those to which much farm produce is brought in another. Bankers' houses must be differently arranged from these, and so must those for opulent and tasteful persons. The houses of statesmen, by whose thoughts the State is governed, must be adapted to their wants. In short, the economy of houses must be made to suit all sorts of persons.

It is unfortunate that Vitruvius should have written just before Augustus had begun his large improvements in Rome and before the vault and the dome had been much used; for though Vitruvius speaks of vaults and domes he only describes discharging arches, and all his vaults appear to be sham ones; and though he tells us of the dome of the *laconicum*, in no case does he speak of centring. Though he knew of burnt bricks, it is evident that when stone or marble was not used sun-dried bricks and "wattle and dab"* were mainly employed.

Vitruvius's is the first work on architecture in point of time that we have; though the use of some common measure for the proportioning of edifices had long before been adopted by the Greeks, only their treatises are lost. Probably Vitruvius had some effect on the architecture of the Middle Ages, as the MSS. of his works were found in several monasteries. His book was first printed at Rome in 1486, and up to this time there have been about fifty editions, Latin, Italian, French, German, Spanish, Polish, and English. The architect Cesare Cæsariano, who was engaged in 1491 on Milan Cathedral, explains to us that it was built by the German architects in strict accordance with the precepts of Vitruvius, and in his elaborate description of the setting out of the plan by triangles he uses the classical terms of Vitruvius for the different parts.

With Vitruvius's definitions before us let us see whether we, with our greater experience and more extended knowledge, cannot simplify them.

Architecture is a word derived from architect, which is aptly given in our translation of the Scriptures as "a wise master builder," therefore the first and most necessary condition must be that the structure be built, and built well; that is to say, its construction is the main point, but as buildings are made for use, to take an extreme case, one unfit for its purpose might be useless. So we will give usefulness or fitness the first place. Again, most buildings are composed of many chambers; the convenient position of these would therefore be the next requisite. Lastly, the beauty of each part and of the whole is to be considered. So I think we may say that the four essential qualities of architecture are fitness, arrangement, construction, and beauty. Every building in which those four conditions were complied with satisfactorily was perfect for the age in which it was built, though it may be very imperfect for one more advanced in science, taste, and refinement.

Greek architecture was perfect for its age, and it has this peculiarity—that as far as its form goes, every cultivated person thinks it perfect now.

* The second lecture delivered at the Royal Academy by Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A. For the preceding lecture, see page 173.

* In a different form of expression this method of work has given much trouble to architects and magistrates. When the Philistines first tried to take Samson they got Delilah to bind him "with seven green withes that were never dried." This is another form of withy, a willow, and we now call *withes osiers*. Well, the word "withe" was used for the wattles of which the enclosing parts of the flues were made, afterwards dabbed or daubed over with tempered clay—unless "dab" is a corruption of the Celtic word for plaster; and the word "withe" is still retained in the Building Act as the brickwork that surrounds a flue.

The Alhambra, which, I believe, was erected in the thirteenth century, appeared to the Saracens who built it absolutely perfect. "Look attentively at my elegance, and thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration; . . . . indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments;" and the rude lions which make us laugh were supposed to be so life-like that the beholder required to be emboldened. "O thou who beholdest these lions crouching, fear not: life is wanting to enable them to show their fury yet;" even to this day, we are impressed with the grace, delightfulness, and mystery of this palace.

Gothic architecture, again, was perfect architecture to the people of its day; it was constantly progressing, and so fulfilled all the requirements of each succeeding age during its continuance, until it became perfectly skilful, logical, and uninteresting, and was killed by the Renaissance. We still admire its mysteriousness, its arrangement of light and shade, its daring construction, and its picturesqueness.

Why, then, do we object to revivals of the styles of bygone times? If Greek is so perfect in form, why should we not now have Greek? If Roman is magnificent, Moresque graceful, and Gothic mysterious and picturesque, why are they not good enough for us? For at least two reasons—first, because our construction is different from that of any former times, construction being a progressive science. The mass of stone in a Grecian Doric column is for us an absurd waste of material for the weight it carries, and the same reason applies even more forcibly to the lintel; if we used the latter on a large scale, the real lintel would be of iron, and the stone a mere casing secured to it; we should not even employ Gothic construction, which is the slightest and most daring stone construction the world has yet seen; we should employ iron. But the second reason is still stronger; no bygone style can really represent our own feelings, tastes, and desires; these are modified in each succeeding generation, and though the cultivated may be more akin in feeling to the Greeks than to the mediæval, an actual paraphrase of Greek does not affect our feelings much more than a paraphrase of Gothic. We want something new, as dignified, elegant, and refined as Greek work, but applicable to our own construction, and which has, too, for its ornament our own renderings of any natural objects that we admire, so as to accord with the severe lines of the architecture. It is needless to say that the public are indifferent to all this; and the question is often asked why architects should trouble themselves about beauty—why do they not turn engineers at once? It is partly the triumph of hope over experience, and it is partly because beauty is a siren that fascinates her admirers.

By still practising architecture you are doing a good work. You are offering a protest against the indifference of your age to beauty, by showing that buildings endowed with grace, elegance, and proportion have merits not to be found in structures whose whole reason of being is, that they satisfy our purely material wants in the crudest form. You are still keeping up amongst a small body the traditions of how grace and dignity are to be obtained, of the laws of composition, of the management of light and shade, of the treatment and arrangement of ornament, so that when England is tired of ugliness, all knowledge of the laws of beauty may not be extinct, requiring centuries of research before they are rediscovered from books and monuments.

We must not forget that much that goes to form architecture may exist, even if it be not perfect and not even our own. Buildings may be well planned, solidly constructed, dignified in appearance, even subtle in composition, and yet the architecture may not be the pure outcome of the people employing it. This was, to a great extent, the case with Roman architecture; it was Roman construction with spoiled Greek put on. Yet even this apparent absurdity gave us something new in effect; we got two planes instead of one.

I think I may enlarge on some points in planning, but the remarks must only be very general ones; rather pointing out certain effects than giving the reasons for them. Plans are as multitudinous as buildings themselves, for there are private and public buildings, and the dwelling-house alone might well occupy a dozen lectures, comprising as it does every sort of house, from the labourer's cottage to the nobleman's mansion; and when we consider that public buildings include cathedrals, churches and chapels, schools, colleges, universities, lecture-rooms and public libraries, police and law courts, prisons and reformatories, regal palaces, public offices, exchanges, banks, baths, picture galleries, museums, barracks, arsenals, town-halls, theatres and concert-rooms, markets, lighthouses, hospitals, infirmaries and mortuaries, workhouses, custom-houses, parliament-houses, and mad-houses, each class of building would require many lectures to explain it comprehensively.

In some few cases, we have merely to consider the most appropriate sizes and shapes of the buildings for their particular purposes, their lighting, air space, strength, ventilation, and beauty; but this is only the case where the building consists of one room. In most cases, what we call a building consists of nests of buildings in stories, and then the arrangement of these is almost as important as the particular excellence of each room. The requirements are, in some cases, apparently simple, but they may be so contradictory that solution is impossible.

I may instance as simple requirements those for a stable pavement; this only demands three requisites: to be impervious to wet, to be easily cleaned, and not to be slippery; but no stable pavement yet known combines these qualities.

No Chinese puzzle ever equalled in complexity the problem of a nest of law courts. Each court must be warm, well lit, and well ventilated; the voice must be heard distinctly in every part without any extra exertion on the part of the speaker; the judge, the jury, the witness and the bar, must be well seen from every part; there must be easy access for the judge, the jury, the barristers, the attorneys, the witnesses, and the public, without any jostling of these different classes. A retiring-room for the judge, a robing-room for the barristers, consulting-rooms for counsel and attorneys, and for the attorneys and the witnesses, and all these rooms must be close at hand; and if it be a criminal court, there must be a dock, and rooms for prisoners and police as well. Many of these nests have to be brought together in one building, involving well-lit passages, staircases, and the like.

But I will only speak of such arrangements as are wanted for beauty; the more simple of these are gained by a correct choice of shape, by the elegant proportions of the whole and its various parts. When great magnificence is wanted, various combinations of shape may be necessary; apses, screens of columns, niches and recesses may be used to enrich the main form, and effects of light and shade had recourse to; and in suites of rooms, square, oblong, cross-shaped, circular and oval rooms may be intermingled, and the vistas varied by alternations of light and shade, and by variations in the heights and sizes of the rooms.

A most impressive, I might say sublime effect is produced at the Pantheon at Rome by its being circular in plan with a hemispherical dome, and wholly lit by one huge eye at the top. Rome is well worth visiting, if only to see that effect; of course, the magnificent dimensions of the building largely conduce to its effect. The clear diameter of the circular part is one hundred and forty-two feet without the recesses, its height is one hundred and forty-three feet, and the eye is open to the sky. But in addition to its size, shape, and unique lighting, no art has been spared to add to its effect; round it are apses, screens of columns, niches and altars, and the dome is panelled with successive ranges of coffers, while marble, gilding, and bronze add the charms of refined colour; also we must add the subtle influence on us of its being the largest dome yet built by man, and the first. It was the original Laconicum, or hot chamber of Agrippa's baths, and the eye must have been closed by the brazen shield of which Vitruvius speaks. So to some extent we may say that the finest hall in the world is due mainly to accident.

The Byzantine architects revelled in complicated form. There is apse upon apse at Sta. Sophia. At St. Vitale the inner octagon has semicircular recesses with columns, on each face; doubtless this form was suggested by the temple of Minerva Medica at Rome, and the choice of shape influenced by the colour, so that it is unfair to pronounce an opinion of the effect when the building has been stripped of its mosaic. This love for combination of square, oblong, circular, and oval shapes is shown in the Byzantine pulpits; note especially the wonderful pulpit at St. Mark's, with its octagon reading-desk on columns and its domed baldachino, under which is the hexagon pulpit with its semicircular sides; the effect produced is not always equal to the care and invention exhibited.

Simple geometrical figures on a large scale produce grand effects. I may mention the pyramids, the theatres and amphitheatres of the ancients; the arches of Southwark Bridge, which are but the segments of a circle, but they are two hundred and forty feet span; the great segmental roof at Cannon Street Station, one hundred and eighty feet wide, and the large elliptical roofs of the Metropolitan Railway Stations.

Vastness, great height, great length, and great width are elements of the sublime. I may instance a sheer mountain side, or a huge table like that on Mount Cenis, that has been cut off and polished by an avalanche.

I recollect experiencing a feeling of awe, when passing up a narrow alley between two dead warehouse walls of considerable length and not one hundred feet high. An effect of awe and wonder is produced by standing between La Garisenda and the Asinelli by moonlight, the towers looking as if they went to heaven; in fact, if you get in the right spot, the Asinelli looks like a black beam of the moon. To produce the effect of size, art and contrivance must be used to emphasize the actual greatness. You must be brought face to face with it, or it must be contrasted with small things that serve as a scale; the want of this is the blunder at St. Peter's, where in the nave, vast height, width, and length are conjoined with gigantic details, so that the narrow aisles look higher than the nave.

If you stand inside the Cathedral at Milan, near to the west end, and look at the dark lines of the great central doorway cutting against the light, the grandness of its size impresses you; and so does the central arch of the new bazaar at Milan, when it is brilliantly lit up and cuts against the dark blue sky on a starry night. Even to stand against some huge column of a portico and look up, gives one a similar feeling of grandeur.

A most imposing effect is produced by those long tall walls at the Villa of Hadrian.

It is generally, however, in cathedrals and large churches that the grandest effects are seen, for here great height is often found, and this, if properly emphasized, is imposing; great length gives a long vista, and if well managed, so as not to be monotonous, suggests vastness in another direction. The mosque at Cordova, with its five hundred columns and nineteen aisles, is one of the most striking interiors I have seen, though the blockheads of Charles V.'s time did their best to spoil it by putting a small church in the middle; but it is so vast that you still get diagonal vistas as well as straight ones. Putting the choir in the middle of a cathedral and enclosing it with high walls, utterly destroys the effect of the vista, and cuts off the Lady Chapel as well.

The Italians, as a rule, were too wise to spoil their interiors in this way. At Florence the choir is but a low enclosure under the dome, not interfering with the vista; while at San Georgio Maggiore, at Venice, open columns behind the high altar allow the eye to penetrate into the choir; and at Sta. Maria della Salute, a large oval chamber is interposed between the high altar and the octagonal nave, with the open choir again beyond the high altar. The Italian conventual churches are mostly arranged on the same plan; they are Latin crosses, the transept making the two arms of the cross, and the altar being in the central chapel of the transepts, often with the choir behind.

Size will occasionally assert itself in spite of all that has been done to destroy its effect; as, for instance, when you come close to one large part, so that it occupies the whole field of vision, or when the atmosphere plays a part, or when the size is made apparent by judicious artificial lighting.

The interior of Milan Cathedral never looks so colossal or so sublime as at Matins on a winter's morning, its gigantic pillars half hidden in the gloom, while rolling clouds of mist partly conceal the capitals and wholly the vault; the people hurrying in look so small in that vast space, and are so soon hidden in the darkness through which only a few twinkling lights are seen, that the scene reminds us of the Halls of Eblis.

Seville Cathedral must not be forgotten, absolutely unrivalled as it is for majestic effect; the piers are colossal and the windows small, and these again are carefully closed by heavy curtains, when too much light enters.

Light and shade have been played on in cathedrals like notes of music, including the abrupt transition from darkness to light, but nearly all the most striking effects are complex, consisting of varied light and shade, fine proportion, picturesque or beautiful combinations of form with fine colour, for colour is not so much something added to architecture as something taken away when it is absent. Nature abhors uniformity of colour and at once sets to work to make it varied. Old stone, if it has been saved from the whitewash brush, is often very beautiful. I mention this so that allowance may be made for the other elements of success where light and shade alone is mentioned.

There is perhaps no finer example than Strasburg Cathedral for a combination of many of the points before referred to. From the dark you come into a blaze of light, the clerestory being nearly all glass, and see the altar in a dark space, only

lit by screened windows, while behind is a plain apse with a half-hemisphere dome.

For varied effects of light and shade intensified by fine colouring, and for grand and simple forms emphasized by small and complex ones, of all churches I have seen St. Mark's is without peer. The aisle screens consist of a three-columned arcade, on the top of which is merely a pathway with balustrades, and spanning this from the massive piers which support the domes are great vaults, whose unbroken sweep contrasts with the small arches and columns below. Looking from the west central doorway you see the altar-screen, with its coloured marble columns and inlaid entablature carrying statues upon it, and this screen is carried beyond the choir across the aisles; the vacuity there makes a dark background against which the figures and columns stand out light; if you go into the north aisle of the choir, which is dimly lit by one little window, you see the columns and figures cutting dark against the light of the transept, and then beyond a golden haze as you look into the great vault above.

I could multiply these examples almost indefinitely, but I want to recapitulate a few of the things which in themselves go a great way to forming fine architecture, quite irrespective of style. The first is vastness of any one dimension. In some of the Angevine churches the naves are low, and give an impression of extraordinary width, more especially if you have just come from a place where the naves are high. The next is the effect of simple geometrical lines, especially bounding lines, such as the circle, the ellipse, the triangle in the pyramid, and even of the imperfect curves, such as segments of a circle when they are of large size.

I must warn you here against making semicircular ends or quadrant angles directly joining straight walls; if these curves are made without a break to detach them, the straight walls will look convex, and produce a hideous effect. You must either precede them with a break, or you must make the room into an ellipse.

And next, the effect to be obtained by variations of light and shade. In interiors you can always shut out light. It is generally a uniform distribution of moderate light, or moderate darkness, or a regular and equal succession, that is to be avoided; we all know the shock produced by going from sunlight into gloom, while a blaze of unexpected light produces feelings of surprise and pleasure. You occasionally see this in some of the perpendicular churches where the clerestories seem all window, and where the visitor has entered through a long dark porch; it is also the chief effect in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, though there it is combined with vastness.

Most beautiful effects are obtained in the city of Cordova by the juxtaposition of different gradations of light, shadow, and sunshine, yet I must admit the colour has much to do with it. The streets are narrow and the houses whitewashed, and except at noon the streets are generally in shadow; every house has a low narrow passage for an entrance, enclosed by an iron gate whose bars are like cobwebs, and this roofed passage is naturally darker than the street; at the end of it is the patio or cavædium in brilliant sunshine, adorned with lemon and orange trees, myrtles, and other flowering shrubs, with a fountain in the middle, while beyond you see a portico, a staircase, or a room dark again. The inhabitants are aware of this pleasing effect, as they often hang out tapestry and embroideries or put pictures or fine pieces of furniture in the patio.

G. AITCHISON.

RUSSIAN ORFÈVRERIE.

AT the Exhibition of 1858 the attention of the Western Art-world was first drawn to the excellence of the gold and silver smiths' work produced by some of the large Russian firms. Since the magnificent days of Catherine II. this industry has been much encouraged by the sumptuousness of the nobles, and favoured by various duties and other economical causes. The Russian National Exhibition, which was held at Moscow last summer, and which merited more notice than it has received from foreigners, afforded an unexampled opportunity of judging contemporary work in this branch of industrial art. The section of this vast display which was the most splendid, and ever attracted the largest throng of spectators, was that classified as Group VI., and comprising Art work in the precious metals. The glazed cases of such exhibitors as MM. Sasikof, Postrikof, Khlebnikof, and Ovchinikof were the cynosure of all eyes.

The prospect of the Czar's coronation was a circumstance particularly conducive to the magnificent display of orfèvrerie, for, throughout the vast realm of All the Russias, bodies of nobles and of merchants, municipalities, corporations, and institutions had vied with each other in ordering the construction of magnificent pieces of plate as coronation-gifts to be laid at the feet of Imperial Majesty, or splendid dishes on which to present to the Czar and his consort the Khleb-Sol, or bread-and-salt, which is always offered to distinguished persons as emblems of Russian welcome, and in conservation of an old custom still dearly cherished in the land of proverbial hospitality. Such, for instance, was the dish ordered by Saratoff, containing above thirty-six pounds of silver, and above two pounds of gold, avoirdupois weight.

One of the most striking examples of silversmiths' work which were exhibited is the group entitled 'In Memory of the Deliverance of the Slavonians,' designed by M. Mikyeshin, and produced by the Moscow firm of Ovchinikof. The main portion represents a mailed warrior, with the features of Alexander II., seated on a charger, in his right hand holding up his sheathed sword in a horizontal position, and in his left grasping a banner, the ample folds of which, richly wrought with Christian emblems and inscriptions, hang down nearly to the ground. On foot, and in national costume, on one side a Slavonian youth, with shield on arm, leads the steed; on the other a young mother kisses the banner, the extremity of

which is clutched by the child at her feet, while across the ground lies a chain, broken. Two more of the most admired productions of the same house are also allegorical pieces. In the first of these a female figure, in Slavonic costume, reclining on a river bank and holding a two-headed eagle, personifies the Volga, "the food-giving mother of Russia." In the other a Persian female, in her national costume, reclining on a rich carpet and propped by jars of petroleum, holding in her hand a lamp, personifies Naphtha, or earth-oil, which promises to become a source of such wealth for Transcaucasia. Both these works are from the designs of M. Myeshkin, the Academician, while the pedestals are ornamented with apposite bas-reliefs after drawings by M. Chichagof. Among the exhibits of M. Sasikof, of St. Petersburg, a large silver vase for flowers, from the design of Baron Klodt, specially merits notice. It is in the style of the Renaissance. From a low circular basin of water rises a cup with fluted underpart and floriated sides; the basin is surrounded by a fluted shell-like

Casket presented by the Ladies of Moscow to the Empress of Russia on her Coronation.

saucer, in which sit or play groups of amorini drinking. This magnificent piece weighs 110 lbs. avoirdupois, and cost 15,000 roubles.

The establishment of M. Postnikof is one of the oldest silversmiths' firms, and is more especially employed in the production of ecclesiastical articles, to the display of which a large space in the Exhibition building was devoted. The traditions of Russian ecclesiastical art do not admit of much variety or originality of treatment, and the all-pervading Byzantine influence is everywhere strongly marked. In 1870 M. Postnikof set an example which might be followed in many cases with great advantages to industrial art. He established in connection with his manufactory a school for forty-seven pupils, who spend six years in passing through three courses of two years each. Their studies lie, of course, mainly in the direction of the work designed and executed in M. Postnikof's workrooms. They enjoy the privilege of exemption from military service, and the three students who

give most satisfaction on completing their studies receive prizes of 150, 100, and 50 roubles respectively—a donation of the Grand Duke Sergius. One very laudable practice is adopted by M. Postnikof—seventeen men are employed exclusively to go on errands or perform simple work about the workshops, and thus the time of the apprentices is not wasted on duties of this sort in the way that is so much complained of in London and Paris, as a serious hindrance to their progress in learning the work.

M. Khlebnikof, of St. Petersburg, who owns perhaps the largest goldsmith's, jewellery, and enamel establishment in Russia, and employs upwards of three hundred workmen and seventy-five apprentices, also established a school about ten years ago, which, however, was unfortunately destroyed in 1881. The average annual consumption of the precious metals in M. Khlebnikof's workshops is computed at about twenty thousand pounds of silver and three hundred and sixty pounds of gold avoirdupois weight. Among the more remarkable recent productions of M. Khlebnikof are some articles designed in a so-called Russian style, with which we illustrate this notice. Chief of these is a casket of large dimensions, a coronation gift from the ladies of Moscow to the Empress. The shape of the casket is octagonal, with four broad and four narrow sides, the former each terminate above in two semicircular tympana, the latter in a single one. Above these again, and nearer the centre, are eight tympana circularly arranged, and surmounted by a griffin holding a sword, the crest of the Romanoffs, the present Imperial dynasty. The plinth, which is of plain metal, has opposite the four shorter sides rounded projections, which serve to support four seated male figures of *bogatuiri*, or mythical heroes of Russian folk-lore, with their characteristic symbols. The central portions of the larger sides form panels, presenting in enamel four different views in Moscow—the Belfry of Ivan the Great, the Church of Basil the Blessed, the new Historical Museum, and the new church of St. Saviour, built to commemorate the retreat of the French from Moscow, and commenced many years ago, but only recently completed, and consecrated a few days after the coronation. Similarly round medallions, in the upper part of the shorter sides of the casket, represent the sacred gate of the Kremlin and other lions of Moscow. The sides and top are ornamented with a profusion of detail in enamel, the design of which has no particular merit, while the griffin and four seated figures are in plain metal, thus contrasting, perhaps rather too strongly, with the coloured details which cut up the remaining surfaces, and rather infringing the continuity of the *ensemble*. Another and more beautiful, though less magnificent, of M. Khlebnikof's productions is a vase of elegant form, displaying on its side the escutcheon of Saratoff, and surmounted by the Imperial double eagle. The ornamentation of the piece (engraved below) is intended to have a national character, and is more or less allied to the woodwork designs with which Russians love to adorn the eaves of their houses

Russian Vase. National Design.

A samovar, or tea-urn—a peculiarly national utensil—produced by M. Stasikof, and designed by M. Stelba, was another remarkable exhibit shown as specimen of a national style.

There has of late years been considerable activity in Art and archæological circles in Russia, in the sense of a revival of a national style in Industrial Art. There was, however, really very little or nothing of the sort to revive, whatever might have been developed in the Middle Ages from the Byzantine elements of Art and civilisation introduced by the Greek clergy with the evangelization of Russia, had not the Tartar dominion effectually paralyzed any growth of that sort. As history is, however, the re-establishment of the Muscovite power merely opened the way for the influence of the Renaissance, and made possible the adoption of its features, too often in the most grotesque and barbarously debased forms. The national movement, as regards Art, is chiefly a recurrence to Byzantine types and principles, and finds its chief scope in ecclesiastical ornament and architecture; but results in little more than reproduction of past forms, and is wholly wanting in vigour and originality, while much elaboration and barbaric costliness are still lavished on works which sadly lack refinement and beauty of design. In works where any pretence of a national style is wisely rejected the Russian designers and artificers in the precious metals have shown themselves capable of producing good work. The recent spasmodic and painfully conscious efforts to form a national style, however, have as yet attained no very gratifying results. A real style, indeed, is a gradual, a collective, and mostly unconscious growth.

Yet, as M. Viollet le Duc said in his exhaustive work on "L'Art Russe" (1877), it is quite necessary that this desire to preserve an individuality in Russian Art should be fostered. What is suitable to a German or an English people

is not so much valued by a Russian. We have only to examine the engravings herewith published to say that at least the Russian metal workers are capable of making their work not only artistic, but of a character quite different from the work of Western Europe. The affinity between these designs and those of Oriental Art is very close. In days gone by Russian silver and gold smiths have displayed the influence sometimes of China and sometimes of Persia, and the Byzantine and the Indian styles have at other times been evident in their designs. And while it must be admitted that the coronation casket is not so elegant in execution as could be wished, the other two works (and especially the vase opposite) have in them real beauty of design.

Salver, presented by the Gentry of Saratoff.

At the present time these evidences of the state of Art in Russia are interesting, as they have a direct relation to an event eagerly watched in other parts of the world, which has been rendered attractive in an extraordinary degree by the gorgeousness of the decorations.

The presents were laid before the Emperor and Empress on May 28th, the day after the coronation. Each was accompanied with the accustomed bread and salt of Russian etiquette; the massive silver salvers bearing dark coloured flat loaves, accompanied by gold or silver salt-cellars. Deputations from every district of the empire bore presents to their Majesties; and in the spacious hall of St. Andrew, at Moscow, where they were received, the tables literally groaned beneath the weight of the magnificent gold and silver plate.

HENRY WILSON.

NEW SOUTH WALES ART SOCIETY.

THE Society's third annual exhibition was opened on the 17th of March. Owing to the destruction by fire of the Society's rooms in the Garden Palace (see *The Art Journal* for January), it was held in the vestibule of the Town Hall. With very slight exception the exhibits consisted exclusively of works, numbering over four hundred, by colonial artists and amateurs. It is gratifying to be able to state that, on the whole, they displayed a very considerable advance over those shown at the Society's previous exhibitions, evidencing a fair amount of local talent, only requiring development by culture. No doubt, as the Society grows older, it will fix on a higher standard of admission, and many works, which were allowed to figure on the Society's walls *pour encourager les autres*, will be excluded.

The most meritorious works in the collection were some good oil and water-colour pictures by Buxton Knight, and several exceedingly clever and vigorous portraits by Mr. H. P. Russell, an Australian by birth, who studied under Professor Legros. Mr. Russell also exhibited a very ambitious picture, in the æsthetic style, of 'Ariadne,' a life-sized recumbent terra-cotta female figure lying at full length on the sea-shore, on a tiger skin—a work which quite overtaxed his powers. Mr. Russell purposes shortly returning to Europe to resume his studies: judging from the promise shown in his works, there is every probability of his making a name for himself in the Art world. The President of the Society, Mr. Edward Combes, at one time a member of the Langham Club, exhibited some very good landscapes in oils and water colours. Amongst other exhibits deserving of special mention may be enumerated some clever Japanese sketches by Mr. Smedley; a study of still life by Miss Vinter, a lady known in artistic circles in London, who has recently settled in Sydney; and some meritorious works by Messrs. Henry, Collingridge, Piquenit, Minchen, Herne, Stoddart, and Doicemons, of Sydney; by Messrs. G. H. Ashton, J. R. Ashton, Mather, and Parsons, of Melbourne; and Mr. Gill, of Adelaide. Some excellent drawings in black and white, and drawings on china and terra-cotta, were also exhibited. The President delivered an opening address, and congratulated the Society on its marked progress.

An Art Union drawing in connection with the Society was held, and prizes to the value of £280, to be selected from the exhibits, were distributed.

E. L. MONTEFIORE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'WINTER FUEL.' An etching by Frederick Slocombe.—This pleasant etching by an artist already known to our readers would furnish a good text for a lecture on the elementary principles of the art. It strives after two things—the accurate drawing of leafless trees and a strong but simple effect of light and shade. The trees are seen against a clear sky, the light coming from some height on the right, so that it runs, as it were, down the stack of wood to the woodman and his dog, broken sharply by the rough surface of the logs. Thus broad spaces of equal tone are avoided, the absence of fine gradations of shade little noticed, and the expressive power of line needs little assistance. It is only in the distant copse or wood on the right that lines have to be used to express tone rather than form. An etching could scarcely be purer, for the peculiar gift, so to speak, of the needle is to express by clear lines. The ramification of trees in winter is most peculiarly fitted for representation in etching, and there is no one who has used this medium of translation more persistently, and with more success for this purpose, than Mr. F. Slocombe. He has not that delight in the choice combinations of lines which is taken by Mr. Heseltine, nor has he the artistic grasp and selective faculty of Mr. Seymour Haden. He is content to imitate pretty much what he sees, as he sees it, but he does it well and faithfully. In this etching not only are the trees admirably drawn, but there is no confusion between one and the other. Their architecture is well-nigh perfectly expressed and their distance one from the other completely suggested; you can see which way each branch strikes, and feel the light and air between the twigs; and this is all done (perspective, linear and atmospheric, included) by ink of the same colour filling little scratches of different widths. How much science and patience are required to produce so complex an effect by two or three points of various thicknesses, only those who have tried can tell. Some may be inclined to say that after all there is nothing more than a few trees and a woodstack, but Mr. Slocombe is an artist who finds even in the most ordinary of nature's views more beauty than he can express, and those who love nature most will be very thankful for the aid which such faithful studies give towards a more familiar and intimate knowledge of her.

'REFURBISHING.' Engraved by John Godfrey, after P. H. Calderon, R.A.—Whenever the English traveller lands on the Continent, he finds himself at the outset interested in the domestic and apparently trivial incidents of the life of the people amongst whom he has come. Everything has a touch of strangeness which fascinates and amuses; and thus it is that a trip to foreign parts has a charm with which nothing in our own country can compete.

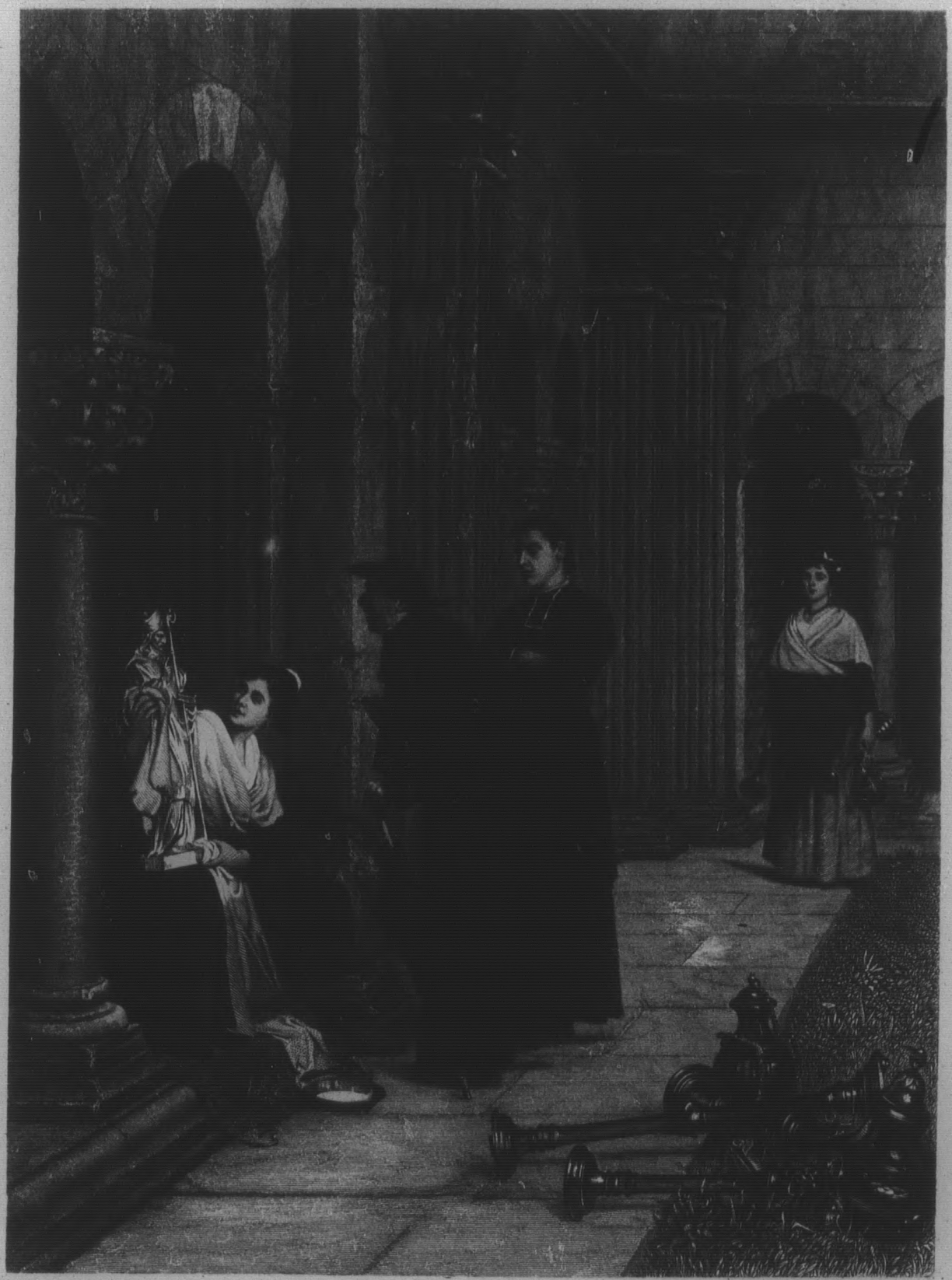
It can scarcely be said that the incident so engagingly treated by Mr. Calderon is one that never could happen in our own country. Doubtless just before Christmas or Easter the servants of the Church are as busy 'Refurbishing' their stock of ornaments as in France; but in England this would probably be relegated to someone whose person was hardly captivating, and whose mien contrasted ill with his employment. They apparently manage those things better in France, for during one of Mr. Calderon's visits to Arles, and whilst sketching the beautiful cloisters of St. Trophyme, he actually witnessed the subject of his painting.

It was the eve of a great Catholic festival—probably the Fête du Pentecôte, for there are indications of spring flowers amongst the grass in the foreground—that, seated in a corner hard by the church, a joyous, rosy Arlesian sat busily polishing and scouring the brass and silver utensils, to an accompaniment of song; her companion, as merry as she, bringing fresh supplies now and again.

Monsieur le Curé, on his way to the interior of the sacred building, views with approval and simple delight the change which his favourite saint has undergone through the process of scrubbing, and is in striking contrast with his companion, the younger priest. The old Curé de Campagne has an amount of faith in symbols and images which education has served to weaken in the rising generation. If the young man's face is an index to his thoughts, it would seem to imply that the cause of religion may be retarded rather than assisted by such aids to faith as images afford.

We have to acknowledge the courtesy of Mrs. Agnew in lending the picture for the purpose of making the engraving.

'THE QUEEN'S MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.' Engraved by H. C. Balding, from the alto-relievo by F. J. Williamson.—This fine piece of sculpture has been erected in Claremont Palace by her Majesty the Queen, to the memory of the Princess Charlotte and her husband, Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. The centre panel represents their married life at Claremont (where the Duke of Albany now resides) in 1816, and gives in brief outline a suggestion of their simple, happy, and charitable way of living there. No more devoted couple ever breathed, and the amiability, accomplishments, and grace of the Princess won the hearts of the whole nation. A brighter prospect seldom if ever appeared before man than did that which opened out before Prince Leopold, for in all human probability he and his wife would have been the highest in the British empire; but on November 6th, 1817, after giving birth to a still-born child, the Princess died; and, as symbolised on the left-hand panel of the memorial, Religion offered the only consolation to the bereaved husband. The panel to the right shows Belgium tendering her crown to the Prince, and Britannia advising its acceptance. The quotations indicated in the engraving were chosen by the Queen. The whole work is allegorically treated, the costumes being of the Saxon period. The memorial was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877.



PAINTED BY P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN GODFREY.

REFURBISHING.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF Mrs THOMAS AGNEW.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, LONDON.

THE opening of the new gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours marks an epoch in the history of the most English of the arts. Hitherto water colour has been treated—so far, at least, as official teaching and recognition is concerned—as a sort of inferior branch of oil painting. Water-colour drawings are, indeed, exhibited at the Academy, but their producers have not, as such, been elected into the Academic body. Two small and strictly exclusive societies, showing only the works of their own members, have been the only official representatives of the art, and there has been no exhibition where, as with oil painters and sculptors at Burlington House, the drawings of young men could be immediately compared with those of acknowledged masters and judged by their standard. Neither has there been any school where the latter could hand down the accumulated results of their experience, and so shorten the labours of the younger generation. Both of these wants the Institute now proposes to supply. Indeed with the opening of the present exhibition the former no longer exists. Three large rooms, having in the aggregate some four or five times as much hanging space as the old gallery in Pall Mall, are filled with nearly nine hundred drawings, of which not quite half are by members of the Institute itself. The rest are by outsiders, and even in two instances by a member of the exclusive "Royal Society," in Pall Mall East. The second experiment—that of inaugurating free schools in which the water-colour method shall be taught in the same fashion as oil painting is now taught at the Royal Academy—will be looked upon by many artists and students of Art as a more doubtful experiment. The value of Academies, or rather the value of the Art taught at Academies, has long been a bone of contention between those who wave the banner of "Art for Art's sake," and those who see no value in Art that is not expressive. The experiment, however, is worth making, and in the absence of those classic traditions which have diminished the power for good of so many schools, it can, at least, do no great harm; while it will bring a certain kind of knowledge within the easy reach of many who would otherwise have to win it with much labour and many disappointments.

The Sanctum Invaded. By E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.

The members of the Institute have been happy in their choice of an architect. Mr. E. R. Robson's reputation has been acquired in the practice of a style very different from that of the building which is now such a conspicuous object on the shady side of Piccadilly, but his solution of the difficult problem put before him deserves the highest praise. The style chosen is a severe form of the Renaissance, in which, on the whole, Greek feeling is more evident than Roman. The details of the lower part of the façade had to be governed to some extent by the complex conditions requiring fulfilment. Six shops with their dependences had to be provided, so as to diminish expense. Room had to be found for ample doorways to the concert-room at back, and for a staircase, which, by its easy gradient and frequent landings, should lessen the fatigue of the climb to the galleries on the upper floor. Finally, the upper part of the façade had to be an expanse of unwindowed wall, varied only by its ornamental details. All these wants have been met by Mr. Robson in the simplest and most direct fashion, and beauty has been insured by keeping the object of the building strictly in mind when deciding upon its proportions and ornament. The internal arrangement of the three galleries is no less happy than the rest. The lighting is excellent, and the skylights far better in design than most of those to be seen in English picture-rooms.

When we turn to the exhibition itself, the first thing we find to commend is the impartiality of the hanging—the absence of any determined desire on the part of the members to reserve all "the line" for themselves. Any such want of liberality would, of course, in the present instance, have been suicidal, but its absence is nevertheless to be praised. The first thing to lament, on the other hand, is the unhappy propensity of the worst artists to paint the biggest pictures. A very considerable number of the most conspicuous drawings in

the rooms belong to that large class of works whose only value lies in their faculty for stimulating owners into a wish for something better. Their presence in such numbers in the present show must, we suppose, be accounted for by a mistaken desire on the part of their authors to do honour to the occasion, but the result is that the exhibition as a whole makes a less favourable impression than it deserves. The good things are mostly small in size, and retiring. Mr. Gregory, for instance, contributes eight drawings—a greater number probably than he has ever before sent to a single exhibition. None of these are large, and all, except one, might easily escape the notice of an unwary visitor. The "one" is an exquisitely painted interior of a studio, entitled 'The Sanctum Invaded.' We give a sketch of it, taken from the admirably illustrated catalogue. A bolder note, perhaps, has been struck in two small drawings, called respectively 'Macfarlane's Geese' (we confess we don't know what to make of this title; it is a girl in a canoe upon some backwater of the Thames, with a picnic party in the distance) (324), and 'Boulter's Lock' (754).

In Flood Time. By Keeley Halswelle.

A central position in the largest room has been awarded to a masterly drawing by Mr. J. D. Linton, called 'Admonition' (484), which we have received the permission of the artist to engrave in line. Mr. Small is a painter of the same school as Mr. Linton. His chief contribution is one of his illustrations to Fielding (428)—'Tom Jones on his knees before Sophia Western.' The figure and general presence of Tom are those of a young man to whom a girl would forgive many things, but we can hardly say as much of Sophia. Another drawing by the same hand, called 'Reminiscences,' is full of good colour and skilful management of light and shadow. Messrs. Clausen, Walter Langley, and Walter Wilson may all be placed under the same category—that is, in technical methods—as the two painters we have last named. Mr. Langley is one of the latest recruits to the Society. His work is well drawn, harmonious in colour, and sincere, but as yet it is

Past and Present. By T. Blake Wirgman.

a little wanting in concentration, selection, and distinction. His best contribution is 'Men must work and women must weep' (507), an old fisherwoman sorrowing with a young one for the loss of a husband and son. Mr. Wilson's most important work is not a water-colour at all, but a pen-drawing of the large room in the new galleries with portraits of the members of the Institute on "touching" day (342A). It is cleverly arranged, and many of the portraits are excellent. Before leaving this particular group of figure painters we must just mention the work of G. F. Wetherbee—whose 'Weed-

burners,' hung rather low in the first room, is remarkable for its excellence in what the French call *enveloppe*—and also that of Messrs. Weatherhead and H. J. Stock, which is allied to it in technique if not always in their choice of subject.

Mr. Israels and Mr. Hugh Carter may also be classed together, in the capacity, to some extent, of master and pupil. The former sends three drawings in his usual style, neither better nor worse than many that have been noticed in these pages; the latter, a very beautiful composition, which he calls 'The Music of the Past' (258). Mr. Carter's ghostly forms and transparent textures are well suited to such a subject as this—a lady of a hundred years ago sitting at a harpsichord among her children. There are numerous greys, silvery blues, greens, and pinks breathed on to the paper with such lightness of hand that the result seems like the transcript of a vision seen in a day-dream. Very different in spirit are the matter-of-fact restorations of Mr. Seymour Lucas, of which 'A Tale of Edgehill' (401) is a good example, of Mr. A. Gow, or of Mr. E. A. Abbey, a young American artist recently elected into the Society, who paints a scene from the New England life of some sixty years ago (473). In precision and delicacy of hand, and in the skill with which its very modest scheme of colour is managed, this drawing deserves no slight praise. Mr. Abbey would, however, have reinforced his chiaroscuro had he reversed the positions of his widower and the young woman who "ambitions," as the Yankees say, to be his consoler. Mr. Randolph Caldecott, Mr. Elgood, Mr. John Tenniel, and Mr. Fred. Morgan all send works that

Gabriel Varden preparing to go on Parade. By C. Green.

deserve to be remembered either for this quality or that; and Mr. Charles Green contributes a happily composed scene from "Barnaby Rudge," of which we give an illustration. Mr. Fulleylove sends a series of poetic drawings made in the gardens of Versailles, the best, perhaps, being 'Water Nymphs' (422). Miss Evelyn Pickering's 'Deianeira' (642) is a graceful figure with well-cast draperies, suggesting, however, an Ariadne, rather than the jealous wife of Hercules. Finally, before quitting the figure painters, we must find space to mention the scene of rustic courtship painted by Mr. Blake Wirgman, whose drawing for the catalogue we reproduce, and the very clever drawings of Mr. Arthur Melville, whose broad, rapid manipulation has more in common with the water-colour works of one or two French and Spanish artists than with that of any other British artist. In the treatment of his subjects, which are always, so far as we have noticed, oriental, and in his management of colour, Mr. Melville has much in common with his French contemporary, M. Benjamin Constant, added to a faculty for selection and concentration which the latter painter is without.

In the matter of landscape, the Old Society has a superiority over the Institute that it will take a long time to obliterate. The recent additions to the latter body have not done much to bring about a greater approach to equality, because few of the landscape painters elected were of the first rank, and of those few, more than one—Messrs. Colin Hunter and MacWhirter,

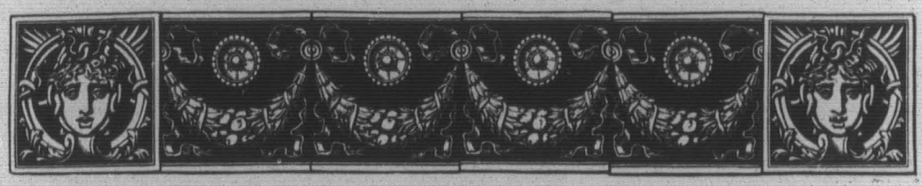
for instance—were new to the practice of the lighter medium. Both of these gentlemen are, however, represented by excellent drawings; Mr. Hunter by a coast scene, with the breakers rolling in upon a sandy shore, which is painted with great breadth, with all the power of suggesting the motion, the shapes, and the changing hues of the sea that characterizes his oil pictures, but with a certain want of atmosphere, and, perhaps, a slight excess of purply tones in its general coloration. Mr. MacWhirter's 'Glimpse of the Sea' (253) is a harmony of blue sky, blue sea, and spring foliage, brilliant in colour, flimsy in texture, and carrying the use of body colour at least as far as it should go. Among the older members of the Society, Mr. T. Collier sends one of his broad, breezy sketches of heath (491); Mr. Orrock, a view from Charnwood Forest, a place which he knows so well; Mr. Lionel Smythe, an exquisite picture (92) of the corn harvest on the Field of the Cloth of Gold (at least, that is what we take the title to mean), with the blue-bloused French peasants up to their arms in the standing grain, and the fussy French farmer riding down the line to see that every man, and every woman too, is earning his *denier*. Mr. H. G. Hine sends no less than eight drawings, the best, perhaps, being 'Midhurst Common, the South Downs in the distance' (479); Mr. Harry Hine, a delicately touched but rather over-harmonized drawing of Lincoln and its Cathedral. Mr. Mogford, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Keeley Halswelle, Mr. Jules Lessore, M. Harpignies, Mr. C. Wyllie, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Hamilton Macallum, are each well represented; the latter by some wonderfully luminous little studies of the sea with boats and fisherman. 'Kilchurn Castle' (490) is a broad, vigorous landscape, very good in colour and very badly hung, by Mr. John Smart, R.S.A. Mr. Robert Allan's 'Old Church at Rye,' (22), and a number of very tenderly felt little studies, little more than broad splashes of delicate colour, by Miss E. A. Armstrong, should also be noticed. Finally, we must record the presence of two drawings by one of the most capable members of the Old—we beg its pardon, the Royal—Society of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. Thorne-Waite. One of these, 'A Barley Field, Midhurst' (503), is a gem of atmosphere, light and colour.

"Men must work and women must weep." By Walter Langley.

A few pieces of sculpture are included in the exhibition. A 'Study of a Head,' by Mr. Harris Thornycroft, and 'A Vagabond,' by Mr. G. A. Lawson, are perhaps the best of these.

If the Institute follows up its new departure in the spirit made evident by this exhibition, it will at least deserve success. It should strain every nerve to strengthen the ranks of its landscape painters, for large drawings such as those to which we alluded at the beginning of this article, drawings which do so much to give a general character to an exhibition, are usually landscapes. Fit rivals to the Alfred Hunts, the Albert Goodwins, the Henry Moores, the Boyces, the Thorne-Waites of the older Society cannot be created in a day, but not an opportunity should be lost for so confirming the favourable verdict pronounced on the present initial exhibition, that when such men do appear they may at least hesitate before casting in their lot with the more exclusive Society.

We shall return to the subject of this Gallery next month, when a contribution will appear from the pen of Mr. F. Wedmore, entitled "A Group of Painters from the Institute."



No. 28.—Tiles for Firebreast. Messrs. Minton.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.*

No. VI.—STONEWARE, FAYENCE, ETC.

THE general tendency in the decoration of all kinds of ceramic ware is, at the present moment, towards a return to those flat, conventional, and more purely decorative classes of treatment which have found their highest expression in the porcelain of China and Japan, and which were also practised by some of the most famous English potters of the last century.

When we come to speak of the Advance made during the last twelve months in the manufacture and decoration of *porcelain*, we shall have to show how greatly that advance consists in the critical selection of the best motives employed in Staffordshire and elsewhere more than a hundred years ago, and how rapidly the more elaborate imitative painting, which looks to Sèvres as its highest development, has given way to a broader treatment, and one more clearly suggested by the forms and surfaces upon which it is used. At present, however, our business is with those manufactures which are generally spoken of, with some want of definiteness, as *pottery*. Even in their case the treatment of natural forms in an imitative spirit is far less common than it was, and is growing rarer every day. In its place is springing up a power of utilising the forms of men and animals for the expression of thoroughly decorative ideas, which has hitherto been conspicuously absent from English Art work. Horses, fishes, birds, snakes, and such nondescript beings as dragons and griffins, are introduced in a fashion combining something of the Italian spirit with more of the Japanese; an ever-increasing faculty for seizing upon their true decorative capabilities, for epitomising their forms without suggesting ignorance in the artist, and for so adapting them to the surfaces of vases and other things as to increase both the beauty and the significance of the work as a whole, may be noticed. All this is a movement in the right direction, a movement towards the day when a piece of ornamental or useful pottery shall appear to be the result of a single act of conception; when the hands of the thrower, the turner, the decorator, and the fireman shall all appear to be governed by a single volition. At present the nearest approach to the desired goal is embodied in the creations of the Brothers Martin, whose stoneware is now beginning to be well known by all lovers of artistic "pots." Their work has recently been described at length by a contemporary, and we need here only refer to it to draw attention to the progress made by them in the last few months. Their productions may be divided into two classes — *grotesques*, in which birds and reptiles are modelled in clay in much the same spirit as that we see in the clever and too little appreciated drawings of Ernest Griset; and pots of various shapes, decorated sometimes with flowers more or less conventional or "impressionistic," as the case may be; sometimes with Renaissance ornament similar to that found upon the majolica of Maestro Georgio. The objects drawn from the kiln in the present year are especially interesting, as they show the highest point as yet reached by the Martins in what is, after all, the rarest and most subtle excellence of the potter, namely, beauty of shape.

No. 29.—Tiles for Firebreast.

No. 31.—Silicon Ware Vase. Messrs. Doulton.

No. 30.—Tiles for Firebreast.

The Messrs. Doulton have within the last few months brought to perfection a new variety of stoneware, to which they give the name of Silicon. The body is an ordinary clay body mixed with colouring oxides, the colour being brought out in the course of firing. It is very slightly glazed, and both to the touch and the eye it has not a little of the texture of the Wedgwood jasper. Various methods have been employed for the decoration of this ware. The most generally effective is, perhaps, a combination of *pâte-sur-pâte* work with moulded

* Continued from page 152.

ornament, of which a fine example is reproduced in our No. 32, below. This vase is light brown in body. It is decorated, in the first place, with conventional leafage and roses, painted with a blue body on the brown, for the phrase *pâte-sur-pâte* may be translated *body-on-body*, in the technical language of English potters. Upon this blue leafage, trailing sprigs of clematis with birds hanging about them are pressed from moulds. This last ornament is glazed with a mixture of feldspar and glass, but the rest of the vase only receives such a gloss as may be given by its vitrification and the exudation of salt from its body.

Another very effective kind of decoration is shown in our Fig. 34. Here *pâte-sur-pâte* work is combined with perforation, with strap work, and with incised lines upon the surface left. The shape and proportions of the vase figured are very good, but it is, perhaps, open to question whether perforations, at least where there is no internal backing, are not rather out of place upon such an object. They proclaim its merely ornamental character too loudly; and when we remember that its shape and the processes of its manufacture are governed by the idea that it must be rendered capable of holding liquids, we must acknowledge that such a limitation is out of place. A third system of decoration is the inlaying of one colour *upon* and *in* another. A vase, bottle, or other article of a blue body is inlaid with arabesques of brown or white, and *vice versâ*.

No. 32.—Silicon Ware Vase. Messrs. Doulton.

The lines of these arabesques are broad, about one-sixth of an inch; they have to be cut and placed with extreme nicety, in order to keep their places under the great heat of the stoneware oven. After the firing is complete, the inequalities of surface left by the decorator are ground down, and as much polish given as may be thought desirable. All this results in a texture that may almost be compared to that of an old and well-handled piece of the "Jasper Wedgwood." At present this last system of decoration has been applied chiefly to objects requiring a clearly marked and not too refined system of ornamentation, such as pedestals for busts or vases, and other large objects; but as time passes, and the capabilities of the process become better understood, its chief advantage will be found, we think, in the certainty with which the most delicate combinations of lines can be worked out by its use. In our No. 31 we reproduce a small bottle upon which the method of decoration of which we are now speaking has been used with the happiest effect.

No. 33.—Persian Ware Plaque, with coloured Glaze. Messrs. Minton.

The other kinds of artistic pottery with which the name of Lambeth has become associated have no very distinct novelties to show as the result of the last year's work. The "Doulton-ware," however, with which the *fabrique* first won fame, has been found well adapted for decoration by a method identical in principle with the repoussé work of the silversmiths, and its leathery body is now being pushed out and pushed in, in a fashion that gives some of its pieces a strong similarity to the modelled and moulded work of Palissy and his successors. Such a system of ornament is very liable to run into vulgarity, unless kept well in hand by a severe taste. When used by itself, without help from incised lines, *pâte-sur-pâte*, or any other process, the broad surfaces of the repoussé details are too blunt and monotonous to be fully expressive. The painted fayence—by which I mean such earthenware as is not white in body—is going through the gradual process of de-pictorialisation (to coin a word) of which I have already spoken, and every day's experience is adding to the beauty of its shapes, and to the harmonious brilliancy of the colour placed upon it by the lady artists to whom its decoration is almost exclusively confined.

Messrs. Minton, of the china works, Stoke-on-Trent, have been devoting some of their attention to the production of tiles for grates which shall be at once more artistic and no less economical than the repetition patterns which have, so far, been most extensively used. We give an illustration (Nos. 28, 29, 30) of a complete "fire-breast," designed by an artist in their employment, etched by him on copper, and printed by

the ordinary china-printing process on a set of sixteen tiles. These tiles can be sold for about three shillings each. The production of a work so æsthetically sufficient for such a sum is one of the happier results of the division of labour. The style, as our readers will see, is based on that of the late Alfred Stevens, as modified by his pupil Godfrey Sykes and by the latter taught to the students at South Kensington. To characterize it in the fewest words, it was remarkable for its coherent completeness, a quality which is hardly distinctive of the very graceful moulded plaque by M. Solon engraved on the opposite page (No. 33). The flowing incorrectness of this figure of a girl wandering aimlessly with a "love" in a wicker cage dangling at her side, is characteristic of an artist who works out of his own head, without the help of models, animate or inanimate. The body of the tile is of a material to which the name of "Persian ware" has been given. A very thick, coloured glaze may be placed upon it with but slight danger of "crazing." The glaze runs heavily into the hollows of the relief and lies thinly upon the high surfaces, thus supplying, automatically as it were, a complete system of light and shadow. Our woodcut is taken from a slab immediately after moulding, so that it hardly gives a fair idea of the appearance presented by the finished work. A jade-coloured glaze sometimes used with this body is very beautiful, and is especially well fitted for hearth tiles to be used in conjunction with white marble mantel-pieces, with the colour of which it harmonizes "to a wish."

No. 34.—Silicon Ware Vase. Messrs. Doulton.

At the famous pottery at Etruria, Messrs. Wedgwood and Sons have been manufacturing ornamental tiles by a system of impressing slips of various colours upon a ground, the design standing up in strong relief. In some situations these tiles will be found a very effective decoration. Mr. Allen, an artist in the employment of the same firm, has painted a series of large plates, some twenty inches in diameter, with fancy heads of the women of Shakespeare. These are far superior to most productions of the kind. In their finished condition, after coming from the oven, they are hardly inferior in truth of colour, completeness of modelling, and richness of impasto, to oil painting. Their backgrounds are gold, with a raised diaper pattern upon it, also of gold. As may be guessed from our previous remarks, such things are, in our opinion, the result of misdirected labour, but if anything could reconcile us to them, it would be such work as the 'Juliet' or the 'Katharine' of Mr. Allen. We engrave the latter below (No. 35).

No. 35.—Large Plate. Messrs. Wedgwood and Sons.

Such creations as the terra-cotta pictures—for so, in truth, they are—of Mr. George Tinworth, and the more humble reproductions of the pictures of other men, such as 'The Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci, carried out with success by Mr. Jabez Thompson, of Northwich, can hardly be included under the head of ceramics. But Mr. Tinworth, at least, is so closely associated with pottery, and his robust and original genius—a genius which in its method of treating the drama of the Passion and other subjects from the Bible, may be compared, at a respectful distance, with that of Rembrandt himself—owes so much to the knowledge acquired by him at Lambeth, that in a paper such as this we may fairly point to the works now collected at the Conduit Street galleries, not as pottery, but as showing what a modern English potter can do.

Finally, we may say that the increased attention now given to the art of the thrower—an art that had been almost abandoned in Staffordshire in favour of modelling—is likely to result in a great improvement in the shapes of ceramic objects, and to the less frequent occurrence than at present of poor forms combined with fine decoration.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN ON BURNE JONES AND THE "MYTHIC SCHOOL."

PROFESSOR RUSKIN delivered his second lecture at Oxford on the 12th of May. He began by explaining the statement in his former lecture that Rossetti and Holman Hunt were "materialistic." By this he meant to describe their "stern veracity" to material fact—their resolve to "draw either what they see, or what they suppose might have been the actual facts of the scene they desire to represent, irrespective of any conventional rules of picture making." One great virtue of this veracity is that, if the spectator has a belief in the scene so represented, it enables him the better to realise his belief; while, if he has no belief, it makes him recognise his incredulity. It necessarily leads also to a completely substantial and emphatic way of painting, in which "nothing is hazy, or hidden, or crowded round, or melted away," and in which "everything is examined in daylight, not dreamed in moonlight." Minuteness, though usually found with it, is not necessary to this style; such minuteness in landscape is "Turnerian and Ruskinian, but not pre-Raphaelite." The really distinguishing characteristic is frank honesty of touch; and no better instance of the opposed vice could be found than Vandyck's 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes' (680 in the National Gallery)—a picture which "suggests the process rather of wiping the brush clean than of painting." But the former process is the more admired, for "brown daubs still hang on the line in the best rooms of the National Gallery, while lovely Turners remain in the cellars, and might be buried in Pompeii for any good that will ever be got out of them there." The truth is that the Dutch painters, living all their lives, if rich, at Court, if poor, in the pothouse, painted courtiers and potboys, but never Peter's face nor the truth of nature, and Vandyck (in the picture above referred to) contents himself with "a wriggle of white paint" to denote the sea. Exactly contrary is the method of the pre-Raphaelites, or much rather the "pre-Rubensites," and for perfect example may be taken Mr. Millais's 'Caller Herrin'' (exhibited at The Fine Art Society's last year), "which in point of Art I should put highest of all the works of the pre-Raphaelite school, and in which the artist has painted the herrings every bit as well as the girl, but without any fear that you would look at the herrings first." The materialistic painters are mostly concerned, then, with real persons in a solid world.

In Mr. Burne Jones, on the other hand, the prevailing gift and habit of thought is personification; and where Rossetti painted Adam and Eve, Mr. Jones paints 'A Day of Creation.' But the vital force of both schools alike lies in their truth. It is a most unfortunate abuse of language that has come to identify a myth with a lie. Archæologists have been very busy of late in seeking to prove that all myths are temporary forms of human folly; but the myth of 'Fortune and her Wheel' is eternally true for all that, and "there is more pure and practical morality in the myths of Pindar than in all the maxims of the philosophers."

In proceeding to the question how a myth should be represented in Art, Mr. Ruskin felt himself rather beyond his sphere. It was his business to tell them how such and such a thing or person *must* be painted in accordance with natural and visible law; but he did not feel himself competent to deal with the appearance of 'A Day of Creation' or the graining of 'Fortune's Wheel.' He was inclined, however, to think that "a certain strangeness or quaintness, or even violation of probability, was not only excusable but desirable in the representation of what was neither body nor spirit nor animal nor vegetable, but only an idea."

One rule, however, might be laid down for certain—namely, that no mystery or majesty of imagination can be any excuse for mere carelessness of drawing; but Mr. Burne Jones's work combined all that was purest and quietest in outline with all that was severest in light and shade. He named especially the designs for the Song of Solomon ("the most important myth in the Old Testament") as being "entirely masterful," and showing drawing "as tranquil and swift as a hawk's flight," and the outlines of the 'Psyche' "the most precious things I have next to my Turners." Mr. Burne Jones had, too, a sense of colour perfect in its way, but he was essentially a chiaro-oscurist rather than a colourist, being diametrically opposed therein to Rossetti.

If all this be true, it becomes (Mr. Ruskin said) a question of some interest to ask why the painters of the mythic school—such as Carpaccio, Burne Jones, Watts—inspire peculiar dislike in most English people of a practical turn. In most cases the general public either likes a picture pretty well, or at worst treats it with merciful contempt; but in this case, if they do not enthusiastically admire, they dislike a mythological picture as if they were personally aggrieved by it. These good people will admire, and rightly admire, a clever picture of a child with a doll; but, after all, however cleverly your child may be painted, it will always be better to look at the child himself. But you cannot see Athena, the spirit of Wisdom, if you would; and perhaps you would not like it if you could. The painters of the mythic school are in the most solemn sense hero-worshippers, and their aim is the brightest and noblest possible, for they at least teach us that "all great Art is praise."

PROFESSOR RUSKIN AND AMERICAN PAINTERS.—The remarks made by Mr. Ruskin (noticed on page 130) having aroused some curiosity, we extract the following from *The Roman News*. Mr. Ruskin spoke of an American lady "whose life and drawing were in every way admirable." "The lady referred to is a Bostonian, Miss Alexander, who for well-nigh four years has been at work on what we verily believe will carry her name down to a distant posterity. It consists of an album, of large size, containing all the *Stornelli* and the *Rispetti*, or love ditties, which Miss Alexander has with great care and patient perseverance gathered both from old song-books and from the *contadini* themselves, they singing the melodies and repeating the words of songs fast being forgotten, even by the old, and she rapidly noting them down. These are all most feelingly illustrated, and in an entirely original manner; such lovely Madonnas and Bambinis, such sweet interiors of the *paesani*, countenances expressing such stern rebuke and sweet approvals, and all surrounded by the many Tuscan wild flowers only noticed and gathered by a true lover of nature. The entire work is done in pen and ink, and though not yet completed, Mr. Ruskin has already bought it, at the price of six hundred guineas, for his Sheffield Museum."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

THE position of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the ranks of the great painters of the world rests almost entirely upon his surpassing merits as a portrait painter. Had he chosen to have carried his teaching into practice, and to have taken his stand as an historical painter, he would have run great risk of ere this being included amongst the buried names of abortive ambition. Although several of his historical productions show signs of power of conception, which might have borne fruit had this faculty been thoroughly cultivated in early life, yet his countrymen cannot put forward his accomplishments in historical painting with any degree of pride. Except his 'Cimon and Iphigenia' (Buckingham Palace), 'Charity' (Lord Normanton, Duke of Portland, and Lord Aylesford), and the 'Snake in the Grass' (National Gallery, Soane Museum, and Baron Rothschild), there is not one of the efforts of his imagination that does not fall short in the conception, or present exaggeration in the design. The 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort' (Lord Leconfield) is an example of the first failing, and the 'Death of Dido' (Buckingham Palace), of the second.

Reynolds, doubtless, was desirous of figuring as an historical painter, and apparently would gladly have exercised himself in landscape also. The many good landscape backgrounds to his portraits would lead us to expect some fine productions in this department of Art from his pencil. Reynolds may fairly be considered to have established the practice of making pictures out of his portraits. When an artist paints a portrait with a plain shaded background, he gives us a work that can excite little interest, unless the subject be a well-known person making a prominent figure in history, or unless the work be some remarkable *tour de force*. There can be no objection to making a portrait also a picture; the orthodox fitting up of the grey interior with book-case, inkstand and quill pen, with the red curtain peeping out at the corner, does not effect this. But the landscape background with some relative incident, such as a view of the subject's residence, succeeds, when the painter is attentive to the picturesque, in converting the portrait of even an unknown personage into an attractive picture. Of course, Reynolds was not the first painter to adopt this practice. Even from very early painters we have portraits with landscape, or, more generally, architectural backgrounds. The school of Lely very frequently added landscape to the portraits they painted, though this was mostly the case with the sham and twaddling allegories they made fashionable. Just previous to the advent of Reynolds, several of the unremembered and ill-regarded portrait painters of England made fairly successful attempts to introduce a *bona-fide* pictorial element into their art;—but it was Reynolds himself that achieved the great result, that imported the vivacity and picturesqueness into portraiture which has since become the characteristic, more or less, of English portrait painting. It was Reynolds that set the example of placing his portraits walking naturally in a landscape, romping with children, lolling against trees, descending flights of steps, and but rarely attitudinising for the benefit of the painter. In this he was followed by Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Beechey, Lawrence, and many others.

Several of the Spencer portraits by Reynolds, in the Althorp collection, have remarkable backgrounds of landscape, notably so in the beautiful picture of the Countess Spencer and her son (engraved by S. Cousins, R.A.) and that of the same lady (engraved by Bartolozzi), in the latter of which it is particularly rich and vigorous. The Rev. W. H. Rooper's portrait of the Baroness Sunderlin has a fine landscape with a distant wood. In the masterly work, 'Lady Smyth and her Children,' belonging to Sir W. S. Stirling-Crawford, the landscape is very completely executed, forming a not unimportant part of this *chef-d'œuvre* of the painter. The wooded and watered landscape forming the background of the portrait of Mrs. Matthews, also in the possession of Sir W. S. Stirling-Crawford, is very able and well finished. It exhibits a real power in this class of Art. The celebrated portrait of Mrs. Carnac, belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., is another instance of Reynolds's power in landscape. She stands under a group of trees, and behind her is a beautiful landscape with a stream to the left. The landscape background is very complete and important in the Aylesford picture of the Countess of Dartmouth, who stands under a clump of trees, against one of which she leans. The portrait picture of the Ladies Amabel and Mary de Grey, belonging to the Dowager Countess Cowper, is very charmingly composed, the figures uniting well with the background, which shows a pedestal with a sphinx to the left and a thick clump of trees behind. The well-known picture of the Duchess of Manchester and her infant son has another fine background, composed of a well-wooded landscape with a lake in mid-distance. The Duchess as Venus bends over her son, who lies at length on the sward as a semi-nude Cupid, and attempts to abstract his weapons. The landscape with an avenue to the left, in the portrait of the Baroness Sondes, belonging to Mr. G. L. Watson, of Rockingham Castle, Nottingham, is most carefully executed and in excellent taste, which is well shown in the fine state of preservation of the picture. The landscape, heavily shaded with trees, in the portrait of Mrs. Seaforth and her daughter, formerly in the collection of M. Wilson, of Brussels, is also most agreeable as a background. The very sweet picture of Miss Price, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, has another beautiful landscape, but the three sheep are badly drawn. In the Earl of Normanton's, Mrs. Stanhope as "Melancholy," the background is a moonlit landscape, the orb rising above the horizon to the left, similar in type to that

in the picture known as 'The Contemplative Boy.' The landscape is charming in the portrait of the Viscountess Folkestone, belonging to the Earl of Radnor. The Viscountess as a girl is feeding some chickens, which are introduced very effectively and without obtrusiveness. In the landscape, a tree is seen to the right, a lake and group of trees in the distance, and a clouded sky above. The series of portraits belonging to Lord Methuen, at Corsham House, have all notable landscape backgrounds, particularly that of 'Master Paul Cobb Methuen and his Sister,' which is most realistic in treatment and conception; trees appear in the foreground and a fountain to the right, a cat is crouching on the wall and looking disdainfully at a pug-dog barking below. Almost equally noticeable is that to the portrait of Master Thomas Methuen. The picture belonging to the Earl of Carnarvon, known as 'The Archers,' containing the portraits of Colonel Acland and Lord Sidney, has a notable background. Overhanging trees fill the foreground, and in the parklike distance are seen a stag, heron, and two partridges. In this case the landscape is really an important part of the picture. Walpole annotated his catalogue of the 1770 exhibition of the Royal Academy (where it was No. 145),—"The trees are very finished" (Cotton). The whole-length of the Countess of Bute belonging to the Marquis of Bute, recently exhibited by him with his collection at the Bethnal Green Museum, has for background an extensive park-scene, with a dog running in the foreground. This landscape is carefully painted with clean fresh greens, and the good preservation of the picture shows it to special advantage. Still more to the point is the delightful portrait of Miss Harris, afterwards Lady Cole, belonging to Lord Darnley. She is represented as a child with a dog; the background is a very fine landscape, groves to the right, stream and copse to the left, and a hilly horizon. Although the trees are a little mannered in execution, the ensemble is most beautiful, and merited the approbation of Waagen, who observes, "The landscape of the background is one of the finest specimens of his skill that I know" ("Art and Artists in England," iii. 26). In the 'Shepherdess,' bought from the painter by the Earl of Inchiquin, the landscape with the thick clump of trees filling the picture is the most important part of the picture,—the shepherdess is a doll, and the sheep, as usual, very poorly figured, but the landscape, really able. The examples cited are but a small selection out of a number, that can be counted literally by hundreds, many, however, obscured by the unfortunate deterioration of colour and surface, which, it is to be deplored, mar the majority of Sir Joshua's noblest productions.

It will be noticed that nearly all of his best landscape backgrounds are given to his pictures of children and beautiful women. The instinct of the picturesque in the painter enabled him to see that these subjects lent themselves most adaptably to the formation of pictures, *i.e.* as distinguished from mere formal portraits. The male attire of that period was but a degree less hideous than that of the present, and Reynolds does not appear to have much attempted to cope with the difficulty of investing it with the picturesque. Hence the frequency of his portraits in Vandyck dress, peers' robes or uniforms. Modern thought has reversed the elder opinion upon the comparative merits of Reynolds's portraits. Walpole expressed the idea, then apparently generally entertained, that Sir Joshua's male portraits were noble, but that he had less success with the fair sex. Nowadays, while not abating the meed of praise due to the former, we regard the female portraits as very greatly superior. This is unquestionably traceable to their greater pictorial qualities. We may test this by a reference to some of the best prices obtained by such of Reynolds's pictures as have found their way into the market—Mrs. Otway and child, 1,200 guineas; Mrs. Thrale and her daughter, 1,310 guineas; Mrs. Stanhope as 'Contemplation,' 3,000 guineas; the same, as 'Melancholy,' 1,000 guineas; Mrs. Hartley and child, 2,520 guineas; Mrs. Hoare and child, 2,550 guineas; Mrs. Morris, 3,450 guineas; Countess of Bellamont, 2,520 guineas; Mrs. Carnac, 1,760 guineas; Felina, 1,260 guineas. These are all female portraits, but we may also adduce some of his child pictures—Miss Bowles, 1,020 guineas; 'Puck,' 1,090 guineas; 'The Strawberry Girl,' 2,100 guineas; Penelope Boothby, 1,100 guineas; 'Boy with Grapes,' 1,220 guineas. All these examples have landscape backgrounds, which are in most cases notable. Thus there can be little question that Sir Joshua's method of picturesque portraiture has much to do not only with their beauty but also with their market value. Against these we may set off, 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' with a sky background, 1,760 guineas; and the portrait of Edmund Burke, in the National Portrait Gallery, with a dark shaded background, which reached 1,000 guineas in 1874. The evidence of the sale catalogues is thus unmistakable. Sir Joshua's most valued pictures are less essentially portraits than pictures.

The backgrounds given by Reynolds to his male portraits are generally of the appropriate character, when not simply shaded. Nobles and persons of high degree are placed in courtly halls; men of science, letters, and the law in their libraries with characteristic properties; naval men by the seashore, and soldiers on the battle-field. In the two whole-lengths of the Marquesses of Townshend, the backgrounds show forts and battles in the distance. The portrait of Jeffery, Lord Amherst, at Montreal, near Sevenoaks, shows in the background the incident of the small boats full of troops shooting the rapids of the River St. Lawrence. The marine backgrounds to his portraits are rather numerous. The very early portrait of Richard, Lord Edgcumbe, leaning on an anchor, is said to have displayed originally a sea-piece with a man-of-war so poorly executed that Lord Richard repainted it himself. Perhaps the most noticeable of the marine backgrounds is that of the powerful portrait of Commodore, afterwards Admiral, Keppel, belonging to the Earl of Albemarle at Quiddenham Hall. He is represented as just escaped from shipwreck, standing on a rocky shore with the beating sea on his left. It was painted in 1753, and was a remarkable deviation from the formal style of portraiture then in vogue. The whole-length of John Barker, engraved by John Jones in 1786, has a view of Ramsgate Harbour in the background. The portrait of Dr. Ash, at the Birmingham General Hospital, has a view of that institution in the landscape behind the figure. Lord Richard Cavendish is represented leaning against a rock in the Egyptian Desert. The background to the portrait of Sir C. Davers, at Saltram, offers a view of Rushbrook Hall, and that of Charles James Fox, with the ladies Sarah Banbury and Strangeways, part of Holland House and grounds. This was painted in 1761, near to the date of the Methuen pictures, and the background is conceived in the same realistic vein. Landscape backgrounds to Reynolds's male portraits are by no means infrequent, but are rarely so noticeable as those appended to the female subjects; on the contrary, they are often careless, as in the Aylesford portrait of the Earl of Dartmouth, although the figure may be of the highest type of his art.

From the beauty and worth of the landscapes which Sir Joshua painted as accessories to some of his finest pictures, we might very reasonably expect to find some actual works of this class from his hand which would give him at least a respectable position as a landscape painter. In this expectation we are somewhat disappointed, for although several works in landscape by him can be enumerated, they are not of high importance, and possess no special qualities or originality, neither do they display any evidence of out-door study. In the collection bequeathed by the Rev. Alexander Dyce to the South Kensington Museum there is among the pictures a small grey oil sketch, called 'Entrance to Thrale's Park at Streatham,' which bears the name of Reynolds; it is on canvas, 10¼ inches by 15½ inches, and is very slight, with little or no merit in the execution. No particulars are given concerning its provenance in the catalogue, and no notice of it is to be found in the bibliography of Reynolds, so that its present attribution is, to say the least, hazardous. In March, 1860, a landscape ascribed to Reynolds was sold at Christie's, with an anonymous collection, for 300 guineas; it was described as 'London from Battersea Fields.' In 1876 there was at Mr. Cox's British Gallery, Pall Mall, a landscape given to Reynolds, and called 'A River Scene with Windmill' (No. 329 of the catalogue). This is possibly the same as one exhibited at the British Institution, 1863 (No. 189), 'Landscape with Mill,' described in *The Athenæum* of current issue as a free adaptation of the celebrated picture by Rembrandt at Bowood, from which it might, not improbably, have been painted from memory. Reynolds has similarly emulated Rembrandt in at least one other picture, to wit, the 'Girl at a Window,' in the Aylesford collection, which is a memory imitation of the well-known work at Dulwich. In 1813, the Earl of Chichester exhibited another landscape ascribed to Reynolds at the British Institution (No. 44); its size is given as 32 inches by 37 inches. At the great sale of Reynolds's works belonging to the Marchioness of Thomond, niece and heiress of the painter, May 18th and 19th, 1821, several landscapes appeared. One with figures was described as bold and in the style of Salvator Rosa. It was bought by Mr. Cunliffe for 42 guineas. A 'Romantic wooded Landscape intersected by a stream, in the manner of Titian,' appeared in the S. Rogers collection (No. 604), sold by Messrs. Christie, May 2nd, 1856; it was bought by Mr. Pearce, of High Holborn, for 105 guineas. The slight description of it given in the title associates it with the picture in the collection of Mr. Theodore Galton, at Hadzor, and recently lent by him to the South Kensington Museum. This picture, which is rather discordant in tone and somewhat dimmed, shows brownish trees to the right and left in the foreground, with three figures to the left; through the opening a lake or river is seen in the mid-distance, the light breaking from the grey sky on the water. The distance is bluish. Waagen (iii. 223) remarks of this picture that "He has successfully aimed at the poetic conception of Poussin. The trees show, however, that he was little versed in such execution." The touch throughout is pasty and wanting in vigour—the whole by no means equal to many of the backgrounds of his portraits. A 'View of Plymouth and the adjoining scenery taken from the hill called Catdown' is among the numerous early examples of the painter at Port Eliot. On the back it is signed, and dated 1748. Tom Taylor says, "It is minutely painted, in complete contrast with his later style." ("Leslie and Taylor," ii. 14, note.) It was exhibited at the Albert Museum, Exeter, in 1873 (No. 16), by the Earl of St. Germans, and is mentioned in George Scharf's notes of the exhibition. Sir George Phillips possesses another undoubted work, a 'Woody Landscape,' on canvas, 24 inches by 29½ inches. Clumps of trees appear on either side of the foreground, a stream wanders through the mid-distance, and a tower appears in the distance to the left. The history of this work is easily made out. A record of it occurs in the painter's note-book under date June 12th, 1770: "Paese senza rosso con giallo nero e turchino e bianca, cera." Beechey thought this entry referred to the Richmond Hill landscape, but was corrected by Cotton. It originally formed part of the Thomond collection, and at the sale in 1821 was Lot 48 of the first day, "A woody Landscape, one of the few performances of Sir Joshua in this line." It was bought by Geo. Phillips, Esq., M.P., of Manchester (afterwards Sir George), for 65 guineas. It was Haydon, according to his own account, who prompted Mr. Phillips to buy this work. He says, "Turchino is Prussian blue. I remember Sir George Phillips buying the landscape. . . . I pulled his coat to go on, at which Lady Phillips was very angry, because she thought it too much." In 1832 it was exhibited at the British Institution (No. 141), as a 'Landscape,' by Sir George Phillips, and in 1882 at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy (No. 185) as a 'Wooded Landscape,' with description. It is a dark picture showing strongly the Rembrandt influence, and, although not important, is a work of poetic feeling. Undoubtedly Sir Joshua's most important and noticeable effort in landscape is Lord Northbrook's 'Thames from Richmond Hill,' otherwise styled 'Landscape—Richmond Hill,' and 'View of Petersham.' This view was taken from a window in the painter's own villa; spare, feathery trees and a group of cattle figure in the foreground, the river with an eyot meanders through the mid-distance, and beyond is a hilly horizon. It is on canvas, 27 inches by 35 inches. This picture was exhibited at the Society for Promoting Painting and Design in Liverpool in 1784, which was the year of its production. In 1813 it was lent to the British Institution by the Marchioness of Thomond (No. 114); the catalogue gives an erroneous date, 1788, and erroneous dimensions, 38 inches by 35 inches. At the Thomond sale (Lot 63, first day, 'View from Richmond Hill') it was bought for 155 guineas by Samuel Rogers, who exhibited it at the British Institution in 1823 (No. 6). At the Rogers sale, May 2nd, 1856, it was No. 702 of the catalogue, "A study from the window of his villa on Richmond Hill, one of his happiest productions in this style," and realised 430 guineas, being bought by Thomas Baring, Esq., by whom it was exhibited at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1870 (No. 48). It was engraved by John Jones in mezzotint in 1800, but the statement on the plate that this is the only landscape produced by Reynolds is, of course, erroneous. Waagen twice mentions this picture in his "Art and Artists in England." In vol. ii. 75, he observes, "In the style of Rembrandt, and of great effect." And in the supplementary volume, page 100, "Here, in the glowing tone and warm reflection of an evening sky, we are reminded of Rembrandt. The treatment of detail is conventional and very slight."

The winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy will perhaps eventually serve to identify some of those works, mentioned in the last paragraph, of which no descriptions have been recorded.

ALFRED BEAVER.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

IT is some seven years ago since a group of young artists, wearied of the conservativism and petty restraints that ruled the destiny of pictures presented to the committee of the New York National Academy of Design, determined upon a revolt. The sting of personal disappointment or the sense of injustice was strong enough to impart to the movement the animus of a reform. Filled with the generous enthusiasms which belong to the divinity of youth, the plans projected were on that magnificent scale of largeness common to inexperience. Republican principles were to govern the rules and the system of the new Society. The advancement of Art was to be held superior to the advancement of the artist. Pictures were to be admitted by vote alone. Their position, even, on the walls was to be decided by the inexorable, unbiassed voice of the ballot.

The Society, in its short career of six years, has run through the experiences common to projects based upon so glowing a prospectus. But in spite of mistakes and monstrosities, the Society, being imbued with a really vital principle of growth and endurance, has not only lived but prospered. To such a degree of prosperity has it attained, that to-day its exhibitions are unique in interest and value. Whatever is best in technical excellence, in earnestness of motive, and in thoughtful endeavour among the rapidly filling ranks of the younger American artists, is to be found on its walls.

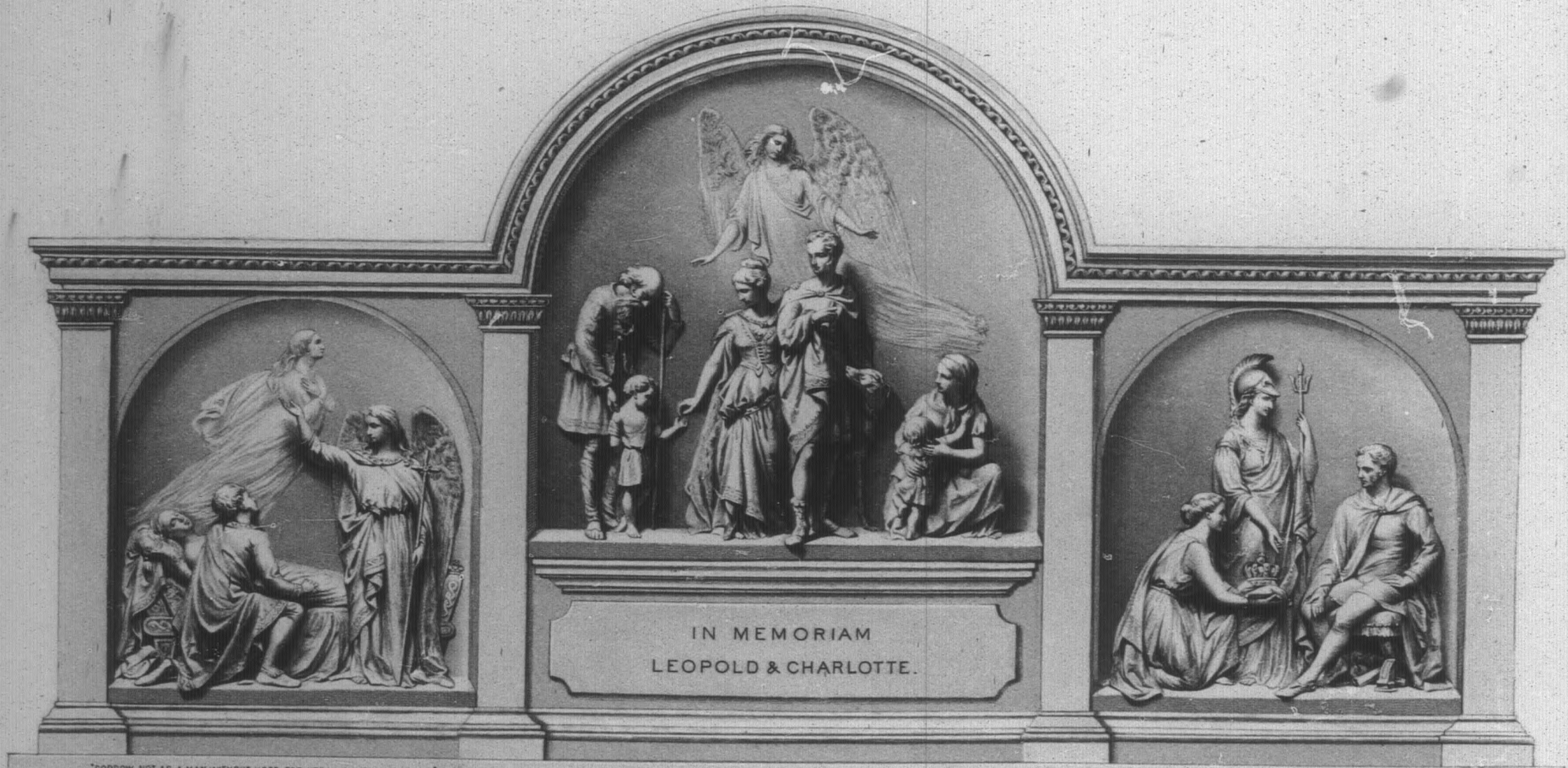
This year's exhibition is unusually good, and this little collection of 150 pictures may be taken as representative of the very best American work. It presents an epitome of its best qualities; of its fresh, crisp, brilliant handling, of its excellence in drawing, of its ardent search after truth, and its susceptive feeling. It would be difficult to find gathered together so small a number of pictures, by native artists, presenting greater variety of method, diversity of style, or a wider range of subject. Whatever else American Art may fail to be, it is certain that it does not sin by excess of uniformity. The training in foreign schools produces at least one surpassing advantage. It prevents that servile imitation of one school of technique which cannot fail in the end to induce sterility. American Art, like American literature, having had to found its style and method upon those of older civilizations, has, until very recently, been denied all individuality. But the question arises whether a nation that goes to school to Europe, and comes home to apply its borrowed knowledge to an unworked mine of fresh material and new subjects, may not achieve results as original as those produced elsewhere. In literature the American note is admittedly a new work. And in Art, some half-dozen men at least have proved by the best of all tests, namely, direct comparison year after year with the works of their masters in the Salon, that, if they have learned their technique in French ateliers, at least they are not indebted to French ideas for their originality.

This note of individuality is particularly marked in this little exhibition. It is easy enough to tell at a glance what young artist has been working under Bonnat or Carolus Duran, or which have studied the secrets of Jules Breton or Munkacsy. But while we have nothing approaching the greatness of these, our young men give us certain qualities peculiarly their own. Chase, Sargent, Swain Gifford, Wyatt Eaton, Walter Gay, Alden Weir are men who, wherever they may have learned their art, have each formed for themselves a style as individual as it is robust. Chase's sober yet brilliant colouring, Sargent's masterly technique and audacious originality of pose and grouping, Eaton's strength in repose, Weir's fine straightforward earnestness, place these men in the front rank, each in their particular field.

The strength of this exhibition lies in the portraits and landscapes. Sargent's portrait of a lady is an old friend, the same that startled the admirers of Bonnat and Duran in last year's Salon by the discovery that neither of these two great artists had discovered all the secrets of painting flesh-tints or of giving an original pose against a rich background. There is, however, in this portrait the same tendency to *parti voulu* that made 'El Jaleo' less valuable as a work of Art than remarkable as a *tour de force*. Contrasted with the repose of Wyatt Eaton's portrait of a beautiful woman, treated with unaffected naturalness of ease, and Alden Weir's admirable sincerity and the forcible dignity with which he has delineated the fine qualities of Richard Grant White's personality, one has a sense of Sargent's novelties paling before the higher and deeper laws of truth which have guided the latter artists.

The position of honour, by the vote of the members, seems to have been accorded to a semi-pre-Raphaelite semi-æsthetic picture entitled 'A Prelude,' by Mr. Dewing. In spite of the evident indebtedness of the artist to the Burne Jones and Rossetti school, it is so well painted as to merit "honourable mention." But one turns with relief from these two impossible maidens, with their rigid muscles and melancholy die-away air, to the robust, healthy naturalness of a picture by a young artist, C. Dannat, of a Spanish interior, 'Après la Messe.' This is one of the strongest pictures of the exhibition, showing not only unusual cleverness in the grouping of a number of figures, but a thorough mastery of technique. Mr. Dannat is one of a group of young men now in Paris, or but recently returned, whose work leads one to expect much of them. Frank C. Jones's 'Fisherman's Daughter' is a charming bit of sunshiny brilliance and truthful insight; Mr. Blashfield's 'The Minute Men,' farmers called to the battle of Lexington, is equally strong in sincerity and clever in action; and Mr. Reinhart's two old French peasant-women 'Card players' is a revelation of this young artist's admirable command of the brush as well as the pencil, he having already won an international reputation as one of the first illustrators of the day.

Swain Gifford has sent a beautiful transcription of nature in one of her most poetic aspects in his 'Sand-dunes.' Mr. Chase has not been so successful in his landscape, but gives us a brilliant bit of colouring in his 'Interior of a Studio.' George Fuller contributes one of his mystical pictures in his 'Nycha'; and Trego's 'Cavalry,' and Blum's 'Venice' merit more extended notice than our space allows.



"SORROW NOT AS A MAN WITHOUT HOPE. FOR HER WHO SLEEPS IN JESUS." 6 NOV. 1817. "THEY VISITED THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS IN THEIR AFFLICTION" 2 MAY. 1816. "SEEK THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU" 1831.

F. J. WILLIAMSON. SCULPTOR.

H. C. BALDING. ENGRAVER.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

THE BACKWATERS OF THE THAMES.*

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY J. HARDWICKE LEWIS.

II.—ABINGDON TO SHILLINGFORD BRIDGE.

BEFORE bidding farewell to Abingdon, we must in fairness make passing mention of the two or three Backwaters which play around the bridge. The walls of the Nag's Head gardens are washed by one which escapes through an arch of its own, and there is another which comes rushing down from the mill on the farther bank. The reach immediately below this very old-fashioned town gives us the agreeable combination of nature and art which is sometimes seen by the waterside of a small country town, a portion of whose modest trading concerns is conducted on the river. There is a malthouse, and there are cottages, and an ivy-covered wall with one line of foundations apparently laid in the river bed. There is, also, opposite the slender-spired church, which we see so long before arriving at and so long after getting clear of the town, the inevitable willow-tenanted ait dividing the stream. The little Ock, fresh from the vale of White Horse, enters the Thames on the Abingdon side.

For some distance now (with two or three exceptions to be noticed in their proper places) the Thames flows through scenery which may without offence be termed homely. Within a mile of Abingdon, a road, passing over Culham Bridge, connects the ancient highway to the once important town of Dorchester with the village of Sutton Courtney. The bridge is an ordinary stone structure, and at its foot softly eddies the sluggish Backwater, known to anglers as Culham Pool. It is at this place that the old river, described in the previous chapter as being in itself a long and diversified Backwater, returns to the main stream, from which it has been long divorced, though in the time of James I. this was the recognised navigable channel. The pond-like pool by which it steals in from Rivy Farm meadows is formed by the long narrow islet which requires a couple of wooden bridges to maintain the tow-path intact, and which virtually acts the part of a dam.

The river now runs broad and steadily through the flat wide meadows, relieved only by the Lombardy poplars and willows, which we always, without being disappointed, expect in the Thames valley. To the left is Culham Church, a very old edifice with a low square tower, and of this the boating-man can obtain glimpses only through the splendid thickets of reeds and rushes which, along the entire distance which is the subject of the present chapter, abound in prolific luxuriance. Amongst them are found aquatic growths which are rare farther down; and here also you may reckon upon marking the earliest arrivals of the sweet little white-throated reed-warbler. Here, too, in their season bloom, strong and plentiful, the forget-me-not, meadow-sweet, loosestrife, and willow herb, a blaze of colour and a store of fragrance, attracting the gaudy dragonfly, the airy butterfly, and the business-bound bee. These are familiar Thames-side treasures, no doubt, along its whole course, but in these upper reaches they are found in all their glory.

Sutton Pool (Illustration No. 10) is, to our mind, one of the finest of the Thames Backwaters. By a fiction, as at other halting-places of this kind, the main river is supposed to be the artificial cut which turns aside to the left, and the actual stream (which at Sutton forms a loop nearly a mile in length) is relegated to the nominal rank and value of a Backwater, which, indeed, from the bargeman's or oarsman's view it is. Sutton Pool, which is declared to be the deepest in the Thames, and to harbour monster pike and trout too wise and experienced to be beguiled by the most cunning lures, may be reached across a bit of meadow to the right. The fall is unusually great at Culham lock, the average summer level making it seven feet. By weir and lasher the water pours over, therefore, noisy and swift, and a swirling, foamy pool is the result. The beauty of the spot is enhanced by peeps of the village of Sutton Courtney, including the church, farm buildings, humble dwelling-houses, and a noble rookery in aged elm-trees, set back effectively beyond the curving bank.

No. 7.—Day's Lock and Sinodun Hill.

Following round this bye-stream, and some hundred yards below the first pool, another weir appears near the mill, with the church showing itself from a new aspect. This, unlike its more turbulent companion, is one of the quieter description of Backwaters, being sheltered from the heavier currents by a series of islets, which are picturesquely wooded, and which divide the channel into a number of rapid, flashing streams.

Between these major and lesser pools artists' studies without number are to be found; and the final sweep, by which the broken currents become absorbed in the main stream

* Continued from page 148.

before arriving at Sutton Bridge, gives constantly changing and always characteristic views of the objects above mentioned. Returning for a moment to the lock, and standing above the cottage, landscapes of a more extensive range meet the eye. The prospect is a wide one. To the north and west the meadows are low and widespread, allowing ample space between our standpoint and the far distance. The village of Sutton Courtney still peeps through the trees to the right, and Culham, with buildings of staring red walls and roofs, are prominent features on the Oxfordshire side. South-easterly there appears a distant crest crowned with two dark clumps of trees. A countryman, of whom an inquiry is made, informs us that the name of this hill, so long as he can remember it, is "Wittenham Clumps," but he believes that "Oliver Cromwell knocked 'em about a good deal." In reality, this bold, down-like eminence is Sinodun Hill, and for some time to come it will be a prominent object, seen now from one side and now from the other, but especially welcome as succeeding to the uninteresting flat country from Abingdon hitherwards.

On the lower side of Sutton Bridge the banks of the river are higher, and the pastoral element is diversified by the evident traces of Roman and Saxon occupation. The grass is short and close, suggesting choice pasturage for Oxford sheep; and gently swelling hills terminate, for the moment at least, the fat meadow breadths through which the river has recently wound its onward way. From Clifton it is but a short step of under two miles north to the cottage where we land at Nuneham Courtney; yet the course of the river has turned to nearly every point of the compass, and by its twistings and windings has travelled through seven miles of country.

No. 8.—Clifton.

An interval of commonplace succeeds the special attractions of Sutton Mill and Pool, and the Appleford railway bridge, black, low, long, and unadorned, is drawn athwart the Thames like a line of erasure over the face of a fair manuscript. Yet these commonplace reaches serve a purpose, and are, indeed, only commonplace by comparison with the conspicuous points which have been from time immemorial seized upon for glorification by pen and pencil, and which produce in the admiring tourist an intensity of delight. The more prosaic lengths of the Thames, of which its course hereabouts is a type, are an excellent foil, however, for the finer scenes that are to follow, and they are, like certain uneventful human lives, unbroken by fretful currents and vexing eddies, while their steadiness of progress insures freedom from danger.

At Clifton Cut the Thames, for perhaps three furlongs, doubles sharply upon itself, and then, apparently remembering the existence hard by of Long Wittenham, with equal suddenness doubles back again, and makes in a northward direction for Clifton Hampden. Clifton Cut, with its plain wooden bridges, high banks, and straight channel, is more canal-like than many canals, and enables the voyager to escape from the tortuous meanderings of the Thames, whilst it shuts him out from the surrounding landscape. The explorer of the river, however, should make a point, while his boat is making the passage of the locks, of walking round both Sutton and Clifton Backwaters, which are not by any means alike, though both are exceedingly long, and both typical in their way of the secluded Thames haunt, rarely vulgarised by steam-launches, and never by barges. They are sometimes called in the neighbourhood, and falsely, private waters; but the time is past when the claims of so-called ownership with regard to such public possessions can be advanced. A still better plan, therefore, than walking, which after wet weather is not easy, would be to go as far as possible up to the weir heads by boat. The shaded loveliness of the watery retreats will amply repay the brief divergence from the upward or downward voyage.

Sutton weir, with the life and motion caused by the big pool, the mill-stream, and the islands, as we have seen, is of more than ordinary picturesqueness, but Clifton is scarcely up to the average of Thames weirs. The banks are bare, and the woodwork of the weir has no water-worn wrinkles or mossy beard to offer in excuse for its severe architecture. It stands solitary and staring, the ideal of a thing devoted to unromantic business (Illustration No. 9). One might almost fancy that the river is quite aware of the kind of governor which civilisation has set over it at this stage, for it falls most demurely over the sill, with scarcely, from year's end to year's end, an angry outburst, and glides into the pool without any of the pretty fuss it made at the last obstruction. The serpentine tail of the pool should be followed round, or a short cut made across the meadow, for the sake of the groups of dark-brown thatched cottages of the real old English type which adorn the farther bank. From opposite Long Wittenham to Clifton lock, however, is a reach that offers little worth going out of the track to observe.

The junction of Clifton Cut with the parent stream opens up, downwards, one of the pet views of the Thames (Illustration No. 8). It is best commanded from the high bank on the Oxfordshire side, and consists of a straight furlong of Thames in the foreground, then the good-looking brick

bridge replacing the ferry-punt and rope which served the countryside for generations, and, beyond it, the well-known Clifton Church, like a city set upon a hill, not to be hid. Our old acquaintance, Sinodun Hill, *alias* Wittenham Clumps, not to be ignored, though still distant, now turns to us another aspect, and there is a winsome hill formation on the southern horizon. The church stands upon a pretty little cliff, and is noteworthy by reason of its elegant spire, in contradistinction to the square towers of other villages. Elevated thus, and placed in a convenient bend of the river, the church is a remarkably striking object, and fortunately its architecture, which is a restoration of no remote date, is worthy of the prominence it obtains. Next to Iffley, it is probably the most sketched church on the Middle Thames. Clifton Hampden village, on the lower ground, and close under the church, is neatness, as its gardens are fruitfulness, personified; and altogether it seems from the tow-path, which has, at the bridge, shifted over into Berkshire, as genuine an illustration as may be found of happy rural England. On both sides of the bridge there are specimens of the cottage eaves under which swallows love to find their periodical home, and a few quaint gables slashed with transverse timbers.

No. 9.—Clifton Weir.

The bluff which bears Clifton Church extends as a steep, lofty bank a short space farther, and its face, rising abruptly from the stream, is hidden by a grand tangle of exposed roots and gnarled trunks, which are, in their turn, here and there concealed by healthy, long-established ivy. At Burcott, on the left, we have trim lawns, boat-sheds, and some better-class waterside houses, succeeded by a collection of poorer edifices of time-stained weather-boards and primitive thatch.

No. 10.—End of Sutton Weir Backwater.

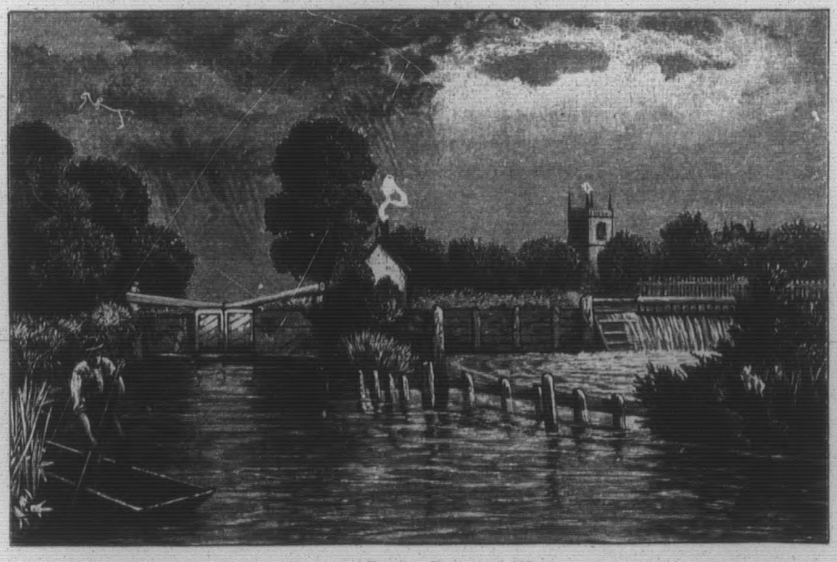
In the centre of the stream is a tiny island, just sufficiently large to sustain ten trees and some undergrowth. The trees are full grown, and the ground, which gave them ample elbow room as saplings, cramps them now, and compels them to lean outwards, so that from a distance they appear to spread like a fan from some mysterious subaqueous roothold. By this time we shall probably have contracted an attachment for irrepressible Sinodun Hill, towards which the river at last trends in earnest, sweeping nevertheless so slowly and methodically (the current being deep and uniform), that in the absence of wind its glassy surface resembles a lake rather than a river of Thames magnitude.

The line of willows which so faithfully, as a rule, stand sentinels over the river, naturally shift with the tow-path, and they accordingly show in welcome force between Burcott and Day's lock, on the left bank. In a measure they compensate for the general tameness of scenery now prevailing in the immediate vicinity of the river, and the well-cultivated uplands are able to make the most of their height, with so much flat land intervening. No guide-book is required to suggest the existence in ancient times of Roman ditches and earthwork fortifications upon those green knolls with the dark tree clumps. The nature of the country tells the tale quite plainly. Sinodun Hill is meeting us at close quarters, dominant in the prospect, as we approach the sandy ait upon which, in summer prime, the gay tents of campers-out are pitched amongst the osiers. At the point, surmounting the whispering foliage, the word "Danger," writ large, challenges the prudence of the unwary paddler (Illustration No. 7). He who runs may read the warning, which is especially timely here, where the overfall itself holds out no visible

signal of its own, and the roar is not of the thunderous order.

To the left, low-lying and half hidden, is Dorchester, the singular tower of whose abbey church barely rises above the trees. On the other side of the river, in a fine position amongst magnificent foliage, is Little Wittenham Church, the hoary tower of which, at first sight, would appear to be the ruin of an embattlement overrun with ivy. Day's weir affords nothing deserving of special notice to the seeker after the picturesque, but it lays itself out with especial promise for the angler, to whom its deep swims are an article of abiding faith.

The Thame, or Tame, creeps into the main river on the Oxfordshire side, about a mile below Day's lock. It is a mean little tributary even at its mouth, and the bridge under which it yields its contribution is mean also. Taken together, they leave a good deal to the imagination; and with respect to the stream, it cannot be denied that this has been liberally supplied to us by the poets of other generations. The Thame certainly cannot complain of being unhonoured or unsung. It is obvious, moreover, that it cannot help being a small affair of a few yards wide; and it enters the mother stream as if it were ashamed of itself, and desired to be swallowed up unnoticed, simply because it is so decreed. Yet much grandiloquent language has been printed and handed down to us about Tame and Isis. For example, one poet represents the little river as a female—a nymph, or a goddess:—



No. 11.—Benson Lock and Weir.

"As she down the mountains came."

Another ascribes to it the other gender. This was Drayton, who remains to this day the poet-laureate of the English streams, and who was at least geographically correct in his description of these two rivers:—

"Tame holds on his even course;
Return we to report how Isis from her source
Comes tripping with delight."

Camden's reference to the "mountains" is mere imagery, of course. The Tame springs out of the Chilterns, and in a very every-day fashion prattles through the vale of Aylesbury, by the village, whither John Hampden retired to die after the wound which, it has recently been made clear, he received from the accidental discharge of his own pistol, and not from the Royalists on Chalgrove field. For awhile the Tame is the boundary of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire. Then it comes to Dorchester, which, reduced to small pretensions now, once had its bishop and seven churches; and soon, after transacting a little mill business there, it ends what Drayton rightly describes as its "even course," by a quiet marriage with the Isis. The happiest description of the two rivers is that in Pope's familiar couplet:—

"The famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame."

The scenery of the Thames, which has not altered its character during the previous two miles, improves as we progress in the direction of Shillingford. The village is in Oxfordshire, and there is somewhat of a wharf by the water's edge, and a few substantial commercial buildings, to which a small fleet of barges is attached. Strange to observe, the parish church, which has been conspicuous in the villages passed since we left Oxford, happens to be absent from the glimpse of Shillingford which we obtain from the river. The Thames makes a sudden swerve to the right, as if impatient to get nearer to the hills, which have latterly begun to assert themselves boldly. Broadening out, it makes a correspondingly abrupt turn to the left, permitting in the movement a strong formation of one of the reed beds technically termed a "flam."

Shillingford Bridge is a handsome stone connection of the high road between Oxford and Reading, and has a light and agreeably ornamental balustrade. Through its main arches, which act as frameworks, three separate landscape pictures are presented as we drop down the middle of the river. The central arch is the largest, and offers a very captivating view—a far-away background of hills, cultivated to the summits, and coloured with crops of grain, grass, or roots, according to the season; the village of Benson at the foot of the slope, making an excellent middle distance; and, nearer, a green plain, intersected by the shining river.

Benson lock and weir (Illustration No. 11), about a mile and a quarter below the bridge, is somewhat removed from the village from which it takes its name, and perhaps it is best known to Thames voyagers as the halting-place from which a pilgrimage is made, as recommended without fail, to the church and cloistered almshouses at Ewelme. The church itself is famous for age and architectural excellence, but the chief object of attraction is the splendid altar-tomb, elaborately sculptured, to the memory of that Duchess of Suffolk who was lineally descended from the immortal Chaucer. There is a peculiar antiquarian value attached to this monument, it being said to be one of the two remaining recognisable examples in the country of a female figure, in such a position, wearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

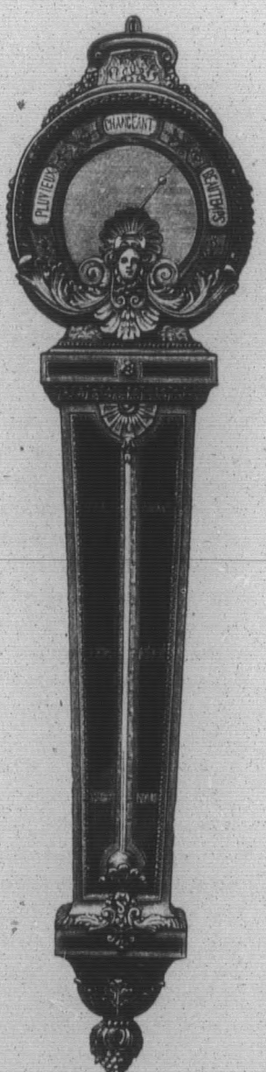
W. SENIOR.

THE JONES BEQUEST TO SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.*

WE have now briefly to consider another important group of Art treasures, namely, the Sèvres and other porcelain, some examples of which have already been brought under the notice of our readers. Before, however, we pass on to the Sèvres porcelain, we may be permitted to notice in a few words the examples of china from other localities in the Jones collection. Concerning the Chelsea, to which we drew attention in a previous article, we need only point out that the productions of this English factory have more nearly than others, perhaps, competed with Sèvres in the matter of the high prices for which they have recently been sold. In the mere mechanical details of manufacture our English potters of the last century never reached the perfection attained in France, and we can only claim for a very few and rare examples a degree of beauty and excellence in the painting and general

No. 19.—*Chelsea Vase* (*No.* 825).

design at all on the same level with the best productions of Sèvres. Mr. Jones had among his specimens of Chelsea porcelain an unusual number of the larger and more important pieces on which its artists lavished their utmost skill; foremost among these we may place the splendid vase, No. 825, of which we give an illustration on this page. This vase is of the largest size attempted at this factory, being over fifteen inches in height. The gilding is of very fine quality, and the painting of the figure group and landscape in the panels is in the best taste. The handles, which are formed by winged figures in biscuit, are somewhat peculiar, and have been most probably inspired by a Sèvres model. There is usually much novelty and originality in the designs of Chelsea, which, perhaps less than any other English factory, copied and imitated the foreign porcelain with which it was placed in competition. The Chelsea animal and figure groups would, no doubt, never have been produced but for the existence of the Dresden works; but it is rare to find a Chelsea figure which has not sufficient individuality and character as to leave no doubt for one moment of its English origin. There are in this collection some Dresden animals which well illustrate this assertion, for it will at once be admitted that the sheep lack entirely the fleecy contentedness of the Chelsea lambs which many can remember on the mantelshelves of our grandmothers.



No. 20.—*Barometer of Boule Work, with chased Ormoulu Mounts* (*No.* 367).

We must not omit to call attention to the splendid pair of vases, No. 216, which are of unusual size and importance. The ground, of dark blue, is one of the richest of the Chelsea colours; the vases, however, are somewhat marred by the eccentric forms of the handles. The gold is very rich, and the quality of the gilding practised at the Chelsea factory has seldom been surpassed in subsequent manufactures. This particular pair of vases is known to have been purchased in Russia, a country in which the best of our porcelain and silver of the latter half of the last century seems to have been greatly appreciated.

The specimens of Chelsea painted with exotic birds are said to have been many of them decorated by Donaldson,

* Continued from page 200.

and the work of this artist is generally found on pieces of the very highest quality, marked with the anchor in gold. The colour in which this distinctive mark is placed on the base of the object is a very good criterion of the value at which it was estimated by the producers. On pieces of inferior quality the anchor is in brown; on those of the medium quality it is in red; and only the best specimens bear the anchor in gold.

The three vases with May-flowers in relief, No. 222, are typical examples of one of the most favourite varieties of Dresden porcelain. We cannot speak of this mode of decoration in terms of praise. The protuberant flowers are so fragile that the work is only fit to be placed under a glass shade; and beyond the mere feeling of astonishment at the skill involved in their manufacture, there is little to be said of them. Dresden china of this kind is so plentiful that a large staff of workmen must have been engaged all their lives in producing these what may be called masterpieces of false principles.

No. 21.—Group in Sèvres Biscuit (No. 193).

Mr. Jones had a small but well-chosen collection of Oriental céladon porcelain. Among the examples may be found specimens of nearly all the tints in which this china is known. Of course the true céladon is the grey-green colour of which the pair of vases, No. 227, are good types; but all shades of grey and pale blue porcelain with a rich glaze, and more or less minutely crackled, are classed as céladon, a French name for a faded or very pale green. The exact meaning of the term, as now used, is descriptive of the green semi-opaque enamel used to cover a coarse paste. The merit of this kind of porcelain in the eyes of the connoisseurs of the last century was doubtless the excellent manner in which it lends itself to mounting in ormoulu. It seems hard to imagine that many of these specimens were not produced with a special view to be enshrined in the gorgeous metal work with which they are now associated; such was, however, not the intention of their original manufacturers, but the French artists generally found means to add a base of metal to the vase, or a wreath of chased foliage to the neck of the beaker, which improved the outline and enhanced the general effect; and the richness of the contrast of the greys of the céladon with the bright tints of the ormoulu have been attained in no other description of porcelain.

No. 22.—Etui of Agate, mounted with Gold Repoussé Work (No. 471).

Perhaps the most important examples of céladon ware in this collection are the fine vases already mentioned, No. 227, of pale-green crackled ware, the grey crackled vases, No. 235, and the pair of ewers, No. 238, all of which are mounted in chased ormoulu. The grey-blue fluted vases, No. 232, which present no indications of crackle, are more likely to be Japanese, for this colour, the so-called "starch blue," was produced most successfully in that country. The Chinese reckon the céladon ware to be the most ancient description of porcelain, and attribute to certain of the specimens an almost fabulous antiquity. It is asserted, indeed, that Wan-tih, a poet of the Han dynasty, one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, refers in one of his poems to a green porcelain, which is taken to be a species of céladon ware. The vases, No. 236, converted by the mounts into ewers, are scarcely entitled to appear in this section.

The enormous value recently attached to choice specimens of Sèvres porcelain has awakened great interest in this subject, and the public have hitherto had but few opportunities of seeing a fine collection of this china under circumstances so favourable for its careful observation as are now afforded at the Museum.

By far the most numerous of the specimens of porcelain in the collection are those from the Sèvres works, and the examples most highly prized are those of the old soft paste which may be said to have been produced between the years 1753–92. The former of these dates was that when King Louis XV. took the works under his special protection, and from thenceforth the letters of the alphabet were used to denote the year, 1753 being A, 1754 B, and so on. After the Revolution the manufacture of soft paste was entirely abandoned in favour of the hard paste invented by Macquer about 1769: this, though a superior description of porcelain, did not lend itself to the same beauty and richness in the decorations. The colour,

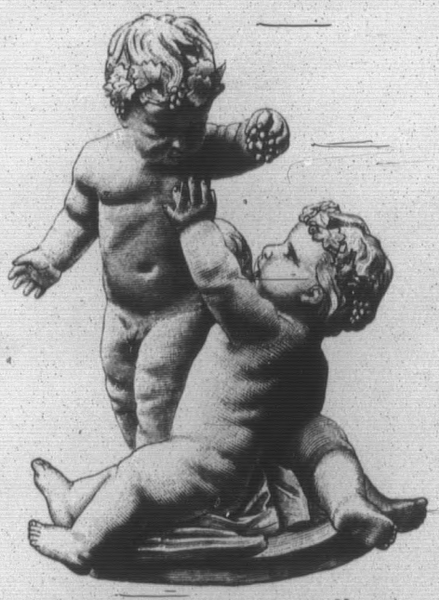
instead of melting and sinking into the glaze, remained with a somewhat harsh effect on the surface, and the subsequent work of this royal factory has never been sought after by amateurs with the same avidity as were the earlier specimens. From the period of the discovery of the hard paste until the end of the last century, both kinds of porcelain were produced concurrently, but the best of the soft paste was that dated about the sixth and seventh decades of the century. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of collectors, much old soft paste was made and left in the white state, undecorated, either in consequence of some slight defect in the firing process, or in some other stage of its production. This porcelain was bought up subsequently by unscrupulous persons and decorated in the old style, commanding enormous prices. There is, we regret to think, more of this forged Sèvres in the market than most persons imagine.

No. 23.—Armoire of "Boule" Work, designed by Berain (No. 405).

Of the early work, before the removal of the factory from Vincennes in 1756, there are three dated examples in the Jones collection. We have already referred to one of them, a clock; the other specimens are cups and saucers of minor importance. Among the most precious of the Sèvres vases is undoubtedly that made for the Empress Catherine as a present for Gustavus of Sweden, No. 175. This was purchased for Mr. Jones at the San Donato sale. The principal subject, a coast scene by Morin, after Vernet, is inscribed "Catherine II. Gustave III. Neutralité armée. 1780." Some of the best artists of Sèvres were jointly occupied in its production; the bouquet of flowers having been painted by Fontaine, and the richly gilt chaplets of oak-leaves by Le Guay, whose mark it bears. It is somewhat difficult among so many choice pieces to select two or three for special mention. For its elegance and beauty the oviform vase, No. 150, deserves, however, a prominent place. It is of the much-admired pale, or turquoise blue, painted with a landscape on one side and a group of flowers on the other in medallions, the handles being in the form of busts. The cover of this vase bears the mark of De Choisy ℛ, a well-known painter of flowers and arabesques. The vase stands on a chased ormoulu plinth. Another charming specimen of turquoise Sèvres is the rose-water ewer and basin, No. 160, signed with the mark of Madame Binet, S. C., the initials of her maiden name. It is painted and gilt with flowers on a white ground. The cabaret, No. 178, which contains the complete equipage of such a service, with the exception of the cream ewer, is dated 1760, and is painted with various trophies and emblems by Buteux. The cypher of this artist is an anchor. The ground is of the rare mottled turquoise blue known to connoisseurs as "bleu turc."

There is but one specimen of jewelled Sèvres, a mode of decoration said to have been introduced about 1780, viz. the gros-bleu cup and saucer, No. 179. We cannot pretend to any deep admiration for this kind of decoration, which belongs to the period of the decadence, and introduces a false tone into the otherwise harmonious enrichment of Sèvres porcelain. Before quitting this division of our subject we may notice briefly the statuettes and groups in Sèvres biscuit of which Mr. Jones had a few choice examples. It is scarcely necessary that we should state that biscuit is simply the porcelain body fired without glaze. We are able to illustrate two of these groups, No. 193, each of which represents three children at play (Nos. 21 and 24). They may have been modelled by Bouchardon or one of his school; many of the best artists of the time were engaged in furnishing models for the Sèvres works. The groups we have drawn are on chased ormoulu bases.

We may now turn to the furniture, which is perhaps the most attractive, and at the same time the most valuable portion of the collection. One of the most important, and certainly the most imposing, of the articles of furniture is the great armoire, No. 405, in buhl, or it should be written "boule" work, for the latter is the correct spelling of the name of André Boule, the famous cabinet-maker who first practised its manufacture. This armoire is said to have been designed by Berain for Louis XIV., and was most probably made quite early in the last century. It bears in its central panels the royal monogram, the interlacing L's, inlaid in metal on a blue ground. In the beauty of the ornamental design and the character of the inlaid metal work this grand piece of furniture is probably unrivalled. An eminent connoisseur assured us that he had seen nothing to equal it in France, but Sir R. Wallace has a somewhat similar example in his collection. The main framework is of ebony, with panels of tortoiseshell, inlaid with arabesques in brass and white metal, broadly and boldly designed, as will be seen from our illustration (No. 23) on the previous page. The history of this armoire is one of much interest, as Mr. Jones is said to have purchased it for a comparatively moderate sum from a mansion in Carlton House Terrace. It has been recently valued at £10,000, though this is admitted to have been an amount which would have failed to buy another specimen, were such known to be in the market. It will be instructive to contrast this armoire with the boule cabinet purchased from Mr. Baring, No. 407. This was almost the last acquisition made by Mr. Jones before his death, and for it he is known to have paid £3,000. The heavy chased ormoulu mounts interfere rather with the general effect, and there is much less grace and beauty in the design of the metal inlays than of those in the armoire. Another little cabinet, formerly at Stowe, may be mentioned here. The framework is of boule work, but the door and side panels are of Japanese lacquer, a somewhat infrequent combination. It has on it a marble slab, and though apparently of Louis Quinze workmanship, the mountings are presumably later.



No. 24.—Group in Sèvres Biscuit (No. 193).

The luxurious period of Louis XIV. and his successor witnessed the introduction into France of many newly designed objects of furniture, for which special names had to be found. It is to this epoch that we owe the commode, the gueridon, the encoignure, and numerous other objects. Nor was the simple wood, however much it might be carved, or inlaid, or incrusted, sufficient in itself to give the desired effect of abundant and elaborate ornament. We soon find lacquer panels, gilt metal, slabs of porcelain, and even mosaic work and precious materials of all kinds, employed to give richness and variety to the costly *chefs-d'œuvre* of the cabinet-maker, and the most beautiful and richly painted plaques of Sèvres form the tops of work-tables and gueridons. While on the subject of Sèvres plaques used for furniture, we may point to the illustration No. 25, of one of the most graceful specimens, viz. the secretaire or *bonheur-du-jour* of kingwood and tulip-wood, in geometrical diaper, inlaid with Sèvres plaques and mounted with chased ormoulu.

Our remaining illustrations are another of the very graceful barometers in this collection, No. 20. It is of boule work, with ormoulu mounts; the outline is characterized by great simplicity, and there is much refinement in the general form and composition. On comparing it with later examples, it will be manifest that a vast amount of unnecessary ornament was frequently introduced, and not always with the happiest effect. No. 22 is an etui, or lady's companion, of agate, which has been the object of much speculation among cognoscenti. The workmanship is extremely beautiful, and is looked upon as most probably French; the watch, however, bears an English maker's name, "Williamson, London," which raises a doubt as to the maker of the whole etui. The mounting consists of chased gold repoussé work, and on the lid is a bouquet of flowers composed of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, a description of ornament which is very interesting, known as "giardinetti" work. The etui contains ten articles, scent-bottles, eye-glass, etc., chiefly of agate mounted with gold.

No. 25.—Secretaire inlaid with Sèvres Plaques and Ormoulu Mountings (No. 628).

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE motto chosen by the editors of the catalogue of the one hundred and fifteenth Exhibition of the Royal Academy is more apt than was probably anticipated, for the maxim of Seneca, 'Non est ars, quæ ad effectum casu venit,' though applicable enough to dialectics, is scarcely true of the painter's or the poet's art. The want of imagination or happy inspiration is what makes itself felt in walking through the rooms at Burlington House. Of technical skill, of carefully elaborated *concétti* there is no lack, but it would almost seem that in proportion as our artists acquire facility of expression they lose originality or power of imagination. It may be that amongst the many thousands of rejected works sent in for approval some evidences of original but untrained genius might be found; but of these we know nothing, and our business lies only with those works which the secret tribunal sitting at Burlington House has seen fit to pass as the best and most hopeful specimens of National Art. The number of oil paintings accepted and hung (not always with best regard to taste, or even expediency) is exactly 1,000; the water-colours, which seldom attract notice, and might as well be transferred to either of the existing societies, number 215; the architectural drawings, 124; miniatures, 80; engravings and etchings, 106; and of sculpture there are 168 specimens. All the existing Academicians are represented with the exception of Mr. F. R. Pickersgill and Mr. G. Richmond; whilst from the associates the only absentees are Messrs. Bodley, Erskine Nicol, and W. F. Woodington.

The rumour which gained currency during the early part of the year to the effect that a limit of five works from any member of the Academy would be self-imposed, has not been altogether observed, Mr. Frank Holl sending eight portraits and Mr. Birch as many busts. Mr. Millais sends seven pictures; Mr. Wells and Mr. Ouless six each. Altogether the Academicians contribute 126 works and the Associates 83; figures which suggest the idea that, with some allowance being made to portrait painters, the French system of limiting each artist to two works might be adopted without much real detriment to their welfare. The exception proposed, however, would probably render the rule either unjust or unworkable; especially as there is every year an increasing tendency on the part of our artists, so soon as they have attained notoriety or success, to turn aside towards the pecuniary rewards held out to portrait painters, and Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Long, and Mr. Herkomer are amongst the most recent followers of the road so successfully travelled over by Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts. Taken as a whole, we should say that this year's exhibition is strong in portraits and figure painting; it contains half-a-dozen excellent specimens of genre pictures, but shows a lamentable falling off in landscapes, which at one time were the stronghold of English Art, but is now sustained chiefly by Mr. Hook, Mr. P. Graham, Mr. W. P. B. Davis, and Mr. MacWhirter.

With these few remarks we pass on to note the principal contents of each room.

GALLERY I.

No. 5. 'An Offer of Marriage,' by MARCUS STONE, A.R.A. Another phase of the idyll which Mr. Stone began to relate so pleasantly last year. The scene and the characters are but little, if at all, changed—the two lovers in last century costumes, the terrace and its accessories, and the groves of dark shadows beyond. Mr. Stone understands not only the limits of his own powers, but those of true genre painting, and he can consequently produce a work which is complete in every sense, well conceived, well drawn, harmoniously coloured, and perfectly intelligible.

No. 6. 'The Bride,' by H. T. SCHÄFER. An elaborate attempt at rendering classical a somewhat popular theme—the colouring very delicate, but the sentiment forced.

No. 10. 'Waiting: Dittisham Ferry,' by DAVID CARR. A girl coming down the steep path. A bluish green is Mr. Carr's favourite colour. There is more imaginative power in this work than in the majority of this year's pictures.

No. 18. 'Miss Edith Law,' by H. RAEBURN MACBETH. A vigorously painted portrait of a young girl seated in a chair and leaning eagerly forward.

No. 19. 'The Connoisseur,' by G. A. STOREY, A.R.A. The elder Teniers on his donkey going round the villages to dispose of his pictures. The figures clustered round the alehouse looking with certain contempt on the wares offered are full of humour, but the landscape is rather English than Flemish.

No. 20. 'Don Quixote and Sancho at the Castle of the Duke,' by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. A very dignified, quiet rendering of the Don, vigorously painted and simply treated.

No. 28. 'Catching a Mermaid,' by J. C. HOOK, R.A. Some sea urchins dragging to shore the figure-head of a wrecked ship. The colour of sea and coast more subdued than is customary in Mr. Hook's works, amongst which this will probably take a high place.

No. 29. 'J. C. Hook, Esq., R.A.,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. An admirable portrait of the artist in brown shooting-coat, harmonizing with his grey-brown beard, may rank as the most successful portrait of the exhibition, and is happily hung between two of the artist's best works, that already mentioned and,

No. 36. 'Love lightens Toil,' by J. C. HOOK, R.A. Another phase of the sea when wind and storm are passed—a deep, clear bay, on the seaweed-covered rocks of which the toilers pursue their happy task, and the mother with her babe looks on.

No. 37. 'Une Grande Dame,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. A chubby-faced child in a brocaded smock, holding a green paroquet on her finger.

No. 42. 'A Sacrifice,' by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A. A scene in an over-trim barber's shop. A young flower-girl, with golden-red hair, has consented to be shorn of her glory in order to enable a fop, who is seen through the doorway, to match a rival's periwig. The figure of the barber is somewhat tall, and the hair, which above all is the centre of the picture, is not delicately painted. The colour approaches Mr. Orchardson's greenish yellow, but is used discreetly.

No. 43. 'Where is It?' by H. S. MARKS, R.A. A thoroughly Dutch interior, a man busily hunting through the drawers and recesses of his bureau in search of a missing paper.

No. 49. 'Father's Dinner,' by ARTHUR STOCKS. A small

girl, with a red kerchief round her head, carrying her father's dinner in a basin; a bit of realism carefully carried out.

No. 52. 'A Queen's Scholar,' by J. PETTIE, R.A. An over-studious Westminster scholar in his black gown and cap against a red background—the artist's best work of the year.

No. 57. Portrait, by Miss J. M. DEALY. A pretty girl among daffodils and wallflowers.

No. 58. 'The Grey Lady,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Whether she be somnambulist or ghost, there is an air of mystery round this grey lady, feeling her way through a moon-lit corridor, which makes attractive her weird figure. It is Mr. Millais's only work which is not more or less obviously a portrait, and in its treatment he is able to show how completely he is still the master of drapery and harmonious colour.

No. 68. 'Bébelle,' by Mrs. K. PERUGINI. A pretty wax-like face with violet head-dress drawn over her fair hair—very harmonious in colour.

No. 70. 'The Last Look,' by MAYNARD BROWN. The breaking up of an old home, painted in the tone and colour of Mr. Fildes's well-known 'Casual Ward.'

No. 83. 'The Enchanted Lake,' by ALBERT GOODWIN. The transparent lake over which the Sultan's camp is suspended.

No. 86. 'A Quiet Noon,' by PETER GRAHAM, R.A. A stretch of seaside moorland. The landscape is bathed in sunlight, the sea at rest, and every blade of grass quiet.

No. 92. 'The Waefu' Heart,' by THOS. FAED, R.A. A woman and her children sitting desolate on Logan braes.

Nos. 91 and 97. 'Merab' and 'Michal,' by E. LONG, R.A. The two daughters of Saul—the former proud and disdainful, the latter tender and trustful. Merab is surrounded by armour and implements of war; Michal by tapestry and needlework.

No. 98. 'Parting Day,' by B. W. LEADER, A.R.A. A wide landscape over which the shades of evening are falling: the river flowing sluggishly along is ably rendered.

No. 103. 'The Jury,' by F. BARNARD. A humorous rendering of a suggestion from "Pilgrim's Progress," the twelve jurymen, repeating the weaknesses and passions of our common nature, are depicted with no little force—especially the foreman, Mr. High-Mind, and Messrs. Malice and Live-Loose.

No. 105. 'Consuelo,' by ANDREW C. GOW, A.R.A. The little Consuelo taking her singing lesson from the great Porpora.

No. 111. 'An Impromptu Toilet,' by J. SANT, R.A. A merry child who has assumed a brick red domino, left by some returner from a masked ball; painted with strength and sense of humour.

No. 112. 'Piccadilly,' by E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A. Taken from the corner of Bond Street and looking down upon the meeting spot of St. James's Street; clever in the style in which M. Nittis and others excel.

GALLERY II.

No. 120. 'Natural Enemies,' by H. HERKOMER, A.R.A. A group in a Bavarian wirthschaft, but the story is not clear. The unwelcome guest may be a Jäger, a poacher, or an Italian from the other side of the pass. Angry words are flying, and blows may follow. Meanwhile the stranger holds his own.

No. 124. "Marsh and Moorland," by BRYAN HOOK. Sun gleaming over a bright landscape painted in subdued tones; cattle dreamily enjoying themselves in the meadow.

No. 136. 'Home from the Brazils,' by C. W. WYLLIE. A ship in dock being calked and repaired; simple and methodical, and promising greater things.

No. 141. 'Madame Dubois,' by J. DE LALAING. A very large canvas, occupying an unusual amount of space for a first work. The old lady in black seated beside her work-table is very dignified, and the picture agreeable in colour though low in tone. The influence of the Belgian painter, Portaels, is strongly visible in the work.

No. 142. '. . these yellow sands,' by JOHN BRETT, A.R.A. A bit of Cornish scenery bathed in sunlight, in which the porphyry and serpentine rocks glisten and shine as only Mr. Brett can make them in pictures.

No. 143. 'Mrs. W. H. Kendal,' by VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., in the red dress worn by her in Tennyson's *Falcon*.

No. 148. 'A Dutch Ferry,' by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. A group of white-capped women of Friesland or Marken, seated under an old pollard willow; at the side two others with their well-filled baskets are resting on a settle. The ferry is slowly coming across the milky-white water. A woman and child carrying flowers are just appearing over the margin of the frame.

No. 150. 'Zuleika,' by WM. WONTNER. A powerfully painted face of a girl in an olive-grey dress and blue kerchief.

(*To be continued.*)

PURCHASES OF PICTURES FOR THE AUSTRALIAN GALLERIES.—Another of the Australian colonies has come into the English market to purchase pictures. The Parliament of South Australia having voted for two years the annual sum of £1,000 towards the acquisition of pictures for their National Gallery, they have obtained the services of Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Poynter as a committee of selection. These gentlemen have made purchases with a discretion which is commendable not only from an artistic, but from a marketable point of view. One half of the money has gone to buy Mr. Waterhouse's 'Favourites of the Emperor Honorius,' which the artist's namesake, the Associate, having bought, he gracefully conceded. The balance has been spent on the following works—Mr. Prinsep's 'Titian's Niece'; Mr. Nettleship's 'Seeking his Meat from God'; 'Under the Beeches, Malvern,' by David Bates; 'The Student,' by Florence Martin; 'Tam o'Shanter,' by J. E. Christie. Messrs. Chevalier and C. M. Smith, the well-qualified committee of the Museum of Sydney, having a large grant at their disposal, adopt different tactics in their purchases. At present they feel that the colony wish that their possessions should combine educational as well as artistic qualities, and therefore they will again this year rob us of a representative picture of the English school which we can ill afford to lose; for Mr. Fildes's 'Widower' is not only his finest work, but it may be said to stand at the head of that class of pictures in which the poetry of common life has been placed on canvas: it almost alone amongst them has pathos without vulgarity, and much beauty which would certainly not have found a place in the work of a less talented artist. The price paid for the picture, £2,100, was not more than its worth. The other purchases made are water-colour drawings, and consist of 'Fishing Boats off Venice,' Oswald Brierly; 'Interior of a Mosque at Cairo,' E. Goodall; 'The Miseries of War,' L. Haghe; and the Venetian drawing by Roussoff, already engraved in this Magazine (page 139). In their purchases in this department they might very well have bought Mr. Chevalier's beautiful work, which is a prominent feature at the New Institute Galleries, without fear of being accused of any partiality.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, LONDON.

THE antagonism, intended or accidental, for some years supposed to exist between the schools of painting which are respectively represented at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor Gallery has this year almost wholly disappeared. It is as idle to inquire whether the demand or the supply of "æsthetic" works has slackened, as to seek to discuss the shiftings both of the standard and the condition of public taste. It is enough for the present purpose to note that Mr. Burne Jones and his acolytes are but sparsely represented in the present exhibition, whilst many of those artists who first attracted public notice as adherents to his view have hoped to retain it by conforming to a more popular criterion.

No. 2. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., 'A portrait of Count von Bylandt,' the Netherland Minister in this country; very delicately painted.

No. 11. Frank Holl, R.A., 'R. Jasper More, Esq.'; a bluff, full-blooded Englishman, painted with vigour and eminently characteristic.

No. 16. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., 'Mrs. Stanford,' perhaps the most pleasing, as well as the most artistic, work exhibited this year by Mr. Herkomer; a full face of delicate features but not mobile in expression. There are no accessories to attract notice, the merit of the work making itself felt by force of contrast with its neighbours.

No. 22. E. Matthew Hale, 'Psyche before Venus,' a large canvas, chiefly devoted to the display of the nude; attractive in colour, but unnatural in pose and vulgar in sentiment.

No. 26. John O'Connor, 'Nuremberg,' a well-known point of view on the castle walls, whence the red-tiled houses with their heavy gables fill up the landscape with quaint but effective colour—very skilfully rendered.

No. 33. Alfred Parsons, 'The Garden,' a very remarkable work in both colouring and drawing. It is full noon on a hot summer's day, early enough in the season for the flowers and trees to retain their richest green, and when all alike seem dozing in the blazing sunlight.

No. 35. W. B. Richmond, 'Miss Nettie Davies'; painted with vigour and conscientiousness: the result not wholly successful.

No. 39. Mrs. Louise Jopling, 'Miss Ellen Terry as Portia,' is represented in a scarlet dress, and the whole picture is in harmony with the dominant colour.

No. 40. P. R. Morris, A.R.A, 'The Model,' a charming study of a cherub in mischief.

No. 49. Herbert Schmalz, 'How Long?' Inferior in all technical respects to No. 131, 'Idaline,' by the same artist.

No. 53. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., 'A Boat Builder's Yard.' This, and the other exquisite Meissonier-like views of Venice, 'The Grand Canal' (19), 'Ca d' Oro' (71), 'Arsenal Gates' (63), reveal Mr. Gregory's talents in a novel light. Hitherto he has been known as a bold painter, indulging in brilliant work where power rather than delicacy of thought or expression was dominant. In this series of Venice views, Mr. Gregory would seem to have broken with all the traditions of his past, and to have aimed at showing himself capable of combining minute accuracy of design with a complete mastery over Venetian feeling and atmosphere.

No. 56. Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A., 'Royal Windsor,' as seen from the Datchet meadows, rising in all its stately grandeur amidst the morning mists. The artist has here attempted a work of greater aim than on any previous occasion, and his success in rendering the grey, suppressed light and fleecy clouds is complete.

No. 60. J. E. Millais, R.A., 'For the Squire,' a dainty little maiden, but a true type of rustic life.

No. 65. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., 'Herr Joseph Joachim,' a vigorous and sympathetic portrait.

No. 67. E. Burne Jones, 'The Wheel of Fortune,' the most noteworthy among the imaginative pictures of the year. The drawing of the work is, as might be anticipated, most excellent; the colour is a mixture of grey and brown, through which one can find no trace of those warmer shades which are supposed to typify hope or comfort.

No. 69. J. E. Millais, R.A., 'The Duchess of Westminster'; very simple, and at the same time very pleasing to gaze upon; one of the artist's greatest successes of the year.

No. 82. P. H. Calderon, R.A. A study of a nude figure in a forest glade, "far from the fiery noon and Eve's one star."

No. 83. E. Burne Jones, 'Philip Comyns Carr,' a quaint portrait of an elf-like child, painted with consummate skill, but with slight sympathy with the zest of a boy's life. It reminds one of some of the early Italian works, executed before the time when artists dared to look on nature as she was.

No. 89. Frank Holl, R.A., 'John Tenniel,' the well-known cartoon-designer for *Punch*; very vigorous, but wanting in that sense of humour which twinkles in the eye and softens the mouth of the original.

No. 91. C. Van Haanen, 'A Study,' from the nude, a woman standing against a scarlet drapery; painted with exquisite skill and delicacy.

Nos. 95, 112. E. H. Fahey, 'The Yare,' two of those placid landscapes in which Mr. Fahey excels.

No. 96. G. F. Watts, R.A., 'The Hon. Mary Baring'; although only an unfinished study for a portrait, this picture arrests the eye almost as soon as one enters the room, and the delicate taste with which the face has been sketched becomes apparent the more it is studied. No. 103. 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.' Although painted sometime since, now exhibited together for the first time. Very great in both imagination and execution.

No. 113. Walter Maclaren, 'The Pet Goat,' a little idyl taken from South Italian life; the goatherd and his pet jumping down the rocks which blaze in the full sunshine.

No. 127. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., 'The Return from Confirmation.' Mr. Morris has for a long time struggled with the technical difficulties presented by the use of transparent white on a sea background, and has never before triumphed over them more successfully. Regarded alike as a landscape or a genre picture, this work will take a high place among the artist's achievements. Through the artist's kindness we shall present our readers with a line engraving from this picture.

No. 140. David Carr, 'At the Doors of La Force,' an episode of the Reign of Terror. The figure of the lady, who

might stand for the Princess de Lamballe, is dignified, and the face not distorted by an effort to say more than the artist is capable of expressing.

No. 146. H. Moore, 'Tide Race in a Summer Breeze,' a capital rendering of a "bumpy" sea with wind and tide at cross purposes, and the solitary fishing-boat left pretty nearly helpless with idly flapping sail.

No. 154. J. R. Reid, 'The Yarn.' An old fisherman (painted with the extreme of realism) is seated on the wall of a path leading up from the beach. Beside him are a young girl and another sea urchin with the model of a boat in his brown hands.

No. 164. John Collier, 'Three Sisters,' the daughters of Professor Huxley, painted as a triptych against a bright background, deserve well the title of 'The Three Intelligences.'

'No. 172. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., 'The Peace Maker.' A rare bit of low comedy, painted in Mr. Boughton's best style, and with the fresh air of Marken blowing across the grey waters of the Zuider Zee.

No. 184. E. Burne Jones, 'The Hours,' a row of six maidens in radiant and semi-transparent dresses, representing the six ordinary acts or occupations of the day, the awakening, the bath or toilet, spinning or working, the mid-day meal, the evening music, and sleep.

No. 207. Mark Fisher, 'When Autumn Woods grow Dim,' a pleasant bit of Sussex scenery, a little spoilt by the heavy woolly clouds which occupy a prominent place. Another work, 'Evening' (238), by the same artist, is tainted with the same fault.

Space fails to do more than mention many other works which deserve a fuller notice; amongst such are Mr. Hardy's humorous animals, 'A General Assembly' (196); Mr. Rooke's designs on the subject of the 'Nativity' (250); Mr. Gardner Hastings, 'By the Waters of Babylon' (156), of which the colouring and drapery is far superior to the design; and Miss E. Pickering's treatment of the same subject (43); Mr. C. E. Halle's imaginative work, 'Youth and Age' (9), and 'Hebe' (119); Miss Clara Montalba's 'Cement Works on the Thames' (203); Mr. G. Costa's 'Views in Kensington' (205), and 'On the Alban Hills' (206); Mr. Walter Crane's allegorical work, 'Diana and her Shepherd' (75), and Mr. Spencer Stanhope's analogous 'Charon and Psyche (175).

The water-colours comprise works of merit from Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. A. B. Donaldson, Mr. Walter Crane, and above all from Mr. R. Doyle, whose sympathy with old German legends seems as fresh as ever. The sculpture includes works from Mr. Boehm, R.A., Mr. Nelson Maclean, Miss Hilda Montalba, Count Gleichen, and Mr. W. B. Richmond.

REVIEWS: NEW PRINTS AND BOOKS.

'SIR GALAHAD.' By Herbert Schmalz. 'BEHIND THE BAR.' By H. Henshall. 'IDALIA.' By Alfred Ward.—A greater contrast of subject than those presented by the trio of autotypes issued by the Autotype Co. could not well be imagined. Tennyson never attempted a fairer creation than Galahad and the holy nun. "God make thee good as thou art beautiful," said Arthur when he dubbed him knight. "Her eyes were beautiful beyond my knowing of them" was the description of the nameless fair one. Mr. Schmalz, set himself a heavy task to personate such a pair, and it is no disparagement, and we trust it will be no deterrent, to one of our most promising young artists, if he has not completely succeeded in representing our ideal of either the boy knight or the fair form who prayed "till the sun shone, and the wind blew, through her." The picture, which evidences in every part thought and care, has been admirably reproduced. In 'Behind the Bar,' the artist has set himself conscientiously and truthfully to depict a very different scene—the bar of a London public-house. The Shakespearian warning—"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" which is affixed to the plate, explains the subject better than aught else. In contrast again to this is Mr. Ward's elegant rendering in red chalks of a head to which he gives the name of the Idalian Venus.

'AN INVITATION.' Engraved by R. B. Parkes, after M. L. Gow (Lefevre).—It has seldom been our lot to see such honest work on the part of both painter and engraver bestowed on so slight a subject as that before us. The publisher knows, of course, his own business best, but it appears to us that neither the gracefulness with which Miss Gow has imbued her figures, nor the delicacy with which Mr. Parkes has translated the textures in the work, will avail, without the necessary accompaniment of enduring interest. No doubt, in the nursery or the schoolroom, it would attain to a considerable popularity, but we fear that the days have hardly arrived when parents will purchase expensive proofs to hang up there.

"THE PARTHENON;" an Essay on the mode by which Light was introduced into Greek and Roman Temples. By James Fergusson, C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., etc. (John Murray).—This beautiful volume has been produced to prove, or to go far towards proving, a contention of the author's, which is novel and of great interest to the students of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. In these days of subdivision of study, we are all prepared to listen to the man who has the most knowledge upon any one point—even if it should be a far less important point than that which Dr. Fergusson discusses. And there can be little doubt in the reader's mind that the author of "The Parthenon" knows more about the daylight of classic temples than anyone else does. His knowledge, moreover, is founded upon an enthusiastic love for the "most perfect style of architecture with which the world has hitherto been adorned." Dr. Fergusson presents his argument in admirable English, but with unavoidable technicality.

"THE EPIC OF KINGS." By Helen Zimmern (F. Fisher Unwin).—The claim of this volume to notice in these pages arises from two illustrations having been made for it by Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A. These are stated to be etchings, and having seen certain trial proofs, we can vouch for it, that in their original condition they were such; in the edition before us, however (the popular one), they have been transformed into what appear to be weak lithographs, from which no idea of the merits of the originals can be gained. The *édition de luxe*, which preceded this, will, on this account, probably become of value; but it must either have been a very large one, or the plates must have been most ignorantly treated, for them to have arrived at the condition in which they now appear.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY E. N. DOWNARD.

THE BACKWATERS OF THE THAMES.*

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY J. HARDWICKE LEWIS.

III.—WALLINGFORD TO PANGBOURNE.

EVEN in the days of King Stephen it seems probable that, if history had been written at reasonable length, we should find that the neat, quiet, and agreeable town of Wallingford would require a full chapter on its own account. We have hitherto, in our downward route from Oxford, refrained from attempting to describe that phase of Thames scenery which can only be discerned by the eye of faith. We have steadily resisted the temptation of wandering into Berkshire or Oxfordshire by-paths for the mere sake of historical gleanings. Such figure, however, as Wallingford makes in history is absolutely connected with the Thames. We may pass by its presumed importance as a chief Roman city, and leave it to such records as exist of Saxon occupation and Danish harrying. The incident, however, which affords us momentary concern, as we pause upon its respectable stone bridge, is the blockade of the Thames by the ungallant Stephen when he besieged the unhappy Matilda after her trudge through the snow from Oxford Castle. He took up his position at Crowmarsh, but no traces of the castle he built are left. Wallingford Castle stood on the town side of the river, and its site has been satisfactorily determined near Park Farm. For two days and nights, as the story runs, the armies watched each other across a genuine Thames flood, which kept them at bay, and gave breathing time, during which the diplomatists tried their talents at a conference, which ended in a truce—an early example of the "peace with honour" achievements of our own time. The princely leaders of the rival armies are said to have conferred across a narrow part of the river: evidence, if the story has foundation, either that the Thames was then much narrower, or the human lungs more powerful than we now know them. A picture of the eminent generals of that misty period, shouting provisional clauses of the Wallingford treaty from Oxfordshire to Berkshire, would be amusing, if not historically valuable.

Half a mile from the town is Wallingford lock, which serves so slight a purpose, being frequently open, and never falling more than eighteen inches, that its demolition at no distant period is projected. Since it is no more ornamental than useful, the obstruction will be removed without any of the justifiable lamentation that arises whenever the iconoclastic hand is laid upon picturesque weirs and the dear old bridges, of which, indeed, there are not many left. The park at Mongewell is the only variation of the surrounding flatness between Wallingford and Moulsford, but as the trees reflect themselves in the river, the variation is very noticeable. Between the ferries of Little Stoke and South Stoke a railway bridge, built of brick, crosses the Thames, and if it be contrasted with that other brick bridge at Clifton, the observer will, in the latter, see with double clearness how graceful such a structure may be made. We described the Clifton brick bridge as "good looking." After noticing the work at Moulsford, we are convinced that this praise was insufficient in warmth.

The Thames for many miles now has answered generally to Tennyson's lines—

> "A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,
> That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
> Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on."

No. 12.—Streatley Backwater.

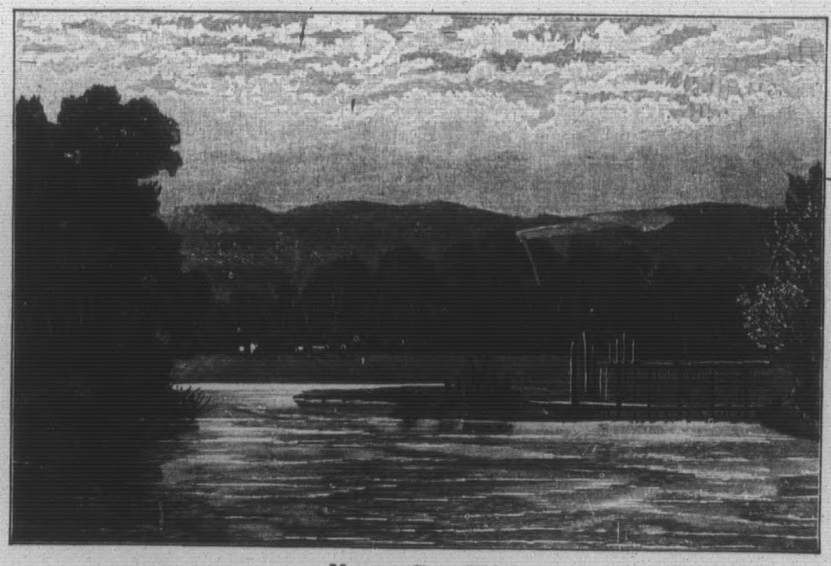
It has truly waved its lazy lilies where the incessant traffic has left them undisturbed, and there is a dead Backwater below Moulsford covered with them, as in the summer prime is any Thames "lay-by," precisely after the fashion of Mr. Aumonier's picture at the Institute of Water Colours Exhibition. But at Cleeve the Thames begins to enter upon a more distinctive type of scenery, and the term "valley" may be with a clear conscience applied to its hill-bordered course. The best that can be said of the long, broad, deep reaches, from this charming spot to Wallingford, is that they are perfect for

* Continued from page 232.

sailing, and prized by the pike angler for the opportunities they offer of pursuing his sport from the banks.

The beauty of Cleeve lock comes upon you almost unawares. It is placed in somewhat of an amphitheatre of high ground, with the Streatley Hills showing grandly ahead. The distant prospect at first rivets the attention, but sooner or later the weir and the charming villa on the other side, with its trim lawn, tasteful flower-beds, and shapely trees, assert their claims. The primary weir is small, but the lasher, which throws its terraced stonework across, parallel with the river channel, and is almost, therefore, at right angles with the weir, is unusually broad. Through the rich tracery of a large chestnut tree "The Temple" appears, and the thickly-wooded island (an island only when the water is pouring over the lasher) hides the mill beyond as you gossip with the lock-keeper in his little garden. The peculiar relative position of Cleeve weir and lasher does not admit of the orthodox weir pool, for the weir water runs in a straight line under the lasher wall, and streams onward, without being turned from the hurrying tenor of its musical way, past the said island, which is populated by an ancient colony of rooks.

Meanwhile the docile Thames, whose heart is being drained by the lock and its attendant weir, makes believe to continue its stately flow on the higher level, until it is abruptly checked by the mill. Of this we by-and-by have view from the Berkshire bank, which, followed down to the end of the island, reveals another weather-stained weir of still tinier dimensions than that near the lock. Here again the breadth of the lasher is commensurate with the narrowness of the weir and its small handful of rhymers, but the plentiful foliage and irregular conformation of banks assist in the formation of a remarkably pretty corner. Yet fifty yards farther down, flanked by another island, is the mill, the murmur of whose stream has been throughout distinguished by its sharper rhythm amidst the sound of other waters. The mill stream is rapid and strong, not only because it is stirred to action by the wheel which it is trained to serve, but because at the upper end of the mill grounds a weir, least of the Cleeve collection, adds its energies to the common advance of water. Altogether, therefore, the surroundings of Cleeve lock, and the chain of islands leading to the mill below, are right pleasant. The Thames at that point has something more than its share of Backwaters and by-streams, and presents a variety of features by land and stream that gladden the appreciative eye.



No. 13.—Cleeve Weir.

At Cleeve, and at different times until we approach the flat country near Reading, an adequate survey of the river can only be obtained by walking to the hilly grounds commanding the valley. The brow that here overlooks the lock, islands, and mill affords a magnificent bird's-eye view of the landscape, with the Berkshire downs in the distance; and the general picture, as is so often the case, gains immensely by being scanned from a remote standpoint. A direct illustration of this is given by even so slight an eminence as the Moulsford railway bridge. Dropping down in a boat, or keeping to the towpath, the islands above the bridge do not seem to be more than commonplace, but the passenger looking out of the railway carriage window upon the sinuous bands of water winding between the little green patches of osier is at once struck with an attractiveness not supposed to distinguish that portion of the river. The walk from Cleeve to Goring by the hilly road is therefore a favourite method of bidding temporary adieu to the Thames, which, for half a mile, certainly has no noteworthy sights to offer.

The reverse may be said, however, as we near Streatley. As the reader is no doubt aware, this station has been sketched from every point of view, and written of in terms of enthusiasm by a legion of authors who have published their impressions. That the subject, in truth, is worthy of the honourable distinction, can be easily understood when once you become personally familiar with the river at this most popular resort of painters, sketchers, and vacationists. Mr. Leslie, R.A., in "Our River," takes seriously to heart the annual invasion of Streatley and Goring, though he justifies the gathering of the artistic clans by the admission that what with the river, the two mills, the bridge, the hill, and the eyots and backwaters, the whole place lends itself to the painter's skill and abounds in rich material for his art. In leafy June, in flowery July, and in mellow August, no doubt the Thames is a somewhat lively highway in these parts; yet to those who believe in the greatest happiness for the greatest number, there is nothing very saddening in the sketching-tents and white umbrellas that "are perched on every coign of 'vantage." Mr. Leslie's lament, "The village swarms with geniuses and their æsthetically-dressed wives," is nevertheless an amusingly accurate sketch of Streatley in the season.

The first thing that strikes us after putting Cleeve Hill behind us, is the ridiculously short distance between the two locks. It is the shortest length of the kind upon the whole river, and according to Taunt's map, the accuracy of which makes it invaluable to the tourist by Thames-side, it is a space of five furlongs only. The next claim upon our observation is the long white wooden toll-bridge, which, from the

tow-path above, seems to consist of two separate parts. If not as picturesque as it is sometimes represented, this slight structure is not positively ill-favoured, as many Thames bridges are; and it occupies at once a prominent and satisfying position in the prospect. The river spreads out its open arms just above the lock, as if determined to make amends at the earliest opportunity for the interference with its placid career by the line of islands at Cleeve. Then, precisely at the moment when it has widened its area, and regulated its current to happy good-humour, Goring weir interposes, bringing in its train four or five Backwaters, which may be counted within half a mile.

The deserved reputation of the Streatley and Goring neighbourhood, however, owes quite as much to what man has done as to the divided streams which, right and left, flow under the white wooden bridge. The hostelry and the boat-builder's yard; the village houses with their gardens out of doors, and the equally sweet gardens in the cottage windows; and that time-stained mill with its low half-door, all assist in the formation of character. Along the Oxfordshire bank there are embowered private grounds, and the "lion" of Goring, in the form of the rare old church, whose tower remains evidence, grey and square, of its Norman origin. Goring, too, has its mill, but it is not equal in old-fashioned flavour to that on the Streatley side. It has, however, a roaring little mill-stream, marked "Private," and wealthy in a population of barbel. From the crown of the bridge which divides these lovable Thames villages, you look upwards upon the two weirs and the restless Backwaters. The Streatley mill sends round a Backwater of its own, but this is better seen from the meadow to which the tow-path is at the bridge transferred from the Berkshire bank. You will, perhaps, leave the bridge after gazing your fill upon the bright waterscape, diversified by islands and bordered by umbrageous trees on the one side, and oziers and meadows on the other; but your footsteps will involuntarily turn you back again before long, to be soothed once more by weir answering weir in the bass tones of their echoing voices.

No. 14.—Streatley.

The desertion of the riverside suggested at Cleeve lock may, at Streatley, be actually recommended. The road slants upward, and along the skirt of Common Wood. From the crest the view of the valley is exquisite. The pedestrian, however, will find it necessary in resuming his march to retrace his way and cross the bridge to the Goring fields; and this should be done, not only because the path now runs in Oxfordshire, but for the sake of the views which are open immediately beyond the river. Common Wood is so near that you can, with the river intervening, hear the ringdoves coo and the small birds pipe in its deep shade. On your own side there is a noble wood also, which will presently be under your lee. For the moment, then, spare all the criticism you can upon the large, square, comfortable mansion called for some inscrutable reason The Grotto. Its clean-shaven lawn, a living green even when the untamed turf of the open is brown and bare; its gravelled walk by the river brink o'ercanopied with choicest branches; and the sharp, picturesque turn of the stream, with dark, deep water around the island, are but a continuation of the delight given you at Streatley and Goring, albeit the character of the cause has changed. Yonder, the great rounded hill of Streatley, the wholesome village at its foot, and the Norman church and garden grounds of Goring, divided honours with the Thames. At The Grotto the river is rather an adjunct of the well-appointed mansion, in the midst of pleasaunces where Nature has been aided by a friendly hand. The place naturally recalls the lines we learned in childhood—

"The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

The Thames sweeps strongly to the left at the tail of the islands below The Grotto grounds, and another Great Western Railway bridge farther on spans the stream. The dominating object now is Hart's Wood, terminated at the upper end by boldly undulating chalk lands under close cultivation, but dotted here and there by clumps of firs and spinneys. The woods fringe the river, and rise, dense and splendid, with an abruptness that warrants the employment of the classical term "hanging." In the spring this wood is peculiarly beautiful. The majority of the trees are beech, and these, when elms and other familiar forest friends are putting on that delicate tender green which changes almost as soon as the leaves are fully expanded, have not begun to open the singular waterproof covering of their long pointed buds. Yet the wood is marked from afar by a rich tint that can best be described as a generous port-wine flush. Upon these slopes there are also patches of larch, and this member of the fir tribe, which sheds its leaves in the winter, is early in bursting into verdancy. The effect of occasional larches on the hillside of beeches, purple with desire to leaf, is admirable. It seems as if emerald cloudlets are scudding over the wood. Nowhere can this effect be better observed than from the Berkshire side of the Thames, between Goring and Pangbourne; and the spring colouring of Hart's Wood is further

varied by the blossoms of a few venerable crab-trees whitening portions of its river base. In October again Hart's Wood is a mass of superb autumn tints.

Opposite the village of Basildon the tow-path abruptly terminates at a long-established ferry. At the back of the ferryman's solitary cottage, under a line of full-headed willows, is a dead Backwater, in which in May may be seen the spawn of perch hanging like ropes of pearls amongst the half-submerged branches of dismantled pollard. The ferry-boat lands one in velvet-swarded fields, which enable you to avoid the village of Basildon, though for awhile the clang of its church clock will follow after. The church and village are half hidden in foliage, and the well-preserved plantations in Basildon Park are a timely background. Opposite Basildon House, of which peeps are obtained in passing, we find another group of islands in the middle of the Thames. They are closely shorn for the sake of the osiers, and the parted stream marks the site where the name allows us to assume Hart's lock once took toll of the river traffic. While the chalk upland keeps us company in Berkshire, over the river in Oxfordshire the ridge that has upheld Hart's Wood swerves in unison with the course of the river, and, well covered with wide-spreading oaks, shelters Coombe Lodge from the cruel north and east winds.

No. 15.—Pangbourne Weir.

The men, women, and children clustered on the farther shore, busily engaged in an occupation which is not at first apparent, come upon you with a surprise as you enter the next meadow. Out of the river, formal growths of tall green sheaves seem to flourish within a ring fence. There is a rude building, half shed and half cottage, at the mouth of a gully, and in an open space between it and the Thames the above-mentioned people are working. Proceeding down the path the mystery gradually unfolds. We are facing an osier farm. The tall slender sheaves are bundles of withies that have been reaped from the islands and osier-beds, and punted to this depôt. Here, in a square enclosure, they are planted *en masse* in the water, and the cut branches make the best they can of divorcement from the parent root, and preserve their vitality until they are required for use. The girls and boys are very handy at the operation of peeling. They take up a withy from the bundle last landed from the pound, draw it rapidly through a couple of pieces of iron fixed to a stand, and in a twinkling the bright green ozier has become a snow-white wand. This humble colony of workers, about whom little is generally known, is one of many engaged in an out-of-the-way industry hidden from the eyes of the world, in some nook of the Thames. It is the first which meets our observation on the journey from Oxford.

At the end of the field where we have watched the osier peeling, the tow-path runs along the roadside, and we are fairly in the suburbs of Pangbourne, with the river to the left, and neat houses, protected in the rear by a high bank, to the right. The angler makes Pangbourne his Mecca, as the artist does Streatley, though probably with less justification. The pool, twenty-five feet deep, and the holes and eddies, are, doubtless, everlasting haunts of the fish for which the Thames is celebrated, but some of the less frequently troubled reaches above, which may be fished comfortably from the bank, are equally deserving of piscatorial worship. Pangbourne reach is an unusually broad and straight length, but the cut on the Whitchurch side makes a sudden curve to the lock. The breadth of the river above the bridge, and the two islands, side by side, near the lock, are favourable to the maintenance of one of those vivacious Backwaters which we have had occasion more than once to notice.

After the manner of Streatley and Goring, the villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch occupy water frontage on either bank, and as they are connected by a toll bridge, we may without offence nominally consider them rival communities. In the rural loveliness of their environments, however, the idea of rivalry cannot be tolerated, since both are exceedingly pleasant. The wayfarer may indeed be happy with either if the other were non-existent.

The wooden bridge, as usual, is the standpoint from which to study the vagaries of the river as it gallops through the weirs. There are three distinct streams. On the Whitchurch side the first comes from the brick-mill, which looks very new and unromantic in juxtaposition with the trees which conceal the lower part of the church, but leaves its wooden spire clear above the rooks' nests in the swaying tops. In the middle is the lock, with a background of trees and meadows. The best view of Pangbourne weir will be found from near the timber yard on the Berkshire side. The weir gives escape to a fine volume of foaming flood, and there is practically a subsidiary weir, which assists the other to create a miniature delta before the river resumes its normal character at the bridge. At the tail of the weir proper a streaming shallow overruns the foreshore, and here enters, merrily rippling, the tributary bourne, the Pang, of which a comprehensive study can be made from the small bridge in the village. The Pang scarcely ranks as a river, but it is a lovely example of the trout brook that runs a joyous career over gravel and pebble, laving cresses and forget-me-nots, and that loses not a spark of brightness until it "joins the brimming river." During the few yards of village ground over which it hurries, it is shut in by walls, and is thus able to go with clean hands into the domain of Father Thames. Indeed, for a short distance upon the Thames shallow it contrives to maintain its distinctive character.

W. SENIOR.

(To be continued.)

A GROUP FROM THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SOMETHING of especial fulness may well be written on the characteristics and work of a few of the representative men of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, at a moment when the "New Society" is receiving that share of attention which is due to the successful accomplishment of a novel and ambitious enterprise. And if I single out for rather more sustained comment than is practicable in the newspaper notice of a current exhibition, the labour of half-a-dozen painters of admitted mark, it is well that these should also be artists of widely differing aims, and, moreover, that they should be selected from the ranks of the Institute as it was when its ranks were thinner. I should ask attention to the labours of men who did much to sustain artistic interest in their body when their body was but in sorry plight—men whom the people who knew something of what was best in the modern practice of water colour were wont to find with new charm, season after season, in the old and humble gallery opposite Marlborough House. A great appreciation of the Art of many of their co-exhibitors—some of them brilliant recruits, others soldiers of long service—makes the business of selection distasteful. The Institute, like the yet elder Royal Society, contains many men upon whom, if time allowed, the pleasant labour of analysis or the more facile task of description might well be bestowed. But one must begin somewhere, and for this occasion at least, one must find a stopping-place. What if I begin with Mr. Hine, the *doyen* of landscape, and the poet of landscape where landscape is most natural? What if I end with Mr. Fulleylove, a young man, a man still rising, a painter occupied with landscape chiefly where landscape is modified by Art? Between them there shall come two or three great figure draughtsmen, and so we shall get a little group of painters who will at least be representative.

The new exhibition shows Mr. Hine in his variety even more than in his strength—and this is interesting, for it is his variety that has often been denied. To doubt it, however, betrays not only an incomplete acquaintance with his Art, but an acquaintance with only a share of the later manifestations of it. The amateur, if he wants a Hine, inquires for a "Down drawing," nor, as far as the quality of the work is concerned, is he wrong in his desire. Always Mr. Hine's work is his own, but on the Downs it is his own most happily. He was born at Brighton, within sight of the Downs. He knows, like the palm of his hand, Lewes, which is at the foot of the Downs. With him, a year is ill spent if, in the course of it, he has not managed to see Eastbourne. He is the painter of the chalk range, and of the short grass of the chalk hills, beheld generally at the golden end of summer—a time of halcyon weather—and in the glowing stillness of the long afternoon, and in the warm greyness of a slow summer twilight. He knows the delicate undulations of the wide upland, the sweeping lines broken only here and there, over miles of country, by the wandering sheep or the shepherd, or by the scanty thorn bent northwards by the wind from the sea. On the whole it is a lonely land, solitary but never appalling—a land of mellow colour and suave line—and Mr. Hine will surely live as its chronicler and its poet, as the artist who has known it the most and seen it the best. And if, amongst these Downs, he is never the painter of the more sullen moods of Nature—if the Downs do not exist for him at all in winter, either when they are veiled in rain or passed over by travelling mists, or when it is a January sunshine, sharp and decisive, that bursts out on them—we are, with the knowledge and enjoyment of what he does give us, not unwillingly to believe in the agreeable fiction that it is always August in his beautiful Sussex; and if it is *not* always August, and if the chronicle is seen to be partial, and the vision too prolonged or too continually renewed, he is still justified. The painter of the face paints the face in its most beautiful aspects; the painter of Nature, choosing the scene, may choose the hour that best displays its character and its attractiveness.

But we spoke of variety. The variety is elsewhere than in the treatment of the Downs; and when the Downs are left, and it is the coast, say, that is portrayed, it must be entertaining to Mr. Hine to be told, as he is told sometimes, that he is making a "new departure." Speaking of his Art and of himself modestly enough as "the results of circumstance," he has mentioned that he painted the coast long before he painted the Downs; but that was at the time when his drawings were accustomed to remain with him. Nobody wanted a Hine. About that time he was struck by Copley Fielding, and he was living at that time in country like to that which Copley Fielding illustrated—he was living within call of Brighton. He admired very genuinely the drawings of the elder master, and he was seeking for a fresh field. The thought struck him then—These old Downs he had trotted over ever since he was a boy—was there anything in them?—was there anything good in them after all? He must look again at what was already familiar. We know the result of his looking. But however much Mr. Hine may be disposed to assign to Copley Fielding when he is considering the genesis of his own later work, his work with Copley Fielding's subjects has been very far from imitative. Copley Fielding's methods may have suggested but they have never controlled. The difference between the two men is very marked. Both have been artists of curious refinement. Hine's composition, though effective and knowing—nay, though at times so very artful as to conceal its art altogether—is yet far simpler, far less elaborate than Fielding's. Copley Fielding was much occupied with line; his successor has little memory for line, and though he is careful that his line shall be accurate it is natural that it should not be complex—his

memory is for effects, for effects of space and of atmosphere—that is, his memory is for colour.

In the new exhibition, a drawing of Old Brighton is one of those that attest Mr. Hine's range, though nothing in the exhibition can be expected to show that he has drawn for *Punch*, forty years ago, or that he has painted dissolving views for the Polytechnic. It shows the beach between the "Old Ship" and what is now the "Albion"; the old "hog-boats" drawn up on the shingle; and, on the beach too, and very close to the water, an old wooden pump-house that has long since disappeared. The materials have been got from the earliest recollections of the painter—and these are now of long ago—and from here an industrious search and there an accidental "find" among the topographical prints of the earlier years of our century. Perhaps there is no place in England of which, since the Prince Regent first fancied it, there have been so many "views" as of Brighton. Constable made a careful study of it, with an accuracy rare in his work; and at about the same time, Turner drew it. It may not be uninteresting to remind the reader that both works were engraved, and that Turner's of about 1824, when the Chain Pier was just built, is included in his series of the *Southern Coast*. To these we may now add Mr. Hine's, though Mr. Hine's is of the nature of a retrospect, and Turner and Constable's were records of the Brighton of their day.

But it has not been enough for the painter of the Downs to paint only the Downs and the coast. "I should like to paint the London streets," said Mr. Hine the other morning; nor has he altogether failed to realise that out-of-the-way ambition. Once upon a time—but it is now long ago—he painted a November fog; St. Paul's looming vaguely through the grey and the brown, and the darkness clearing a little by the steep of Ludgate Hill. Again he painted the width of the city seen from some high ground, during the many days when the fire in Tooley Street displayed in vivid light all that it did not cast into murky shadow. The effort had its merit. It was something to have accomplished what was then accomplished, and much to have seen that London was paintable—as paintable perhaps in these days as when quaint old Samuel Scott imaged its bridges and its river-front seen bright and clear in the days of the early Georges.

Mr. T. Collier is a painter of landscape whom we may oppose most absolutely to Mr. Hine, and "with him," as the lawyers say, is Mr. Orrock. Mr. Orrock is one of the most studious and observant of draughtsmen, yet at heart a colourist. Of their works, which are always bold and vigorous, deriving from David Cox rather than from Copley Fielding, I cannot here speak in detail. Suffice it to say that Mr. Collier is esteemed a master in direct studies from nature; his curiously vivid sketches are prized by men like Mr. Hine, who know that their own strength is not in sketches at all. More than once Mr. Hine and Mr. Collier have sat within a yard of each other on a Sussex Down, at work on the same scene. Some day the Institute should place, side by side, drawings done, or at all events begun, under those conditions. The juxtaposition might not settle, and should never be asked to settle, the question which was the better drawing, but it would settle, once for all, another question which among some people requires settlement even in a day when fashionable chatter is of Art so much. It would establish the point that the true artist paints not what all the world sees, but what *he* sees, and he only. How different is the vision, and how much does the preciousness of Art depend upon the difference!

If, on the whole, the Royal Society is still a little stronger than its rival in landscape, and if Mr. Francis Powell's vision of the sea is more subtle and more happily changeful than Mr. Hayes's, which is still so acute, the Institute is richest in figure painters. I think the three foremost figure painters of the Institute are J. D. Linton, Charles Green, and E. J. Gregory. Oil painting has not altogether seduced them—they are fairly faithful to the medium in which they excel. All three are recognised as among the most thorough draughtsmen of the time. Linton is the greatest colourist; Charles Green sees his subject more dramatically; Gregory approaches a theme with a mind absolutely open to the new as well as to the old, to the "unpaintable" as well as to the "paintable;" he works out his unconventional subjects with an amazing vivacity of spirit and dexterity of hand. Both Linton and Green have periods of their own predilection, to which they assign, for picturesque embellishment, a story that might sometimes be even of to-day. But, at the Institute, "to-day" belongs to Mr. Gregory; his only is the continuous courage that enables a man, who is veritably an artist, to paint the red mahogany dining-room chair, the vulgar gaslight, the seedy musician, "the cheeky" model, the artist who has seen too much. He only, as in his 'Sanctum Invaded' (see engraving, page 193), has been able to redeem from baldness the treatment of an every-day theme—to bestow upon a trivial subject the whole of the interest of Art. Look at the pretty child with the shapely legs tucked up a little, wound in and out as the child sits upon the "throne" of the model. As in 'The Rehearsal' of last year at the Grosvenor, how intricate and faultless an art of composition is cunningly concealed in so triumphant a treatment, of so every-day a theme! And Boulter's 'Lock'; what a little wonder of dexterity!

Charles Green's period is a sufficiently long one. He is at home with the earlier Georges, and in the world of Art is almost the inventor of the First Empire, or of that epoch in England when the costume of Romney was no more. At home as I have hinted in the middle of the eighteenth century, it is in the first twenty-five years of the present that Charles Green is in his very *sanctum sanctorum*. The time hides nothing from him. He has surrounded himself not only with its furniture, but with its once unconsidered costume—the dress of a period which in the eyes of the antiquary or of the dealer in castaway clothes had hardly begun to be historical. His two drawings at the new exhibition are both of the reign of George the Third, but one of them is an illustration of "Barnaby Rudge" (see p. 195), and therefore of 'The Riots of 'Eighty,' and the other is more strictly an invention of his own and deals with the colonnade in Russell Street, Drury Lane, 'Oranges, Apples, and the Bill of the Play.' Here the time is 1820. It is early in a spring evening; the first playgoers arrive, but up till now it has been a lazy hour for that population from which Nell Gwynne sprang. The orange-girls are waking up, however, for not a chance must be lost. Mr. Green can be perfectly serious, if he is absolutely determined to be, but on the whole it is difficult for him not to be humorous and satirical. And he is satirical here. He has an eye, of course, for the movement of the scene, for those who are stationary and those who would pass in, and having satisfied us with his composition, he solves pleasantly the problems of colour. But character is yet his main interest, and he regards with a perfectly impartial attention the very pretty person in the foreground, who is clearly anxious for each playgoer's pence, and the dilapidated buck of the background, who affords a seat in the upper boxes and is not to be deprived,

before he gets there, of a momentary flirtation that Pepys would not have scorned. The drawing shows Mr. Green quite at his happiest, recording, in agreeable hues and ordered lines, the life that is, and that graceful gesture in common pursuits, that may escape the common eye, and escapes most surely the eye of the most ambitious.

The epochs that J. D. Linton paints by choice are the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries—magnificent periods for costume—and he derives from the most refined of the Dutchmen, Terberg and Metsu, or from the Venetians, who, if they loved the flesh, loved only a little less well the raiment that covered it. Mr. Linton is a painter of splendid and delicate texture, and what texture is delicate or splendid if the texture of fair and healthy flesh is not both? Then do not let us think we have finally disposed of him when we have called him a painter of costume: he is a student of every variation of light and hue on the smooth hand and rounded cheek, on glistening surfaces of silk, and in the depths of fur that caresses and velvet that enwraps. Now it is the passage of light over the faded and blended colours of an eastern rug that interests him most, and now its halt at some one point of metal or precious stone—the streak of light along the steel of armour, or its sudden touch on a jewel, awaking it to flame. He is pre-eminently a painter of the kingdoms of this world and of the glory of them, but for him—and to the modern vision of them—they lie out in no endless perspective seen from the mountain top; they are compressed rather into the selected spaces and limited yards of a luxurious apartment, where silken hangings and noble furniture and jewels and a fair face come together.

Mr. Linton's large contribution to the Institute, 'The Admonition,' displays in high excellence the tendency and talent we have noted—Mr. Linton's almost unique skill and unique method as a craftsman in water colour—and, likewise, more of the dramatic faculty, a greater interest in the concerns of men, than he has sometimes been credited with. The scene is a Prince's chamber in the Italian Renaissance—a madcap Prince, with his heart set upon pleasure. Until now he has been alone with his most habitual companions—a supple Fool, and a witty man of letters, and a young woman grateful to the eye. But just now, scandalized that such things should be, there has burst in upon him a leader of priests, with a company of priests at his back, urging him in no nicely chosen terms to consider his chances in the next world and to amend his life in this. Excommunication is in store for him, and those who are with him, and at the threat the Prince is conquered for the time at least, and the Fool collapses and the leman sinks to the floor. All this is as ably rendered as it is naturally conceived—the earnestness of the intruders, whose mission makes politeness impossible, and the defeat and shamefacedness of the Prince, the jester, and the girl—and it is by a true dramatic touch that only the man of letters, the secretary, the witty companion, the court poet, whatever he may be, is made of a mind to withstand the ecclesiastical onslaught, and to hold his own against the terrors of the Church. When the Academy elects Mr. Linton it will be a satire upon its rules that he should be elected rather through those clever oil paintings which are the brilliant *tours de force* of very recent years, than through that long-established proficiency and long-established completeness in the exquisite medium of water-colour of which 'The Admonition' is but a last and, so to say, a superfluous proof.

The traditions of composition in landscape, at present but little esteemed, have been upheld at the Institute for many years in the somewhat artificial but always restful landscape of Mr. Leitch, recently gone from us at a good old age; nor are they neglected by that younger master, Mr. Fulleylove. Mr. Fulleylove is by no means a landscape painter proper. Unaided Nature does not engage his interest. A noble and refined colourist, his draughtsmanship betrays the training of an architect; he is more familiar with cities than fields, paints the pure country only in a mood that is occasional, and then the country must have its pretty cottage, and the cottage its luxuriant rose-tree. He is interested in Nature when she is pressed into the service of Art. That is to say, Mr. Fulleylove understands the beauty, the high dignity of that which, when it is rendered in painting, it needs a man of taste to warmly care for—the ordered and stately garden, with terrace and fountain and long vista, that surrounds a palace only, and has about it its share of palatial architecture. The Medicis gardens, with their long walks, shaded by the stone-pine, and paced, it may be, by two grave figures whom Poussin would not have disdained; the Boboli gardens, with the *cirque* of grey stone empurpled in shadow, and the curving hedge of cut cypress, golden in the light: or the courtyard, say, of some palace of Genoa, or a *loggia* at Siena; or, coming homewards, the yew-trees and the statuary at Hampton Court—nay, even the severity of 'New Square, Lincoln's Inn'—these are Mr. Fulleylove's themes. Seldom has a painter painted them with such a feeling for architecture: and never has an architectural draughtsman rendered them in so pictorial a spirit. To Mr. Fulleylove these places have a life of their own, changing with every change of light and of weather, yet outlasting the humanity that comes and goes about them. This year Mr. Fulleylove is busy with Versailles: indulgent to what it is the fashion to consider the artistic vices of Louis Quatorze, tolerant of the Rococo. The clear and impartial understanding of architecture and of artificial landscape of so many kinds, and the beautiful results of this understanding and study during now several years, are making for Mr. Fulleylove a reputation not so much wide as secure. The more refined amateurs of the day must appreciate his work very highly, and nobody else will regard it. He is an artist for artistic men. As in Mr. Gregory the Institute possesses a man of genius, who prides himself at times on selecting nothing, on painting powerfully and delicately the thing that comes first—as in him the Institute possesses a painter too refined indeed for vulgarity to attract but too comprehensive for vulgarity to repel—it is fitting that it should own at the same time more than one artist of admirable skill and potent fascination whose temperament compels him to see refinement in his subject before it can ever be a motive for his art. Mr. Fulleylove stands high among those who discover in their themes, as well as in the treatment of them, the beauty of selected places, the virtue of Distinction and the charm of Style.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'ROMEO AND JULIET.' Drawn and etched by E. N. Downard.—No animal within the scope of Art is so difficult to catch in its very "actualities" as the cat. Judging superficially, it might be taken for one of those strongly marked and characteristic types which are readily seized; but probably no artist who has set himself the task of studying the feline face would pronounce it an easy subject. The cat's figure, the pattern of its coat, and its surface, are by no means the difficult points; the puzzle is in that curious face, with its variations of individuality in feature, but its invariably and indefinably unseizable expression. Artist after artist has failed in his cats, and it may be said that the incidental cat is always a failure; no one succeeds with the animal who does not make her a special study. And perhaps no one ever did succeed in a kitten's face, with its square upper eyelid and its innocently tigrish mouth, before Mr. Couldery produced those inimitable kittens which won Mr. Ruskin's praise in the last of his Academy Notes which he gave to the world, eight years ago. Mr. Downard has, in the accompanying etching, drawn excellent cats, in which the evasive feline character has been satisfactorily captured. He has chosen one of the quieter moments of those nocturnal interviews which we all know so well—one of the long pauses in which the Romeo and Juliet of the night look at one another in the contemplative but absent-minded manner so entirely peculiar to the race. Presently they will look another way forgetfully; then suddenly one of the parties will stroll down the paths of the garden in an inconsequent manner, as though in search of something to "put in the time," as American tabbies would have it. For the manners and morals of cats—the most invariable, persistent, and unteachable of creatures—do not vary with age or hemisphere. The attitudes and humours and comedies of kittens were doubtless in old Egypt what they are now, and the sacred cats mummified by the piety of a forgotten religion sat in pairs about the gardens of the Nile, carrying on those same processes of wordless conversation which they pursue upon the dingy London walls. Artists who seek subjects which shall have a permanent intelligibility and a permanent actuality cannot do better than represent passages in the lives of brutes whose creeds do not vary and whose governments are immutable.

'CHILDREN AT PLAY.' Engraved by Th. Langer, from the painting by L. Knaus.—In every school of modern Art children have been favourites. There is no school so heroic as to be above them, while of domestic painting the child is the very *cheval de bataille*. It is only in the treatment that the feeling of the schools betrays itself. The child in the Great Italian Art is a Bambino or a St. John, or his sweet earthly substantial rotundity is made to hover in the sports of the cherub, with or without angelic wings; yet as that Art approaches its later stages, the infantile angels are palpable boys. Domenichino's baby cherubim in the 'Last Communion of St. Jerome' are named, if not Jacky and Tommy, at any rate Cecchin and Carlino, and, when clothed, they obviously run about with a little piece of shirt appearing through the *fente* of their little trousers, even though they figure in the picture as engaged in a devotional romp in mid-air. Realistic Art has gone a step farther, and has condescended to paint children without any angelic attributes except those which nature has given them. With Sir Joshua Reynolds this realism was full of a high poetry and distinction; with still more modern masters it is familiar, and invested with only the conquering charm of truth. Herr Knaus was among the first of the contemporary naturalistic school; his sweet and sincere pictures of peasant life delighted us even while romantic conventionality was still lingering in the schools of Europe. And in the 'Children at Play,' which we engrave, he gives an absolutely simple and natural presentment of the German urchins as they are, with their broad flaxen heads and the astonishing solidity of their energetic young legs. Every action is childlike, and caught with this painter's own unfailing intelligence. To be specially noted on this account are the expression and movement of the little girl in the foreground—the action of her arms, the resolution in her upper lip.

We shall shortly give a paper on Children as painted by the modern Germans.

'THE DANCE.' Fac-simile of a drawing by W. E. F. Britten.—The artist who has drawn these charming young figures in the attitude of some ideal and unpremeditated dance, has taken up a subject beloved—by reason of its composition of line—by painters and sculptors. Canova's dancing-girls, with their conventional and intolerable affectations, have jigged opposite to one another on half the staircases of Italy ever since their first production; Mason has two young creatures dancing in some Arcadian England to the pipe of a shepherd; Maclise illustrated one of Dickens's Christmas books with the dance of two sisters whose figures have a twist more than Michaelangelesque. But Mr. Britten's dancers are Greek; their subtle draperies are crumpled as softly as poppy-petals, in the manner which Italian Art abolished; but their heads have a modern vivacity which nobody would wish absent. In power of draughtsmanship, in buoyancy of spring, both figures are admirable, that to the left being most attractive, insomuch as it has the length of line so desirable in all except childish form. In one thing only does the design appear to fail, and that is the quality of motion, which by no means follows as a matter of course upon admirable pose and poise. Mr. Britten was, if we mistake not, the painter of one of the most admirable pieces of imaginative decoration of our time, the 'Flight of Helen,' exhibited three or four years ago at the Grosvenor Gallery. This picture was memorable for heroic feeling, light, and swiftness—such swiftness as makes us wonder that his 'Dance' should be somehow charmed into stillness.

PAINTED BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

ENGRAVED BY TH. LANGER

CHILDREN AT PLAY

THE TREATMENT BY THE GREEKS OF SUBJECTS FROM ORDINARY LIFE.*

WE have accounts in ancient authors, and in some cases existing examples of statues, which seem to belong more distinctly than those already described to the class of representations from ordinary life. The earliest in date of these seems to have been a figure of a female water-carrier, which we are told was set up by Themistokles near the public well of Athens. Then there was a group of boys playing at knuckle-bones, which is mentioned by Pliny as a work of Polykleitos, the great contemporary of Pheidias, and one or two other apparently genre representations of the same age. We possess more than one example of a figure of a boy pulling out a thorn, of which the original may have been of an early date. There has been much discussion about the real character of these early instances of what seems to have been genre sculpture, and some have considered that there was a certain mythological colour about them—that the water-carrier of Themistokles, for instance, was a nymph—in which case they would be taken out of the category of the works of which we are speaking.† We are seldom again quite sure whether the specimens which we possess of this class of works really represent the early examples of which we read in Pliny and other authors. The portion of a group of boys quarrelling over their knuckle-bones, in the British Museum, has every characteristic of belonging not to the time of Polykleitos, but to the later period of Greek Art, after Alexander, when, with the decline of the republican life of the States and the loss of Hellenic independence, there had come about a general breaking down of barriers in Greece, and the artist took a wider range in his choice of subjects. The genre figures of this later time, like the well-known 'Boy struggling with a Goose,' have always, however, a certain Hellenic grace and charm which are quite unlike what we find in the work of Roman times. Roman Art, like that of the Etruscans, and indeed the Italians generally, was realistic in a very different sense to that of the Greeks; and the vigorous, life-like Roman warriors and barbarians from Trajan's column are quite un-Hellenic in character. Thoroughly Roman in feeling, too, are the reliefs and gems of a later time, many of them with Latin inscriptions, which show subjects from trade and handicraft, and from the practice of the arts, treated in a prosaically natural spirit. Otto Jahn published a considerable number of these some years ago, but there is little or nothing in the collection which belongs to Greek Art proper.

Fig. 4.—Coloured Terra-cotta Figure. British Museum.

The question of Greek portraits is much too large to enter upon at any length. These became very frequent in Greek sculpture after the time of Alexander, but in republican times a portrait statue was only given to a distinguished public personage, and was looked upon as a sort of heroic honour which elevated the recipient—as Sophokles was elevated—almost to the rank of a demigod, and the work in this way assumed at once a public and even semi-religious character. Of the forcible characterization, and at the same time ideal feeling, in the portraiture of the school of Lysippos, there is no space here to treat, the object of this paper being rather to deal with the minor forms of Greek Art, to which we should naturally turn for examples of genre.

In connection with sculpture proper we may take work in terra-cotta, one of the chief materials of the Greek artistic workman. There are in our museums an immense number of figures, mostly of a small size, in baked clay, amongst which are some of the loveliest specimens of Greek handiwork. Those of most interest for our subject are the charming little studies of Greek girls, ten or twelve inches high, which have been found in such numbers at Tanagra, in Bœotia, and in other places. They appear to be simply ornaments, and have no pretence to be finished works of Art, but are of the more

* Continued from page 158.

† See A. Furtwängler's "Der Dornauszieher," and a paper on Greek Genre Sculpture, by G. Oertel, in the 2nd volume of "Leipziger Studien," 1879.

value, as showing the spirit of Greek Art in its unsophisticated forms. Our illustration (Fig. 4) gives one of these figures from the British Museum. The original, like all Greek terra-cottas, has been brightly coloured. The dignified and graceful little lady wears a tunic, down the front of which, from neck to ankles, runs a broad stripe of blue, and over it a pink mantle, which is folded so as to envelop the left arm and hand. The face is painted to imitate nature, the red of the lips, and the dark tint of the pupils of the eyes and the hair, being distinctly apparent. There is great variety in the position and attire of these figures, but the grace and charm of all of them are beyond description, and are apparent even in the slightest sketch. It is as if the Greek workman were forced by a law of his nature to work towards beauty and ideal charm in all that he put his hand to, and there is nothing which breathes the pure Hellenic spirit more truly than do these simple toys.

If we turn now to painting, we find, as is natural, representations from ordinary life more common than in the more dignified and monumental art of sculpture, but find, too, that they exhibit in many remarkable ways this same tendency towards an ideal treatment of every-day themes. The earliest examples of Greek pictorial design are on the vases. The vast majority of the scenes on these are of course mythological, but a certain number of subjects from human life also make their appearance. In a very few instances we find scenes of agriculture and trade depicted with prosaic literalness, but these, it is to be observed, are on the early vases with black figures, and often have about them the same homely naïveté that we find in the tomb relief of the 'Citizen with his Dog' (see p. 157), and which is especially characteristic of the early period of the art. On the red-figured vases which date from about the time of Pheidias onwards, this prosaic treatment hardly ever appears, but we find scenes of every-day life designed with the same grace and dignity as those on the tomb reliefs or on the terra-cottas. There is a charming piece of genre from a red-figured Athenian vase of the finest period (Fig. 5). It is one of the very few representations on vases of the processes of sculpture, and shows a youthful carver of Hermes-busts engaged on a beautiful specimen of his craft. The grace of the figure, which makes us forget its curious proportions, is thoroughly Hellenic, and the simple earnestness of the boy over his task is characteristic of the temper of the early Greek artists. We could well imagine that we have here some youthful Kalamis or Pheidias beginning by putting his best work into simple things.

Fig. 5.—A Hermes Carver. From a Vase at Copenhagen.

But besides the distinct Hellenic stamp, which the artist has given to all these figures, we often find him trying in a characteristically Greek spirit to take them out of the sphere of the commonplace and into the ideal region. This is sometimes done by giving a mythological colour to the scene. The artist, wishing to depict some graceful incident of real life, does so by putting some god or goddess, nymph or satyr, into the required position. A drawing on a marble slab, signed by an Athenian artist, which was found at Herculaneum, shows a group of girls playing at the favourite game of knuckle-bones. The painter has not been content, however, to make it simply a scene from the domestic life of Athens, but has given to the players the names of goddesses. It is not an especially Olympian game of knuckle-bones—the incident is naturally rendered—but an ideal colour is given to it by calling the players Leto, Phœbe, and Niobe. Examples somewhat similar in character are to be found in vase and mural paintings, which show scenes of handicraft or incidents of a comic character, in which the actors are not ordinary personages, but little loves and satyrs. Thus, at Pompeii, there is a series of small pictures, in which little winged Cupids are to be seen shoemaking, carpentering, and engaged at the wine-press, while satyrs appear on the vases in various ridiculous and often unseemly postures of ordinary life. So characteristic is it of the Greek artist to idealize in this way all he touches, that the work of Greek hands can be distinguished among the Campanian wall-paintings from those by local Italian workmen. There are two classes of genre paintings from Pompeii and its neighbourhood, one called by Helbig, in his "Campanian Wall-Paintings," by the name "Hellenistic," in which there is always some distinct Greek feeling, some touch of fancy or poetry; and the other "Campanian" or local, characterized by coarse realism, utterly inartistic and wanting in beauty, and showing only scenes from vulgar life, amongst which are many of an indecent and immoral character, or groups of household objects, articles of food, etc., rendered in the most prosaic matter-of-fact manner.

Lastly, there is another class of paintings in which an ideal character is given to scenes of ordinary life by the introduction of an attendant figure of Love or Victory. There are numerous scenes of war and athletics, in which the representation is completed by a figure of Nike (Victory) hovering over the combatant or crowning the victor; and the pictures, which are fairly common and very beautiful, out of the private life of the Greek ladies, are often graced by a similar figure of the attendant Eros. An exquisite example from a vase (Fig. 6) shows two Greek girls engaged in a game of see-saw. One is up in the air and the other down, but we observe that the feet of neither touch the board. Both are in the air, with toes pointed downwards, as if they were so light and buoyant that the movement had floated them off like bits of thistle-down from their perch; and their action and the flow of their drapery are so daintily put that we seem to see them move. Nor is this all. Eros must be present at the sport, and appears as a slender youth, floating in the midst. Eros, too, appears in the pretty bathing scenes, sometimes holding the clothes, or perched on the edge of the marble bathing vase. We need not suppose that the ladies in these scenes had more to do

with Eros than the general run of Greek women. Love follows and crowns the maiden, just as Victory follows and crowns the youth, giving the poetic idealizing touch, without which the Greek could not be satisfied to leave his work.

The above review of some of the principal forms in which the Greeks treated subjects from common life bears out what has been already said about the relation of the Greek artists to the world about them, and will explain how their work can be at the same time so true to nature and so remote from prosaic realism. As was said above, the "nature" which they studied was already a production of Art in the sense that it was something which had been stamped with a distinct Hellenic character. The youth came before them as warrior or athlete, the lady as the dignified head of the civic household, the maiden as graceful and winning. To place by their side a figure of Nike or of Eros was only a way of expressing the Hellenic belief that the youth should be brave and strong, the maiden tender and loving; and the ideal grace with which the figures generally are designed, indicates their true character in the eyes of the Greek. "The nature of each thing," said a Greek philosopher, "is what it tends to become when at its full development." On this principle the Greek artist represented his personages in accordance with the Hellenic ideal of them, which was their true nature. Hence, the realistic sculptor, Demetrios, was condemned by the public feeling of Greece as not understanding what truth to nature really in the Greek sense implied. Quintilian tells us that, not Demetrios, but Praxiteles and Lysippos were held to have been the most truthful artists, though in the one case ideal beauty, and in the other heroic vigour, were imparted by the sculptors to all their works. Demetrios went too far, and caring more for mere likeness, or, as the Greeks might have put it, accidental truth, than for beauty, which to them was the highest truth, was held to have mistaken the true course for the Hellenic artist to pursue.

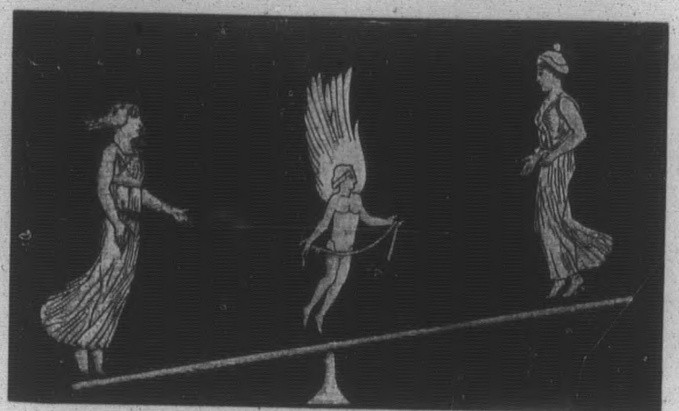
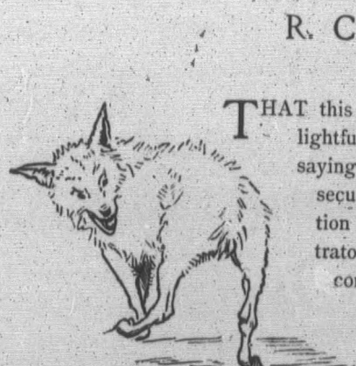


Fig. 6.—Greek Girls at See-saw. From a Vase.

G. BALDWIN BROWN.

R. CALDECOTT'S "ÆSOP'S FABLES."*



THAT this is an altogether delightful book "goes without saying." Mr. Caldecott has secured for himself a position unique as a book illustrator, and the smallest contribution from him, when conceived and executed with care, is received with abundant thanks, for his work always bears the note of originality both in conception and treatment.

These immortal Fables have found many illustrators, but Mr. Caldecott, by a series of parallels which he calls "modern instances," for the first time brings the permanent application of the "wise saws" of the ancient philosopher to the every-day life which surrounds us. To each of the fables in turn a moral is tacked suitable to the present age, and it is needless to say that they are all apposite and pointed.

The artist is undoubtedly at his best in the slighter vignettes rather than in his more elaborate drawings. The illustrations to the "Fox without a Tail," which we reproduce for our readers, and which explain themselves, justify this remark. The more finished works have, in this instance, by no means the power and humour conveyed by the back view of the tailless Reynard, given on this page; and many similar instances will be found in the book.

Evidence of a study of Japanese Art is seen in the concluding cut of the 'Hawk and the Dove,' where a few swirling lines indicate the sweep of the outstretched wings. This is no doubt admirable work, but it borders dangerously on the writing-master's *tours de force* with which he used to grace our youthful copy-books. The gamecock in the vignette to the "Cock and the Jewel" series shows the Japanese influence at its best, and is not only excellent, but marvellous.

The landscapes are perhaps scarcely up to Mr. Caldecott's usual level; and, indeed, he is always more at home in figure subjects, in giving expression to the varying moods of our common humanity and the human side of all animated nature.

Exception may perhaps be taken to the political allegories—not on political grounds, but as being subjects of merely ephemeral interest, some of which are even now almost out of date—since it is the application of the truths these fables teach to humanity under its permanent aspect which we desiderate, and not their bearing upon some accidental and transitory phase of our national politics or the relation of political parties. And while in this vein, we may remark that the book would have been improved in a point of detail if the fables had been numbered to agree with the note prefixed to the series. At present the identification of the drawings with the references is necessarily a somewhat roundabout proceeding.

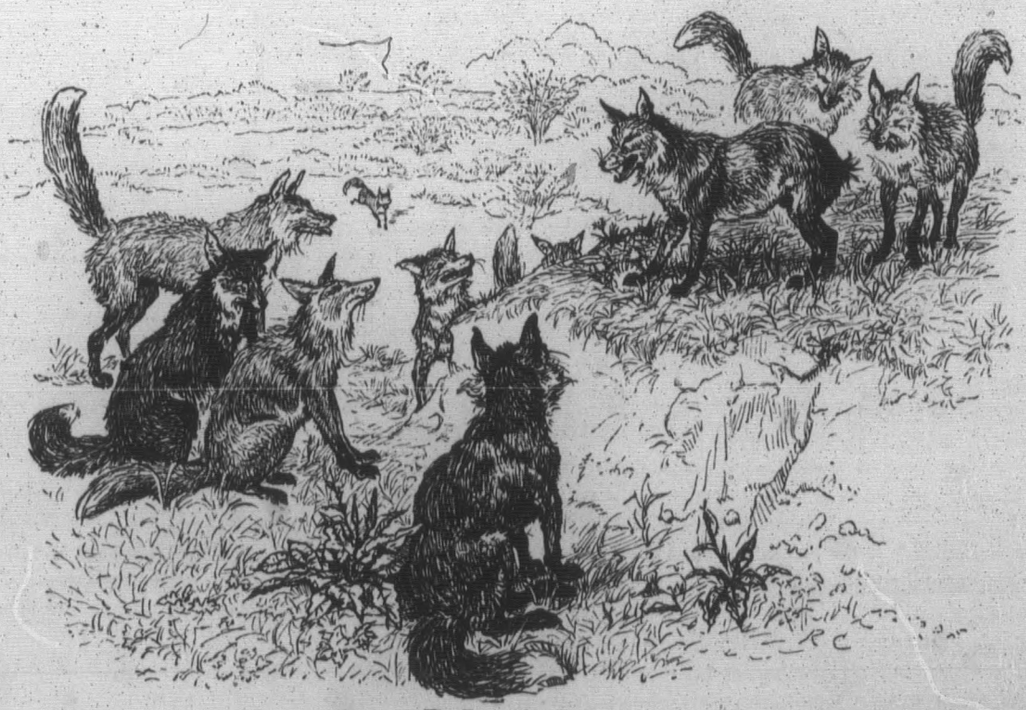
* London: Macmillan & Co.

If we have adverted to what we conceive to be its shortcomings, what is that but to say it is human, and therefore imperfect, as all human art must be? We assure Mr. Caldecott, however, of our appreciation of his ability;

"Nonsense, my dears! Husbands are ridiculous things & are quite unnecessary!"

From "The Fox without a Tail."

we thank him for the many pleasant hours his pencil has given us, and we wholly disavow all sympathy with the creature in the concluding sketch of the series under review, who is himself being "cut up," as he so well deserves.



"The Fox without a Tail."

"First editions" are just now attracting some notice. First editions of illustrated books have a double recommendation, for even in these days of skilful reproduction there is always more vitality, sharpness, and brightness in the earliest issues.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY.*

CONTINUING our notes of the chief pictures in the Academy, we come to No. 156. 'L'Étude,' by H. FANTIN. A young woman in a brown dress seated in front of a still untouched easel, beside her is a glass of daffodils; one of the most simple yet complete works in the Academy.

No. 158. 'The Dance,' by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A decorative frieze, of which the central figure is Terpsichore. On either side are eight female figures in various poses and diaphanous garments of delicate hue.

No. 163. 'The Private View,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A. A realistic scene of social life taken at the private view of the Royal Academy, 1881; the most prominent figures are those of the Archbishop of York and Mr. Oscar Wilde, whilst arranged, in well-disposed disorder, are such subordinate persons as Mr. Gladstone, Lady Burdett Coutts, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Browning, and others less recognisable without aid from the "key" attached to the frame.

No. 170. 'The Home Quartett,' by ARTHUR HUGHES. A strange instance of survival. Thirty years ago Mr. Hughes and Mr. Millais were members of the P.R.B., and many critics anticipated for the former the more brilliant career. How these prophecies have been fulfilled, this exhibition can show.

No. 179. 'Preparations for the first Communion,' by H. WOODS, A.R.A. A brilliant bit of Venetian home life, painted in bright colours and with an intimate acquaintance with Venice street types and street life.

No. 201. 'At the Sign of the Blue Boar,' by E. CROFTS, A.R.A. An episode in the Parliamentary struggle, Ireton and Cromwell discussing an intercepted letter.

No. 202. 'Oyster Dredgers,' by C. NAPIER HEMY. A light and pleasant sea-piece into which the artist has thrown a touch of fisher life.

No. 207. 'A French Kitchen Garden,' by E. STOTT. An interesting specimen of the Franco-American realistic school.

No. 208. 'Flirtation,' by E. DE BLAAS. A girl standing on steps under a balcony, whilst a gondolier, seated in his boat, is looking up to her with a half-amazed, half-earnest expression. The girl's artlessness, whether real or feigned, is most happily delineated, and the colours of the work, of which the girl's yellow petticoat and blue apron are conspicuous features, are admirably harmonized.

No. 220. 'Vestal,' by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A soft face in profile, with full lips and regretful eyes, dressed in a white gold-spotted veil against a blue background.

No. 224. 'A Mask Shop,' by C. VAN HAANEN. A bit of Venetian life which escapes most travellers—an old woman who deals in left-off garments, or hires out occasional dresses at Carnival-time, is seated on a low stool against the wall. Above her hang costumes of Punchinello, Pierrot, and such-like "friperie"; two boys are looking over the half-closed door, through which the light is streaming upon the shop and its occupants.

GALLERY III.

No. 231. 'A Trumpeter,' by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. A soldier in a bright vermilion coat, standing behind a brown horse. Bold and vigorous in design and execution, conceived in the spirit of Rubens.

No. 232. 'Too Late,' by FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A. One of the principal imaginative works of the year—the five foolish virgins shut out from the bridegroom's feast. The picture is sharply divided by the bright light issuing from the hall, falling across the belated virgins, who sorrowfully retreat into the cold blue night.

No. 237. 'The Edge of the Birchwood,' by R. SCOTT TEMPLE. A very beautiful landscape: the slender birch-trees, as yet scarcely feathered by the returning spring, are clearly cut against the grey sky. Through the winter-killed bracken, which strews the foreground, the early flowers and grasses are forcing their way.

No. 239. 'Trophies of Victory,' by ANDREW C. GOW, A.R.A. A group of Dutch officers celebrating the defeat of the Austrians. The captured colours are being examined by the victors, who are represented at a banquet. The Admiral of Arragon, a prisoner, but also a guest, is gloomily revenging himself on an orange, which he has under the knife.

No. 240. 'General Lord Wolseley,' by FRANK HOLL, R.A., as he appeared in service in the Egyptian campaign, in loose red tunic and the grey regulation coat thrown over his shoulders. A somewhat sentimental rendering of the face, and the attitude almost deprecating well-earned congratulations.

No. 241. 'Joyous Summer,' by P. H. CALDERON, R.A. A group of damsels round a pool sheltered by thick foliage.

No. 246. 'Autumn,' by A. GLENDENING, Jun. A fitting companion to Mr. Scott Temple's work (237). A stream winds along the margin of a beech wood, over which autumn is shedding its rich tints.

No. 248. 'Mrs. Wm. Lee, of Downside,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A. Very carefully painted, and quite the best of Mr. Frith's works for some time past.

No. 249. 'The Meal at the Fountain,' by J. B. BURGESS, A.R.A. A capital bit of Spanish city life—a group of four students lolling over a fountain, which a group of girls, carrying their water-jars, are approaching.

No. 255. 'Llyn-yr-Adar,' by J. W. OAKES, A.R.A. A gloomy Welsh mountain scene, of which the Adder pool reflecting the precipices around is the principal feature.

No. 260. 'The Ides of March,' by E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Cæsar and Calphurnia on the steps of their Palace. Across the darkened sky the boding comet is passing; whilst on the wall are thrown, by the flaring light of the lamp, dark shadows of evil augury. The whole scene is conceived in the severest mood, the rich marbles of Cæsar's Palace showing cold and colourless in the gloom. The true love of classical Art is everywhere manifest in this finished but somewhat weird picture.

* Continued from page 238.

No. 261. 'Dost know this Waterfly?' by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. An ambling Osric in a sky-blue satin dress, with probably as much character as Shakspeare intended to bestow upon this amiable witling.

No. 262. 'They had been Boys together,' by THOMAS FAED, R.A. A broken-down old man in a worn and stained mackintosh in the office of a successful lawyer, who seems rather anxious to ignore his visitor's presence. Painted with sedulous attention to details and accessories, but wanting in much of the rugged pathos which distinguishes most of Mr. Faed's earlier works.

No. 269. 'The possessed Swine,' by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. Another treatment of this somewhat popular subject, but Mr. Riviere has not succeeded in expressing, in the faces of his pigs falling over the cliff, so many varied emotions as in his 'Companions of Ulysses.'

No. 270. The 'Marquess of Salisbury,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Three-quarter length, with drooping head and lifted eyes, a very characteristic work, painted with the consummate skill of which Mr. Millais is the master.

No. 271. 'Voltaire,' by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.—by general verdict "the picture" of the year. The scene is a banqueting-room in the palace of the Duc de Sulli, and apparently lighted from an unseen window; round the table is an aristocratic assembly of which Voltaire had been the guest. For some real or imaginary offence he had been enticed away for a moment, and beaten by the servants of the Duc de Rohan. Voltaire has returned and is standing, trembling with passion, demanding satisfaction for the outrage done to him, and through him to his host. The Duc and his guests are shrugging their shoulders in contemptuous pity, half amused and wholly indifferent to their fellow-guest's indignation and rage. This large work, marked by all the peculiarities of Mr. Orchardson's style, is nevertheless one of the principal evidences he has yet given of imaginative power and a certain reserve of force. It is rather in the general attitude of the guests than by the minute play of feature that he tells the tale, and reveals one of the causes which made the French Revolution inevitable and relentless.

No. 272. 'Watching the Stalkers,' by J. S. NOBLE. A very promising bit of animal painting, introduced into a landscape which smells of fresh air.

No. 276. 'Fading Light,' by JAMES E. GRACE. An attempt to keep alive the olden style of English landscape art, which seems to find but scant favour from the hanging committee.

No. 278. 'Right Honourable John Bright,' by FRANK HOLL, R.A. Full face seated in a plain chair, a most powerful work wholly in black and white. The artist has seized with skill and interpreted with truth the face of the statesman.

No. 279. 'Gathering the Flock,' by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. A path in the moor-side, along which the mountain flock are slowly wending homewards. The foreground is brown with bracken, the sky beside the purple hills is deep blue.

No. 280. 'The late Bishop of Llandaff,' by W. W. OULESS, R.A. A venerable, kindly face, which will give a pleasant reminiscence of the late Dr. Ollivant.

No. 286. 'Katie,' by G. F. WATTS, R.A. A child actress's face, painted with its simple accessories in four tones of red.

No. 296. 'The Way to the Temple,' by L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. A girl seated against the steps, selling images and vases. The artist's Diploma work, and one which will contrast favourably with those deposited by other Academicians in the gallery, which, happily for their reputation, is seldom visited by the public.

No. 297. 'Windsor,' by VICAT COLE, R.A. Bathed in deep rich sunlight and suffused with a golden mist, which give to the battlements a grandeur which scarcely strikes ordinary observers.

No. 305. 'Daughters of Eve,' by G. D. LESLIE, R.A. One pretty girl gathering apples, another holding open her apron to catch them as they fall, and the third and smallest busily munching her share.

No. 307. 'The Vega of Granada,' by R. ANSDELL, R.A. A striking landscape by a veteran hand who can still wield his brush to good purpose. In the far distance across the bright landscape the towers of the Alhambra rise against the sky.

No. 308. 'Countess of Dalhousie,' by CAROLUS DURAN. A full-length portrait of a lady, in which brown is the dominant colour. Interesting as the work of the most fashionable of contemporary portrait-painters in France.

No. 323. 'Forget-me-not,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. The artist's daughter, in a light dress and dark hat, full face, and with a soft, pleading expression in her wistful eyes.

No. 324. 'The Wily Angler,' by J. C. HOOK, R.A. An inland scene. Always true in landscape as well as seascape, Mr. Hook, for those who do not find his colours crude, can open up pleasant corners of rustic life. Here is an urchin busily engaged with primitive tackle in landing fish from the burn which runs through the bright green meadows.

No. 330. 'Kittens,' by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A young child in a red dress seated on a couch, leaning over a kitten.

No. 331. 'Carting for Farmer Pengelly,' by J. C. HOOK, R.A. A mixture of land and sea in Mr. Hook's best and most breezy manner.

No. 334. 'Professor Huxley,' by JOHN COLLIER. A "speaking portrait" of the well-known physiologist, who holds a skull in his hands as if in the act of explaining some part of its marvels.

No. 343. 'An Oleander,' by L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. Beneath the tree growing in the corner of a Roman palace or temple sits a girl with a branch of it in her hand. Across the courtyard and along a passage one gets a glimpse of blue sea and of a party embarking in a boat, one of whom casts back a wistful look to the girl. In all the range of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work he has never gone farther in his almost magical rendering of marble, bronze, and other accessories of Roman life.

No. 344. 'The old Clock,' by H. S. MARKS, R.A. A humorous thought, rendered with Dutch-like fidelity.

GALLERY IV.

No. 354. 'A lonely Shore,' by PETER GRAHAM, R.A., on which dull-green sea is lapping lazily.

No. 356. 'Among the Trawlers,' by ANDREW BLACK. A busy scene on the shores of a Scottish loch; the sky and water equally well rendered.

No. 364. 'Under the Beeches,' by DAVID BATES. These seem to be the artists' favourite trees this year. Here they are shown in mid-winter, bare of leaves, the ground white with snow.

No. 369. 'Hans Richter,' by H. HERKOMER, A.R.A. A full-length portrait of this well-known musician; painted in sober colours but with rare spirit and sympathy.

No. 370. 'Foes or Friends?' by P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A. Children and deer in the midst of an English park. The

mutual doubt as to intentions expressed by both children and animals is admirably rendered.

No. 372. 'The Eve of the Regatta,' by W. LOGSDAIL. Two sailors in a *canova* eagerly discussing the chances of the morrow, and probably hazarding their week's earnings on the result. A scene of street life in Venice.

No. 375. 'Mrs. Arthur Street,' by H. T. WELLS, R.A. A very graceful portrait of the artist's daughter.

No. 386. 'An Audience,' by H. G. GLINDONI. A scene in the presence chamber at Hampton Court Palace.

No. 398. 'Ben Eay,' by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. A herd of 'Kylies', painted as only Mr. Davis can, wandering over the heathy mountain sides. Heavy clouds hang over the mountain-top, but the landscape is full of light and sunset glow.

No. 399. 'At Last!' by FRED COTMAN. A young soldier returned from foreign service has reached the last stage of his journey.

No. 401. 'Starting,' by H. W. MESDAG. This facile Dutch artist plays so constantly on the simple theme of fishing-boats, that apparently the authorities have thought it unnecessary to extend greater hospitality to a foreign seascapist than they have in many instances shown to their own fellow-countrymen.

No. 408. 'Recreation,' by W. D. SADLER. A party of jovial brown-clothed monks playing at blindman's-buff.

No. 415. 'Asleep,' by MARCUS STONE, A.R.A. A study in oils, but recalling a French pastel in texture and tone. A woman asleep in a red dress in a red armchair.

No. 418. 'Harvest Field, Leicestershire,' by A. E. EMSLIE. A French rendering of an English scene. Honest and conscientious. We notice a vagary of the hanging committee in admitting five pictures by this artist, but skying them all.

No. 423. 'The Signal,' by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A. A young girl painted in shadow, shedding rose-leaves on to the stream, which carries them downward to her lover. Mr. Macbeth's most successful but least ambitious work of the year.

No. 434. 'Nerina,' by C. E. PERUGINI. A truly academic figure of a soft-faced girl leaning against a fountain, filling a brass pot.

No. 442. 'Rev. T. T. Carter,' by FRANK HOLL, R.A. The founder and warden of the Clewer House of Mercy. A remarkable head, with no lack of power, and great subtleness of perception.

GALLERY V.

No. 448. 'Nature's Mirror,' by J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A. A knot of broken trees reflecting themselves in a dark pool.

No. 462. 'The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius,' by J. W. WATERHOUSE. The youthful emperor, who occupies one corner of this large canvas, is seated on his chair feeding his doves and guinea fowl, whilst before him in white robes his tutors are obsequiously waiting to lead him in the royal road to learning. The background is an elaborate study of a Roman interior, and very successfully carried out; one of the most striking pictures of the year from an outsider.

No. 470. 'Samuel Cousins, R.A.,' by E. LONG, R.A. The engraver at work.

No. 477. 'The Piazza,' by W. LOGSDAIL. To many the most attractive, and to some the most repulsive, picture in the exhibition. The Piazza in front of Quadri's café, crowded with loungers, the élite and the scum of Venice. The background is filled up by the imposing façade of San Marco. Every variety of costume and nationality is introduced and much brilliant colour, as well as powerful drawing, displayed in a style very different, but not less successful, than in the artist's previous renderings of the grey Antwerp streets and skies.

No. 493. 'The Professor,' by H. S. MARKS, R.A. A single figure (as in all Mr. Mark's pictures of the present year), standing behind a lecture-table on which are the crania of various birds.

No. 498. 'The Last of the Crew,' by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. The artist's most successful picture; an arctic scene. The last of the crew stands alone on the edge of the blue water, and beside him his faithful dog.

No. 508. 'Green Pastures and Still Waters,' by B. W. LEADER, A.R.A. A soft and pleasant landscape.

No. 531. 'Gentle Autumn,' by FRANK WALTON. A gnarled oak, with other trees, undulating meadows, and a few cattle, make up, in Mr. Walton's careful hands, a very pretty picture, to which the autumn tints give a richness and variety.

No. 535. 'Alnaschar's Fortune,' by W. E. LOCKHART. A humorous rendering of the story of the barber's brother, who, in building up the fabric of his future greatness, kicks over the basket full of glass ware which was to be its fragile basis.

GALLERY VI.

No. 544. 'Agitation,' and 1468, 'Anticipation,' by J. YATES CARRINGTON. A pair of cleverly-painted pictures, intended as pendants, and so, although in other respects well treated by the committee, naturally hung as far apart as possible.

No. 545. 'Mrs. Anstruther Thomson,' by J. SANT, R.A. A tall, elegant lady, in a greenish-yellow dress.

No. 560. 'War,' by ANNA LEA MERRITT. A balcony or loggia, overcrowded with female figures, who are watching the troops passing through the street below.

No. 576. 'Hymn to Osiris,' by KNIGHTON WARREN. A tribute to the influence of Mr. Long, but full of academic promise.

No. 577. 'Rye,' by LESLIE THOMSON. A peaceful rendering of a deserted seaport.

No. 603. 'A Fire in the City,' by V. P. YGLESIAS. Cheapside lighted by the lurid glare of a neighbouring fire.

No. 611. 'Lochaber no more,' by J. WATSON NICOL. A steamship carrying away the father and daughter from their Highland home. The grey cloud-capped mountains offer no comfort to the exiles.

No. 612. 'St. David, Quimperlé,' by STANHOPE A. FORBES. Somewhat grey as measured by the English standard of colour, but a very beautiful Breton scene.

No. 613. 'Relics of the Brave,' by A. HACKER. The inside of a peasant's cottage, to which the post has brought the cross and medal won by the soldier killed in distant lands. The young wife sits behind the table, crushed and speechless. The child is clinging to her grandfather, who, bowed down with age and sorrow, gazes blankly on the ground.

No. 620. 'The Dogs' Home,' by WALTER HUNT. A clever group of dogs of various sorts.

No. 621. 'The First Frost,' by A. PARSONS. The edge of a wood turned brown by autumn, a stream running beside it, and all around fallen leaves on which the first frost is glistening.

No. 635. 'A Spill,' by JOHN R. REID. A huntsman in scarlet has come to grief, exciting more astonishment than sympathy from the peasants at work, who look disparagingly at his wounded wrist.

No. 642. 'Maternité,' by REGINALD BOTTOMLEY. The real and the ideal 'Mater Dolorosa,' a sad wan-faced woman

gazing at a Florentine Madonna. Severe in colour but true in sentiment.

No. 648. 'A North-Country Stream,' by ALFRED W. HUNT. One of the few examples of landscape conceived in the spirit of Turner, but without any attempt to imitate his style. A background of wide-spreading trees, beside which a stream flows down into a pool which occupies the foreground.

No. 653. 'A Whip for Van Tromp,' by SEYMOUR LUCAS. A scene at the Admiralty in 1652. "My Lords" and their advisers discussing the model of a ship, which shall whip the Dutch Admiral out of the Thames and the North Sea.

No. 659. 'A grey Day on Lago Maggiore,' by POWNOLL WILLIAMS. A very charming rendering of a cloud-laden dull Italian day.

No. 663. 'Evening,' by BERTHA NEWCOMBE. Another instance of the contemptuous disdain with which good and carefully-painted landscapes are treated at Burlington House.

No. 667. 'Baroness Burdett-Coutts,' by E. LONG, R.A. Very stately and composed; an excellent likeness without any pretence to flatter. Mr. Long's best work of the year.

GALLERY VII.

No. 678. 'Dieu le Veult,' by JAMES ARCHER. Historical pictures have become so rare on the walls of Burlington House that we ought to be thankful to artists who, in spite of obstacles and temptations, endeavour to keep alive this branch of their art. Peter the Hermit, standing on the steps of the cathedral at Clermont or some other religious centre, is calling upon the people to rise for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. The scene at his feet is an animated one. The mediæval costumes are not only well grouped, but their wearers are obviously moved and excited by the summons of the preacher.

No. 688. 'Willows whiten, aspens quiver,' by KEELEY HALSWELLE. A grey landscape, over which the breeze is blowing keenly, breaking the surface of the stream. The sense of approaching winter is well conveyed.

No. 695. 'Lobster-fishers,' by COLIN HUNTER. A Scotch coast-scene, where the dark-blue water wells up among the rocks—a movement successfully conveyed by the artist, who knows how to group his figures effectively and to make fishing-boats picturesque.

No. 700. 'Trabacolo unloading,' by CLARA MONTALBA. One of Miss Montalba's graceful renderings of the Venetian sky.

No. 704. 'Exercising the Young Ones,' by JOHN EMMS. Interesting as evidence that animal painting is attracting the attention of the younger artists.

No. 710. 'The Temple of Eros,' by H. SCHMALZ. A classical composition representing a procession of youths and maidens passing before the statue (partially hidden) of the god. In the background the grove of the temple, through which the worshippers, with torches and rose-wreaths, are approaching.

No. 722. 'Thomas à Becket,' by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. A dark scene in Canterbury Cathedral; the murdered archbishop lying before the altar, the murderers stealing away through the dim aisles.

No. 723. 'The Blood Council, Antwerp, 1567,' by P. SIDNEY HOLLAND. A family of noble Flemings summoned before the Council of the Inquisition. Powerfully treated, supporting the artist's reputation gained in previous years by his 'Galileo.'

No. 730. 'Early Summer,' by MARK FISHER. A charming breezy bit of the Sussex downs.

No. 732. 'An Old English Landscape,' by J. W. NORTH. Painted with consummate care and taste.

No. 742. 'Love-birds,' by J. SANT, R.A. Two little girls, in long apple-green gowns, clinging to one another, apparently seeking mutual consolation; beside them lies dead one other (real) love-bird, whose mate is left bereaved in its cage.

No. 753. 'Suspected of Witchcraft,' by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. A reminiscence of the Puritan days of New England. A tall, beautiful girl in a grey dress and pale grey hat trimmed with black, with a white kerchief across her shoulders, nursing a black kitten, whilst her hands are full of meadow-sweet and other simples. One of Mr. Boughton's most successful works.

No. 764. 'The Joyless Winter Day,' by JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, purchased out of the Chantrey bequest. Sheep cowering under the crest of a snow-covered hill; the scene above all dark and dreary.

No. 772. 'The New Gown,' by FANNY FILDES. Few pictures show more delicacy of colour and careful drawing. A young girl in all the pride of a pretty new dress, on which she is still at work as she sits in the garden under the trees.

No. 777. 'The Surrender,' by J. D. LINTON. One of a series of decorative works illustrating a soldier's life in the sixteenth century.

GALLERY VIII.

No. 786. 'Old Cronies,' by M. E. KINDON. A very cleverly-painted bit of Italian street life. Two old women huddled together under a wall, warming their hands over a brazier which serves to roast chestnuts. Strongly realistic.

No. 788. 'Alfred Seymour,' by E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A. A dramatic rendering rather than a simple portrait, but showing too great a facility to lead us to hope that the artist will long resist the lucrative temptation of portrait painting.

No. 801. 'Fra Silvestro,' by ANNIE L. ROBINSON. An old friar in brown and white robe. Somewhat of a disappointment to those who recollect the remarkable portrait with which Miss Robinson astonished visitors to Burlington House two years ago.

No. 802. 'Queen Katharine,' by R. THORBURN, A.R.A. A figure in a black velvet dress seated in an oriel window.

No. 807. 'Can he Forget?' by E. H. FAHEY. A girl in the last century (Art) costume seated on a stile surrounded by a sunny, hopeful landscape, indicative that Mr. Fahey can do other things than stagnant pools and Norfolk "broads."

No. 809. 'Welsh Dragons,' by JOHN BRETT, A.R.A. Scarcely as imposing or successful as their Cornish congeners, but very attractive withal in their green serpentine coats of stone rising out of the deep-blue sea.

No. 814. 'Lady Campbell,' by LOUISA STARR, in black velvet dress and gauze scarf, seated.

No. 820. 'The Courtship of William II. of Orange,' by D. W. WYNFIELD. The little Princess is lying in her stately bed, to which she was confined by a sudden illness. Her youthful suitor stands outside the curtains whilst he makes a formal declaration of the object of his visit. Charles and Henrietta, concealed at the opposite side of the bed, are listening; but the central interest of the picture is centred, as it should be, in the demure Princess, who seems thoroughly to understand her part.

No. 834. 'An Impromptu Dance,' by FRED BROWN. A scene on the Chelsea Embankment—a group of street children dancing to the music of a street organ. Thoroughly realistic, without any attempt at concession to beauty, but painted with skill and *verve*.

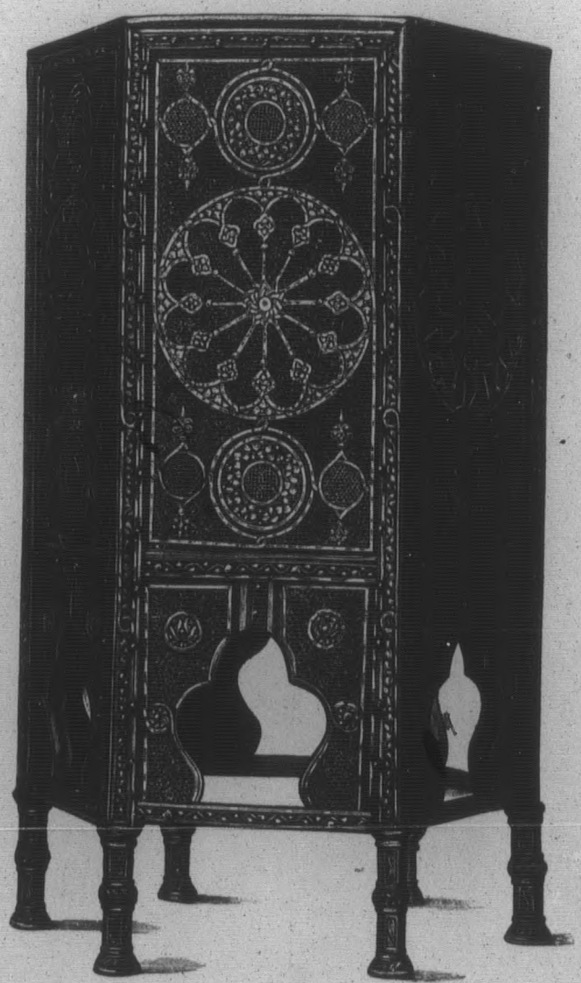
(*To be continued.*)

THE DANCE

THE MUSEUM OF ARAB ART AT CAIRO.

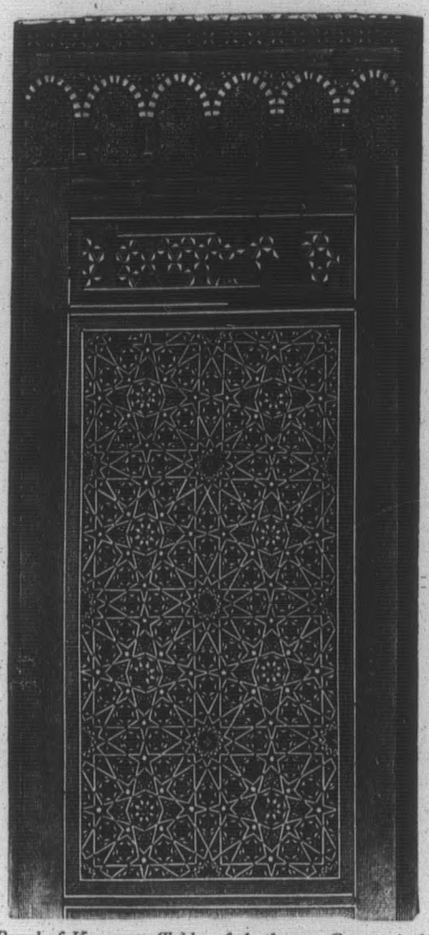
IT is doubtful whether one in a hundred of the visitors who habitually flock to Cairo during the winter months knows that there is such a thing there as a Museum of Arab Art. If it is spoken of it is immediately confused with the Bûlâk Museum. There is indeed no comparison possible between the two: the Bûlâk collections are the most wonderful of their kind in the whole world; and whether we stop to marvel at the statues of the Ancient Empire, and the exquisite wall-paintings which have resisted the destroyer Time for six thousand years, or stand before the long row of mummy-cases found in the priestly tomb at Deyr el-Bahry, and try to realise that there before us lie the very bodies of the warrior kings of Thebes, of Seti, whose face is familiar to us in the relief at Abydos, of great Thothmes, whose armies overran Hither Asia, of the famous Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, the Pharaoh of the Israelite oppression, and the builder of half the temples of Egypt—we shall equally be forced to admit that no other Museum can show such treasures of the remote past, or overwhelm us so utterly with an almost incredible antiquity.

But there is "one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon," and while the gems of Arab Art preserved in the lesser Museum cannot compete in antiquity or in number with the rich collections at Bûlâk, in beauty of execution and in their unique character they may challenge comparison with almost any other exhibition. An added interest attaches to them from the mere fact that there is no other Museum of Arab Art in existence, though the South Kensington authorities, chiefly through the zeal of Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, are making an effort to increase the Arab branch of their varied collections, and will, perhaps, some day possess an Arab Court. At present, however, the Arab Museum at Cairo is unique, and though it is in its infancy, and its building has a temporary look, and its objects are hardly arranged at all, it promises to develop into a worthy representation of that beautiful offshoot of Byzantine Art which has made Cairo the artist's paradise. That such a Museum ought to be formed, and formed quickly, is evident to any one who has seen the monuments of Cairo in recent years. It is not too much to say that there is not a single mosque or mansion of the golden age of Cairene architecture which is not in a more or less ruined condition, and generally more. Natural decay will account for a great deal of the lamentable state of the monuments, which, unlike those of ancient Egypt, are built of perishable materials, stucco and brick, to which no skill could insure the immortality of the granite and limestone of the temples and pyramids. But there is more than natural decay in the matter. There is the wilful Philistine barbarous ignorance of the people who have inherited these priceless monuments of an extinct art — the ruthless modern Egyptians who build their lath-and-plaster booths against the façades of mosques; who prefer the monstrosities of Turkish taste to the exquisite refinement of the purest period of Cairene architecture; who pull down the palaces of Memlûk princes to make room for the nondescript erections and glass windows of the Frank bricklayer; who have no comprehension of the beauty that they are neglecting and defacing; and to whom the sole idea suggested by a specimen of the old art is how much some traveller will give for it. And then there are these travellers, Vandals by instinct and profession, who will spare nothing and ruin everything to take home a "souvenir" of their travels to other barbarians at home. Our French friends, who are so fond of twitting us with our supposed trick of whittling our names on the monuments of Egypt (where, by-the-bye, there are few recent English names, and the biggest and glaringest are always French), are the chief spoilers of Cairo. Where are all the missing bronze doors of the mosques, and the other treasures of Arab Art, which those who have known Cairo long remember to have seen in former days and which are now seen no more? At Paris, for the most part, where they adorn a nobleman's house. And if we ask who was the Goth who cut a great square piece out of the mosaics of the mosque of El-Ashraf Barsabay in the eastern



No. 1.—Kursy, or Table, of Filigree Arabesque Work in Silver and Brass.

cemetery, the doorkeeper will amaze us by answering that it was the enlightened Mariette, the denouncer of English tourists,

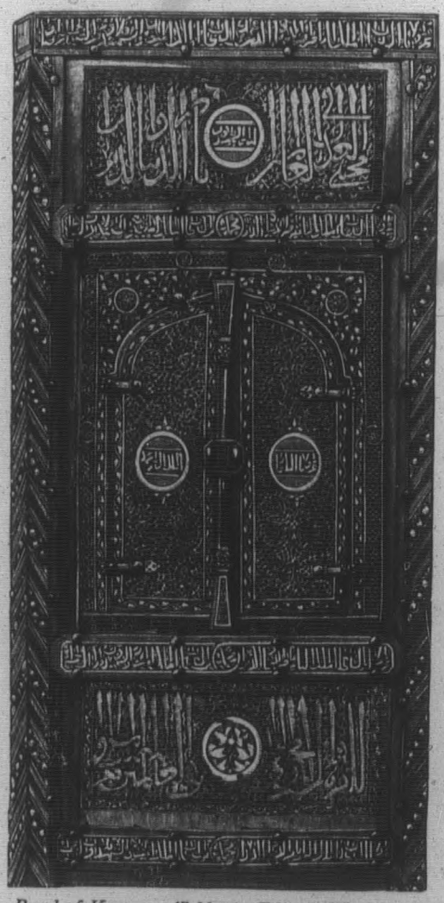


No. 2.—Panel of Kursy, or Table, of Arabesque Geometrical Patterns in Ivory inlaid in Ebony.

who ruined the mosaics in order to send an *objet* to the Paris Exhibition! Finally, there is another, a chief cause of the ruin of the Arab monuments: the rulers of Egypt do not appreciate them, and, having confiscated most of the mosque endowments, leave them to perish without an effort to save them. We have only to look at the buildings of the last reign to form a very fair estimate of Khedivial taste. A prince who could suffer the incongruous mass called the Rifa'iyeh to be set up opposite the mosque of Sultan Hasan, while he left the carved frieze and marbles of the latter to go to ruin, who could run a new street through the mosque of Kûsûn, and then replace it by such a monstrosity as we now see slowly growing to its eventual hideousness, was hardly the man to cherish the artistic monuments which fate perversely committed to his charge; and when the ruler does not interfere, it is scarcely likely that the subjects, even if they be Ministers, will exert themselves in the land of *laisser aller* to save what nobody values.

The present Khedive, though he probably understands and cares for Arab Art no more than his predecessors, has the merit of being candidly open to advice and suggestions, and it was in consequence of such advice that he took the first serious step towards the better surveillance of the mediæval monuments by appointing a Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab Art (Comité de Conservation des Monuments de l'Art Arabe), which includes the names of several well-known enthusiasts in the subject, resident in Cairo, such as Rogers Bey, Artin Bey, and MM. Baudry and Bourgoin, together with Franz Bey, the architect to the Ministry of Wakfs or Religious Trusts. Although this Commission was instituted in December, 1881, the political anarchy of the succeeding year prevented the practical exercise of the functions delegated to it. Since the war, however, and the restoration of order, it has met fairly regularly, and personal observation of its work at the beginning of the present year (before I was myself appointed a member of the Commission) showed me that something definite was at last being done for the preservation of the Arab monuments. The functions of the Commission are, first, to make an inventory of all Arab monuments which have an historical or artistic value (over seven hundred have already been registered); secondly, to advise the Minister of Religious Trusts as to the repairs which are needed to preserve the more ruined monuments; thirdly, to convince themselves by personal inspection that their recommendations are strictly and carefully carried into execution; fourthly, to preserve in the Ministry of Religious Trusts plans of all the monuments surveyed, and records of the observations and identifications made by the Commission, copies of ancient inscriptions, and the like; and lastly, the Commission have power to remove to the Arab Museum any objects of interest which may be found among the débris of fallen monuments, and which cannot be replaced in their original positions.

How the Commission is carrying out its instructions under the first four heads need not be discussed here,* but the



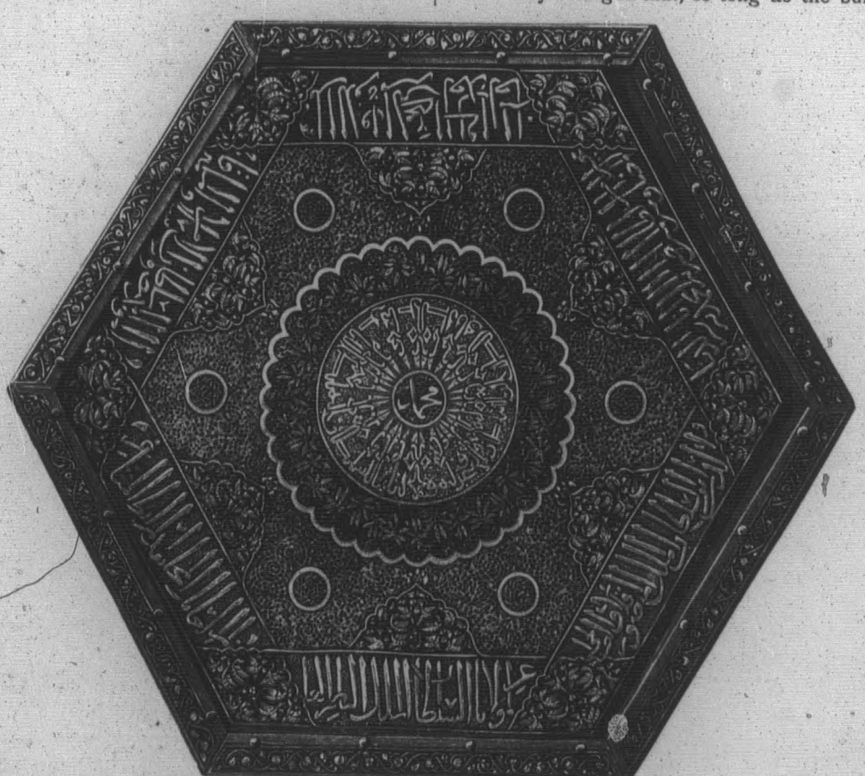
No. 3a.—Panel of Kursy, or Table, in Filigree Work in Silver and Brass, with Arabic Inscriptions in Silver.

* I contributed some accounts of the work of the Commission, during February and March of this year, to *The Athenæum* of March 17 and 31.

results of the last part of their duties have been exceedingly valuable in forming the nucleus of an Arab Art Museum. In pursuance of their authorisation to take charge of any stray fragments and specimens which they might encounter in the buildings which come within their powers, they have accumulated a really unique series of objects representing not only the chief branches of Arab Art, but the chief periods in the history of the Art. These objects form the collections of the Museum of Arab Art, which only exists in consequence of the labours of the Commissioners, and especially of Rogers and Franz Beys.

As many who know Cairo fairly well have never heard of or seen the Arab Art Museum, it may be well to describe its position. Every one knows the way from the Musky through the crowded Sûk En-Nahhâsîn (where coppersmiths din at their work and exhibit a whole streetful of shining pots and pans) to the great gate called the Bâb el-Futûh, whose massive round towers, next to the square masonry of the Bâb en-Nasr, form one of the finest features of the old part of the city. A little before arriving at the Bâb el-Futûh we leave the street, and passing through a narrow passage, find ourselves in a vast open court, which has evidently once been surrounded by cloisters, of which a few columns and pointed or horse-shoe arches still remain at the sides, while the east end, facing the door we entered by, is fairly well preserved, but the arches have been closed up with a temporary screen. This immense space, strewn with débris and fallen columns, is in fact the court of the Mosque of El-Hâkim, the well-known lunatic Khalif, with whom the mysteries of the Druses are traditionally connected, and whose strange dogmas and stranger antics make a lively episode in mediæval Egyptian history. At the two corners of the western side stand the two minarets (or rather mibkharehs, so called because incense was supposed to be burnt from their galleries), which once began to show signs of collapse, and were consequently strengthened by the building of strange-looking square blocks round their bases, with the bizarre effect (like an ancient Egyptian pylon with a pepper-box on its top) which is familiar to every visitor to Cairo. One of these minarets was fortified by the French during their occupation of Egypt in 1799, and the whole northern wall of the mosque, which connects the Bâb el-Futûh with the Bab en-Nasr (which were then turned into French forts, and still bear French names on their inner sides) was pierced with eyelet-holes for guns. The five doors of the court are connected, Mr. Palgrave tells me, with the peculiar tenets of the Shî'ïs, and are each appropriated to a separate sacred personage.

The eastern arcades of the mosque were the most sacred part; they were deeper and had more rows of arches; and here was the pulpit, the niche or *mihrâb* that points to Mekka, and the rest of the simple furniture of a Mohommadan place of worship. The sanctuary (*Iwân*), or east-end, of the mosque of El-Hâkim has, however, long been disused, and the Minister of Wakfs has allowed it to be set apart for the purposes of the Museum of Arab Art. Whether it will be more than a temporary home for the collection is uncertain; but it may be urged that, so long as the building is spacious enough, there could be no more suitable place wherein to store the treasures of Arab Art than this earliest mosque of El-Kâhirah, built by the grandson of the Fâtimy Khalif who conquered Egypt in the middle of the tenth century, and founded those twin magnificent palaces which in time developed into the modern city of Cairo.



No. 36.—Top of Kursy, or Table, in Filigree Work in Silver and Brass, with Arabic Inscription in Silver.

After calming the suspicions of the officer in charge, who will let no one in without an order from the Minister of Religious Trusts, we enter a vestibule where native workmen are engaged in cleaning and restoring some of the inlaid woodwork with considerable skill but doubtful advantage, and passing through a wooden partition, find ourselves in the principal colonnade of the sanctuary, the avenue that leads up through a succession of arches to the *mihrâb*, or niche, which, with the pulpit on its south side, still stands exactly where they stood in the days when the mad khalif assumed to himself the divine honours which his subjects acknowledged on the very pavement we now stand upon. Neither the niche nor the pulpit are remarkable as specimens of Arab Art, but the noble Kufic inscription which runs round the building above the arches and close to the plain palm-beam roof is a magnificent example of that most characteristic of Muslim arts, caligraphy. Scattered among the arches of the sanctuary, placed on temporary unvarnished deal tables, set

up against walls and columns, or protected in the two glass cases—the pride and glory of the Museum—objects of beauty and interest delight us at every step. Many of them must have lain concealed in the store-chambers of mosques for years past, others have been rescued from the restorer's hands. The very first things that meet the eye are, perhaps, the most exquisite specimens in the whole collection. They consist of a series of those low tables, called *kursy*, upon which, after placing a large round metal tray on the top, the Mohommadan eats his meals. These little tables are ordinarily made of common wood, covered with inlaid squares and triangles of mother-of-pearl and ebony and coloured woods, arranged in geometrical patterns. They may be seen in process of manufacture in the street leading from the Ghûrîyeh to the Azhar, and cost about thirty francs. These are the commonest sort. A better kind used formerly to be made, especially in Syria, with stalactite corbels supporting the top of the table, medallions of carved mother-of-pearl between open panels, and with carving on every piece of the thousand squares of mother-of-pearl that, alternating with ebony, form the surface of the table. These have now become comparatively rare. The tables in the Arab Museum, of which engravings are herewith shown, are unlike any that one meets with even in the most superbly furnished houses. They all came from "wakfs," or mosques, and are unique. Nos. 1 and 3 were probably not made by Cairo artists; the work is too delicate, and the arabesques are not of the well-known Cairene style. Perhaps they were made in Damascus, or by Syrian or possibly Persian artists imported into Cairo. No. 1 is a six-sided *kursy*, made of silver and brass open filigree work of exceedingly beautiful design and extraordinary delicacy, resembling lace more than metal. No. 3 is of very similar workmanship, but heavier and with stronger lines; a panel of it is shown on page 258, and the top on page 259 (No. 3*b*). The panel, it will be noticed, has folding-doors, intended for the insertion of a brazier, which would stand on the shelf inside. This *kursy* is covered with Arabic inscriptions, of a fair type of Naskhy or cursive Arabic. The inscription on the top bar of the panel reads, "Glory to our lord the Sultân El-Melik En-Nâsir Nâsir ed-dunya wa-d-dîn Mohammad, son of the Sultân El-Melik El-Mansûr Esh-Shahîd Kalaûn Es-Sâlihy. God magnify his triumphs!" We read the same inscription on the bars above and below the doors, but in these cases the name of the prince, Mohammad, is enclosed in a silver circle. The large Arabic letters in the two panels above and below the doors contain laudatory titles of the same prince; and so does the inscription that runs round the top of the table. The medallions in the centres of the doors have the words (right) "Glory to our lord the Sultân," (left) "El-Melik En-Nâsir Mohammad;" and that in the panel above concludes the sentence: "Son of El-Mansûr Kalaûn." Kalaûn was a Memlûk slave of Es-Sâlih, a grand-nephew of Saladin, who governed Egypt at the time of the Crusade of St. Louis, near the middle of the thirteenth century. Kalaûn himself came to the throne soon after the death of Beybars, the establisher of the power of the Memlûk Sultâns; and after reigning from 1279–1290, and building the famous Mâristân, or Mosque-hospital, left the kingdom to his sons, of whom El-Melik En-Nâsir Mohammad, for whose mosque the table No. 3 was made, ruled Egypt and Syria, with several intermissions, from 1293 to 1341. His mosque next to the Mâristân, and his other and more interesting mosque on the Citadel, to say nothing of many other monuments, attest his wealth and, better still, his taste. The table No. 3 must therefore be dated at about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the similarity of the work induces me to place No. 1 (which also came from the "wakf" of En-Nâsir) at about the same epoch.

No. 4.—Kursy, or Table, in Wood.

The tables Nos. 2 and 4 are probably Cairene. No. 4 exhibits the ball-and-bead pattern so common in the *meshrebîyehs* or lattice-windows of Cairo; the stalactite ornaments and the arabesque panels in the middle are common features in Cairo woodwork, though seldom seen in domestic furniture. No. 2, six-sided like the rest, of which only the upper part of one of the six sides is engraved on page 258, presents a very usual Cairene pattern (which is not, however, confined to Cairo), picked out in ivory and ebony with extremely good effect. It is the least peculiar of the four, but by no means the least beautiful. Both No. 2 and No. 4 once belonged to the "wakf" of Sitteh Khawend Barakeh, the mother of Shaabân, 14th century; but it does not necessarily follow that they are of the same age as that mosque.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PARIS SALON OF 1883.

ALTHOUGH a crowd of mediocrities every year takes a larger place in our exhibitions, the Salon of 1883 is interesting as showing with greater clearness the new tendencies of modern Art, which strives to grapple with nature and to render truth without following the beaten tracks of tradition.

Leaving aside every other consideration, it may be said that from an æsthetic point of view this change is remarkable. Following the traditions fostered by the École de Rome, artists too often confine themselves to copies—no doubt meritorious—but for all that copies, of ancient masterpieces. The new tendencies have had for their result to compel painters to modify their habits and to seek originality. Without forgetting the lessons taught by a conscientious study of the beautiful in the works of the old masters, young artists are gradually brought to apply their knowledge and talent to productions more appropriate to the taste of the public for whom they are destined. Hence, with some, a blending of reminiscences of the antique, of abstract allegorical forms with modern notions, whilst others display a matter-of-fact realism utterly devoid of classical souvenirs. It is therefore only proper to record here the efforts that have again been made this year, whenever they are sincere, and show unmistakable signs of talent.

I. *Historical Painting.*—On entering the grand lobby of the Salon attention is attracted by an immense picture representing the 'Death of Prince Louis of Prussia at Jena.' This painting, treated in a heavy style, recalls the equestrian dramas of Astley's, and savours of the Panoramic Art, which its author, M. Castellani, has made his speciality. The same may be said of the 'Battle of Bapaume,' a perfect specimen of official painting, which will no doubt find its way into some State museum. M. Armand Dumaresq was formerly successful in depicting in a smaller scale the various types of soldiers. This time he has aimed at greater things and his composition fails, although it is interesting by the number of portraits it contains.

'Les Libérateurs' of M. Beaumetz belongs to the Republican legend. It represents a party of ragged, barefooted soldiers entering a village, the enemy having just left. A drummer (in these would-be historical paintings one invariably finds a victorious trumpeter or heroic drummer) stands on the summit of a barricade, and here and there wild-looking heads emerge from the cellars and houses. This composition, glittering and lacking firmness of touch, is inferior to the 'Bataillon des Gravilliers' exhibited in 1881. Another revolutionary scene is 'Carnot at the Battle of Wattignies.' M. Moreau de Tours, entrusted three years ago by the town of Paris with the important decoration of a *mairie*, does not quite realise our expectations. His fine composition, 'Sacrifice à la Patrie,' led us to anticipate a continuous improvement, and we are much disappointed by this painting, which is heavily treated and artificial in its effect.

M. Weerts, it is easy to see, has yielded to the temptation, so common amongst young artists, of producing historical and political pictures for the Government to purchase. His 'Mort de Bara' is as trim, neat, and tidy as if he were on parade. The legendary young hussar is expiring under the Vendean attacks. The figures are flat, the faces inexpressive, the horses badly drawn, and the *ensemble* is dull. We much prefer the 'Déroute de Cholet,' by M. Jules Girardet, a vivid and well-executed canvas. It cannot be called high Art, but it is a conscientious work, full of life and colour.

'La Mort de Charette,' by M. Le Blant, is an excellent painting. The Vendean chief is preparing for death; the atmosphere is dull and rainy. A Republican officer, bareheaded, stands by, while a third personage exchanges parting words with the Royalist general. Through the mist we perceive the crowd held back by the "Blues," and the firing-party getting ready. Composition, style, grouping, accuracy in the costumes, correctness of impression, everything in this picture is praiseworthy.

M. Scherrer has illustrated in a large canvas the 'Capitulation of Verdun.' Although we have but little taste for such enormous *mise-en-scènes*, we cannot overlook this work, spite of a certain unnecessary brutality of treatment and heavy colouring of details in the foreground.

'L'Épave du Vengeur,' by M. Thirion, is a dead body wrapped in the folds of a tricolour flag and washed ashore by the waves. The composition is uninteresting. As a study it is well executed and boldly treated, but it lacks imagination.

Amongst modern subjects we must also mention a small interesting picture by M. Médard, 'L'Attaque d'un Village,' and an Alsatian woman by M. Lix, entitled, 'Patrie.' The latter is a dramatic, well-drawn composition, but unpleasant in tone and colour.

M. Scott is a clever draughtsman, much appreciated by illustrated papers, and from whom it is too much to expect refined colour and variety of tone. His picture representing the 'Funeral of Gambetta' is in the style of a water-colour painting, and in some places shows the grain of the canvas under the pigment. The whole is surrounded by a luxurious frame, ornamented with branches of cypress, gilt laurels, crowns of immortelles, and on a ground of violet plush, which recalls the eccentric frames we noticed last year.

Subjects taken from ancient history show a tendency to disappear. The 'Andromaque' of M. Rochegrosse is the most important work in this section. M. Rochegrosse delights in glaring atrocities and murderous scenes. Last year he gave us 'Vitellius dragged in the streets of Rome,' this year we

have 'Astyanax' on the point of being hurled from the ramparts of Troy. The foreground shows a row of corpses painted in vivid and hideously realistic tones, and a heap of grinning heads. At the foot of a flight of steps steeped in gore Andromache struggles with the men who tear her child from her, whilst on the platform their chief calmly awaits the carrying into execution of his orders. The glare of a distant conflagration gives colouring to the ghastly scene, in which the roseate hue of Andromache's dress contrasts markedly with the powerful intensity of the red tones. It is an academic painting, treated, however, with an energy bordering on realism. What shall we say of M. Lematte's painting? Is that what becomes of our *prix de Rome*? His 'Pierre de Reims de retour de la Bataille de Bouvines' is a cold, dim, badly-modelled picture, in which the various figures are, as it were, pasted on one another. This may be called consumptive Art. The same cannot be said of M. Maignan. The scene he depicts is taken from the Merovingian epoch. The astonished and weary expression of the child Clovis II., obliged to receive the homage of his vassals, is happily rendered, the details are boldly treated, and the *ensemble* is interesting, although betraying a little laxity.

II. *Religious Paintings.*—There are, it seems, two different interpretations of this art, *vide* M. Morot and M. Chartran. The 'Christ on the Cross' of the former has obtained a *succès de curiosité*, which is not justified by its merits. If a painting of this importance requires nothing more than a clever handling and a great knowledge of the resources of the painter's craft, then, notwithstanding certain errors in composition, this may be placed in the first rank; but there is, to our mind, something further wanted, and that feeling which ought to guide an artist, when reproducing a subject treated by the greatest masters, is here completely absent. Where has M. Morot found the model he has so slavishly copied? When M. Bonnat painted his 'Christ' for the Palace of Justice, it is reported he took for his model the body of a street-porter who had just died in hospital. No doubt M. Morot has followed his example, for the 'Christ' he exhibits, unpleasant, distorted, and intentionally vulgar, can never be considered as representing the Saviour of the world.

M. Chartran has just returned from Rome and, luckily, has not lost at the Villa Medici his master-qualities and his bold and personal handling. In his 'Vision de Saint-François d'Assise,' two monks are asleep in a barn where a few goats are feeding. A young shepherd, whose fair head is surrounded by a halo, appears to the entranced saint, who, with eyes wide open, rises to contemplate the vision, his ecstatic expression contrasting with the calm repose of his companion. The whole scene, depicted with extreme simplicity, is illuminated by the soft rays of the rising sun which radiate the whole atmosphere. This work is charming in its arrangement, and very luminous; the treatment of the figures is vivid and bold. It betrays no signs of allegiance to any particular school, and is one of the best paintings in the Salon. In 'Les Gibets de Golgotha' of M. Brunet we have a worthy companion picture to M. Morot's 'Christ.' All these martyrised bodies are as unsightly as the 'Saint Julien l'hospitalier' of M. Jean. Evidently the painter's aim has been to render as conspicuous as possible the unclean ugliness of his personages, whose shadows in Prussian blue rise against the grey background. Excessive realism and a complete ignorance of anatomy are the chief defects of this unpleasant work.

III. *Allegorical Paintings.*—The limits and the boundary of this class is difficult to determine, inasmuch as the word "allegory" is elastic in its meaning. Ought M. Carolus Duran's 'Vision,' representing a nude female crowned with roses standing before an anchorite, to be included in this category? This luminous canvas, in which the artist's talent has had full scope in the treatment of flesh and the nude, is essentially a pagan and mythological work, its title notwithstanding. M. Carolus Duran has not the *tempérament* of a painter of religious subjects. Is the 'Deux Sœurs' of M. Giron an allegorical or a genre painting? Did the artist intend to represent a *scène de mœurs*, or to symbolise the contrast of prosperous and elegant Vice elbowing honest Poverty? The subject—a virtuous work-girl cursing her fallen sister whom she meets in a splendid carriage—certainly did not require so large a canvas. Reduced to the size of an ordinary genre painting it would have met with general approbation. This is the great sensational picture of the Salon.

M. Cazin's 'Judith' is undoubtedly an allegory. Standing at the foot of ramparts crowned with a few glittering lights, a number of peasants contemplate with admiration Judith, who is preparing to set out. But it is a modern Judith, a country maiden who conceals her finery under a coarse cloak. M. Cazin's intention is to personify Devotion to the Fatherland in a form appropriate to modern ideas: hence certain details of unnecessary coarseness. The attempt to introduce realism into allegory results in vulgarity. Nevertheless, how calm and dignified the feeling expressed in this composition, how charming the landscape! Another allegory is Madame Demont-Breton's 'La Plage,' representing a young peasant woman surrounded by her naked children playing on a beach washed by blue waves. This painting, very carefully drawn, has at the same time the simplicity of an idyl. It is realism in the true sense of the word.

'L'Été,' by M. Makart, is a very large decorative panel, fanciful in the extreme. But in spite of its many qualities, its rich draperies, brilliantly painted flesh, splendidly carved furniture and elaborate ornamentation, this painting is cold and old-fashioned.

M. Georges Bertrand's large-size canvas, 'Le Printemps qui passe,' is a disagreeable surprise. What can be the meaning of this cavalcade of Bacchantes in a fancy landscape? The foliage throws weird shadows on the naked bodies, the horses are badly drawn, the landscape is too green, and the sky too blue. Something must be done by M. Bertrand to make us forget this mad freak. Equally disappointing is M. Puvis de Chavannes's 'Le Rêve,' when we remember his highly-finished works, his past successes, and the supreme reward which last year was the consecration of his well-deserved renown. And now we see a dull, insignificant little painting, in which three small figures, like so many puppets at the end of a thread, are dancing before a sleeping, sexless creature. Trees and figures are bad in colour, and although professing the greatest regard for the artist, it may be asked, what would the verdict of the admission jury have been had this work been signed by an unknown painter?

Such failures are unknown to M. Bouguereau, who always displays the same talent, the same lack of feeling or emotion. His 'Alma parens' is a poetical representation of 'La Patrie'; the flesh painting, as usual, shows masterly treatment, but it is a lifeless composition. 'La Nuit,' a woman draped in black, faultlessly painted with infinite grace, is above reproach. The starlit sky, flying birds, and distant streams are equally well studied, and would be perfect but for the absence

of that vivifying spark which alone gives life to a composition. It is only a wonderful example of dexterity.

The 'Silenus' of M. Léon Comerre deserves a special mention as indicating great improvement. As much cannot be said of the ceiling exhibited by M. Liphart, or the 'Three Graces' of Mr. Benner, whose decorative panel, representing two nude females in a landscape, we prefer to the former. We also notice 'Le Sommeil de Ste. Madeleine,' by M. Zier; 'La Cigale,' by Mr. Bridgman, a delicately painted work; 'Venus,' by M. Mercié, as clever a colourist as he is a sculptor; 'Psyche,' by M. Lefebvre, a harmoniously painted nude figure rising against a luminous background; 'La Gloire,' by M. Rixens, and 'La Femme qui lit,' by M. Henner, an eternal but always charming repetition of a painting with which we are acquainted. We must stop for a moment before M. Pelez's 'Sans Asile,' which is more than an ordinary genre painting, and personifies misery in its most painful aspect.

As to M. Voillemot's 'Rappel des Amoureux,' it is a feeble attempt to imitate Lancret and Watteau, and is much inferior to his earlier productions. Lastly, we must mention 'Une Veuve,' by Mr. Anderson, an impressive work, the figures of which are painted with charming truthfulness.

IV. *Portraits.*—We now come to the portraits, very numerous, as usual, and which, for want of space, we must rapidly review. M. Bernard, to judge from his exhibited works, has sadly forgotten the lessons of his master, Cabanel; M. Casas, a Spanish painter whose mind is haunted by the work of Ribera, is far from equalling as a colourist Carolus Duran, whose pupil he was. M. Clairin's portrait of Mme. Krauss is not a good likeness, and M. Lantin-Latour has an unhappy knack of giving too much importance to trifling details.

We also notice two elaborately painted portraits by M. Giacomotti and one by M. Humbert, who, generally, is more successful; as well as other likenesses by Mr. Lehmann and M. Leloir. M. Tanzi exhibits three children's heads, and Mr. Albert Maignan a number of portraits worked into a decorative panel in light tones. Mdlle. Louise Abbéma's works deserve more than a passing mention, for there are great qualities in the portrait of "Mdlle. M. L. G.," a vigorously painted head rising against a white drapery. This excellent portrait, full of expression and spirit, is much superior to that of M. Vitu by the same artist, which is, however, a capital likeness. Two pretty children's heads, 'Marthe et Madeleine,' by M. Claudie, and a baby in violet plush by M. Cot, are pleasing to look at.

Two sculptors of great ability, MM. Paul Dubois and Falguière, have this year sent excellent portraits painted with a firm touch, well modelled, and very expressive. M. Falguière's 'Sphinx,' which we omitted to mention when dealing with historical paintings, does not seem to us equal to his portraits. M. Gervex's portrait of 'La Baronne de Beyens' is graceful in outline, and the white dress has a very delicate iridescent tint, but the head is deficient in colour and not quite satisfactorily treated. M. Hanoteau, the landscape painter, exhibits a vigorously modelled portrait of an old man.

We hurriedly glance at a portrait of a lady in furs by M. Roll, a good likeness of the painter Jobbé Duval by his son, a promising young artist; a portrait of a young girl in white by Mr. Stewart; 'Lizy,' by M. Renouf, and an excellent little portrait by Mr. Julian Story, an Englishman, we believe, who paints with great spirit and facility. This small canvas places Mr. Story amongst the best portrait painters. M. Carolus Duran, who is seen at his best when dealing with somewhat gaudy effect of colour, has a portrait of a lady in ruby velvet, against a background of the same hue.

M. Cabanel is still the first portrait painter, as evidenced by the taste, the draping of the figures, the exquisite flesh-painting, the refined colouring displayed in his two portraits. The old lady's head is admirably modelled and stands out boldly on a background of extremely simple treatment. The portraits of children by M. Sargent are amongst the most legitimate successes of the Salon. The foreground is occupied by a child lying on a carpet playing with a doll, by the side of whom stands a girl in a blue frock, her head turned towards the spectator. Behind her, two young children are seen standing near high Chinese vases, and in the background, of very sober hue, enlivened only by a red screen, a few knickknacks and chains are just perceptible. The children's draperies and details are all dexterously and faithfully depicted.

M. Puvis de Chavannes again puzzles us with his portrait of a lady in black—a sad companion picture to his 'Rêve.' The colour is exceedingly unpleasant and earthy, and the hands are indifferently drawn.

In sculpture we shall have to notice a very marked disposition to abandon the traditions of the old school for a bold treatment of every-day life subjects. By the side of modern country lasses, whose robust limbs are concealed by coarse garments, the classical nymphs and goddesses seem ludicrously old-fashioned, and certain masters have need of all their talent not to appear to lag behind the young school of sculpture.

V. *Monumental Sculpture.*—We notice that several artists have again this year treated the same subjects. Last year seven or eight 'Camilles Desmoulins' were drawn up in a line in the central avenue, this time the fable, "L'Aveugle et le Paralytique," has been selected by Messrs. Carlier, Michel, and Turcan. We prefer the work of the last-mentioned artist, whose modelling is good and grouping harmonious. MM. Barrias and Jules Dalou's productions are incontestably the most important in this year's Salon. M. Barrias exhibits his 'Première Funéraille,' a marble group, the plaster cast of which obtained the Medal of Honour in 1878, and was purchased by the City of Paris. The group, skilfully executed, is full of dignity and poetical feeling. M. Jules Dalou, well known in England, where he lived many years, has two works of very great merit. His 'République,' in *alto relievo*, is an immense and highly decorative sculpture of extremely varied and rich composition. His other sculpture, intended for the Chamber of Deputies, represents 'Mirabeau and the States-General in 1789.' The figures on the foreground stand out boldly in the style of the bas-reliefs of the Baptistery of Florence.

M. Aube's 'Bailly' is also a vigorous and lifelike work. M. Suchelet's 'Biblis,' executed in marble, is a delicate and graceful piece of sculpture. It would be unfair not to mention M. Croizy's 'General Chanzy on his Death-bed.' We have already alluded in *The Art Journal* to the 'Herald-at-Arms' by M. Frémiet.

When we have noticed the highly decorative group of M. Lemaire, 'L'Immortalité'; the 'Tombeau d'un Évêque,' by M. Bayard de la Vingtrie; the 'Guerrier forgeant son Épée,' by M. Chrétien, purchased in 1881 by the city of Paris; and the pretty statue of 'François Villon,' by M. Etchets, we shall have mentioned the principal sculptures exhibited in the Palais de l'Industrie.

The landscapes will be noticed in our next article. Meanwhile we give a list of the chief awards:—

SALON MEDALS.—The Médailles d'Honneur were voted on May 20th, but one only was awarded, being that for sculpture. According to the new regulations for the painting medal, it is necessary that the artist should receive more than one-third of the votes given in order to obtain it. The number of votes was 555, so that 186 votes were required. M. Jules Lefebvre was the highest, but he only obtained 180. The next were—MM. Hénner, 69; Hanoteau, 47; Bouguereau, 34; Feyen-Perrin, 28; Bastien-Lepage, 18; Cazin, 14; Renouf, 10; Gervex, 9; Carolus Duran, 8; L'Hermitte, 8.

For engraving and lithography there were 70 votes, and 36 were needed to obtain the medal. M. Bracquemond receiving 29 only, there was no medal for this section either. MM. Gaillard obtained 13; Waltner, 8; and Lalanne, 7. For sculpture, after two *tours de scrutin*, M. Dalou was awarded the medal with 54 votes, the number being 51 out of 100. In architecture no Médaille d'Honneur was awarded.

The other medals awarded were—*Painting*, 1st class medal, M. Henri Martin; 2nd class, MM. Giron, Gelibert, Marais, Sauzay, Mdme. Demont-Breton, MM. Beroud, Tattegrain, Nozal, De Penne, Rochegrosse, Boudin, Heraud. *Sculpture*—1st class, MM. Turcan, Carlier, Cardonnier, Boisseau; 2nd class, MM. E. Tagel, Vaureal, Desco, Frère. *Architecture*—1st class, M. Laloux; 2nd class, MM. Auburtin, Blavette, Aubry, Lefol, Mayeux. *Engraving and Lithography*—1st class, M. Lamotte for line engraving, M. Champollion for etching; 2nd class, M. Damman for etching. *Gem Engraving*—M. François.

On June 1 the Council of the Fine Arts, under M. Jules Ferry's presidency, awarded the "Prix du Salon" to M. Georges Rochegrosse for his painting of 'Andromaque' described above. M. Rochegrosse is a pupil of MM. Lefebvre and Boulanger. It is reported that M. Michel, sculptor, ran the winner close with his statue of 'L'Aveugle et le Paralytique.'

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES.*

No. VII.—PORCELAIN.

IN an article upon the humbler branch of ceramics we stated incidentally that the decoration of china, especially of things made primarily for use rather than ornament, showed a strong tendency to return to some of the fashions of a century ago. The style of ornament used upon the porcelain of Worcester, Derby, and Staffordshire, during the last half of the eighteenth century, was a modification of those Chinese and Japanese models that had been imported in such quantities, mainly through the Portuguese traders, during the previous century and a half. In these any direct imitation of nature was rare; the motives were conventional forms—arbitrary would, perhaps, be a better adjective—carried out in strong unbroken colours, red, blue, green, and gold. That they were in better taste, and far more effective for surface decoration than the miniature painting, or even the Renaissance ornament, of the Sèvres school, there can be little doubt.

One of the best existing examples of this particular kind of Japanese decoration has lately been copied at the Derby Crown Porcelain Works. It is a fine Imari ware vase, made at Anita, in the province of Hizen, and bought a few years ago for the South Kensington Museum for about £90.

No. 36.—Vase. Derby Crown Porcelain Works.

Within the last few months the Japanese government have, we are told, offered a very large sum to get it back again. The height of this vase is thirty-four and a half inches, and its diameter sixteen and a half.* The only difference between it and the copies is due to a slight loss of size in the latter, caused by the shrinkage of the clay in the firing.

Whatever may be said in favour of the more elaborate forms of ornament for important vases and, speaking generally, for such objects as are intended to decorate rooms, it is quite certain that a system that never loses sight of the surface, that never attempts, on the one hand, to carry the eye through it or beyond it, or, on the other, to give it a prominence that is not its own, is better adapted to plates, cups and saucers, than the most cleverly managed natural forms.

It is more than a hundred years since Dr. Johnson said that Derby china was very fine, but so dear that he could have silver vessels made as cheap as those then sold of porcelain. Since that time the famous crown has been placed upon many ugly and many beautiful things, but upon few more beautiful than the small vase here reproduced. Our illustration gives, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of its size; it is, in fact,

* Continued from page 223.

* The number in the South Kensington Detailed Catalogue is '77-327.

only nine inches high and between four and five in diameter. The "body" of which it is composed is coloured a deli-

No. 37.—Ewer. Decorated in Gold and Bronze. Copelands.

cate lilac or lavender throughout, the colouring matter being mixed with the clay. This tint is a new discovery, and, as yet, has been used only upon a few pieces. The Art director of the Derby works hit upon it by a lucky accident. The decoration is a free modification of Persian motives, carried out entirely in raised or embossed gold, with the exception of the small five-petalled flowers or cinquefoils, which are filled in with turquoise. The cover and knob are perforated. The beautiful effect of this decoration upon the transparent lavender body can hardly be overpraised, and the whole work—shape, design, and colour—is characterized by the delicately severe taste that is slowly but surely winning recognition as the distinctive mark of the best English workmanship. The same design has been repeated with hardly less success upon a primrose body.

Embossed and shaded gold has rapidly become the most popular of all methods for decorating the finest porcelain. At Worcester, especially, and in Staffordshire, it is employed in a great variety of ways and of many hues. The vase or ewer engraved in our No. 37 has been made by Messrs. Copeland, of Stoke-on-Trent; its decoration is a curious but, on the whole, ingenious and successful combination of natural and conventional with grotesque forms. The ornament round the neck is, perhaps, a little commonplace for the rest of the design, but the dragon handle and the arrangement of the fishes, shells, and aquatic plants upon the body of the vase are very happy. The whole is painted in various shades of bronze and gold, with the exception of a ball in the dragon's mouth, which is a strong and vivid red, a colour that we have never before, so far as our memory serves us, encountered upon pottery or porcelain. The use of embossed and shaded gold has, however, been carried farther by the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester than by any other English manufacturers, and during the last year they have made a considerable advance in its management. They employ it mostly upon their well-known ivory body, sometimes highly glazed, sometimes with a *mat* surface like that of a swan's shell. Some five- and seven-branched candelabra, in which the forms of the water-lily are used with considerable skill, and several vases combining pierced work with painting in raised gold of different tints, and modelled ornaments of a Chinese or Japanese character, embody the latest development of the style. The Worcester *fabrique* has long been famous for its perforated or "pierced" work; within the last few months it has turned out a three-handled vase, the whole surface of which, with the exception of three oval medallions between the handles, is a mass of intricate perforation, representative for the most part of palm foliage. Apart from the beauty of the design, the mechanical difficulties of the work make an object like this almost as remarkable as the carved ivory balls of the Chinese.

Between the coloured decoration to which we have so far confined ourselves, and the *pâte-sur-pâte* work carried out for the Mintons by M. Solon and his pupils, the difference is that between painting and bas-relief, except that in the latter the bed is cut away and the figures left, instead of being afterwards raised upon it. There have been, and still are, many different opinions as to the merits of the system, but we think that it can hardly be doubted that, in the hands of a consummate

No. 38.—Dark Blue Vase, with Pâte-sur-pâte Decoration. Mintons.

artist, working in the same fashion and upon the same principles as he would naturally follow in attacking marble, it is

capable of results more completely satisfactory and beautiful than any other kind of porcelain decoration. So far as we know, however, such work has never been done. M. Solon is a clever artist, full of taste, with an excellent memory for form and no slight powers for fanciful invention, but in his very best work, such as the charming group upon the large vase shown in our No. 38, there is a want of the significance and rhythm that only come from forethought and careful preparation, and of the precision of form that is only to be obtained by continual reference to models. The reliefs on the Portland Vase are not to be rivalled by impromptu work, or by work from memory instead of from nature; and yet *pâte-sur-pâte*, that is, the gradual

No. 39.—Jasper Vase. Blue Body, with Moulded White and Yellow Ornament. Wedgwoods.

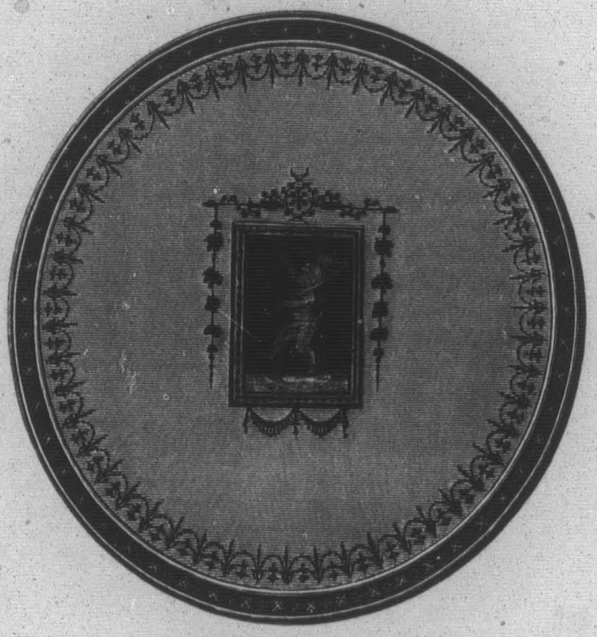
No. 40.—Vase. Raised Gold, Dark Blue, and Pâte-sur-pâte. Mintons.

building up of figures, etc., on the surface of a vase or other object, by repeated applications in a liquid state of the actual clay of which it is made, is at least as capable of expressing noble forms as engraving upon glass. The large vase to which we have alluded is fine in shape and on the whole happier in the relative proportions of its plain surfaces and reliefs, than the more elaborate composition reproduced in No. 41. This is one of a pair upon which M. Solon has figured a quaintly fanciful 'Life and Death of Cupid.' Nos. 40 and 42 show the same kind of decoration combined with an ivory body. The tall vase is particularly graceful in shape and well arranged in colour. The foot, the ground of the relief, and part of the cover are a dark greyish-blue; the rest is ivory-white and gold.

While the Mintons have been making experiments in soft paste and in the imitation of old Sèvres, the director of the Sèvres *fabrique* itself has been attempting—and it is said with no little success—to perfect a paste which shall combine the good qualities of the *pâte-tendre* with those of the *pâte-dure*—the fine colour and surface of the former with the solidity of the latter. The soft paste being fired at a much lower temperature than the hard, a far wider scale of colours can be used with it, and the vitrification being less complete, the colours seem to get a better hold of the body and to be less "surfacy," to coin an adjective. For some years past the *objets d'Art* turned out at Sèvres, and presented in great numbers to all whom the Republic delights to honour, have met with little but abuse in France; and, if we may look a gift-horse in the mouth, the selection presented a year or two ago to the South Kensington Museum certainly did not contain many things that we should care to set before English workmen as models to follow. We may hope that the new impetus lately given may have better results. If public museums have the effect of forming taste and of inspiring a love for the beautiful, the artists and workmen of Sèvres possess every opportunity for rising above the ugly and commonplace work they have produced in recent years. The museum at the factory is, indeed, as a rule deserted, but among the more than twenty thousand specimens it now contains, examples of what to aim at and what to avoid in almost every branch of ceramics are to be found.

No. 41.—Dark Green Vase, decorated with raised Gold and Pâte-sur-pâte. Mintons.

To return for a moment to Staffordshire and the most famous of its potteries. During the last few years the Wedgwoods have started the manufacture of porcelain at Etruria, and with their resources they may be expected, in time, to strike out a line of their own and to produce something worthy of a place beside the best specimens of the ware with which they won their name. Meanwhile they have made an addition to the colours used in decorating their "jasper" body—a body which may be looked upon as a connecting link between porcelain and earthenware, although generally classed with the latter—which will mark a date in the history of the manufacture. The vase engraved in our No. 39 is not, perhaps, as graceful as some others, but it is one of the first upon which the new colour has been used. The small quatrefoils on the white squares of the conspicuous chess-board pattern are a bright ochre-yellow, harmonizing well with the blue and white, and when one's eyes have become a little accustomed to the change, modifying the severity of the design in a far from disagreeable fashion. In engraving this vase we have omitted the pedestal.



No. 42.—Plate. Raised Gold Design and Pâte-sur-pâte upon Ivory Body. Mintons.

Finally, taking the progress of the last year or eighteen months, as a whole, we may say that, in spite of the long trade depression and the diminished wealth of the classes upon which the makers of such things as those we have been describing have mainly to depend, every branch of ceramics shows a vitality in this country that can hardly be rivalled elsewhere; and that the one thing required to make its productions quite satisfactory is a little more freedom and inventiveness in the treatment of the forms. Of the taste that refines there is, perhaps, more than enough.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE ETCHING IN THE WORLD.

IMMENSE prices have at different times been paid for paintings and drawings by famous artists, but it is only within recent years that extravagant sums have been expended on prints of which several other impressions of equal merit exist, or which at the best are unique specimens of certain "states" of the plate.

In 1873, when Rembrandt's "Hundred-guilder" print of 'Christ Healing the Sick' was sold for £1,180, we remarked that "what is rare as well as good will always bring, as it ought to bring, a large price; but it seems something very like insanity to expect so great a sum for the possession of such a work, fine and 'curious' though it may be."

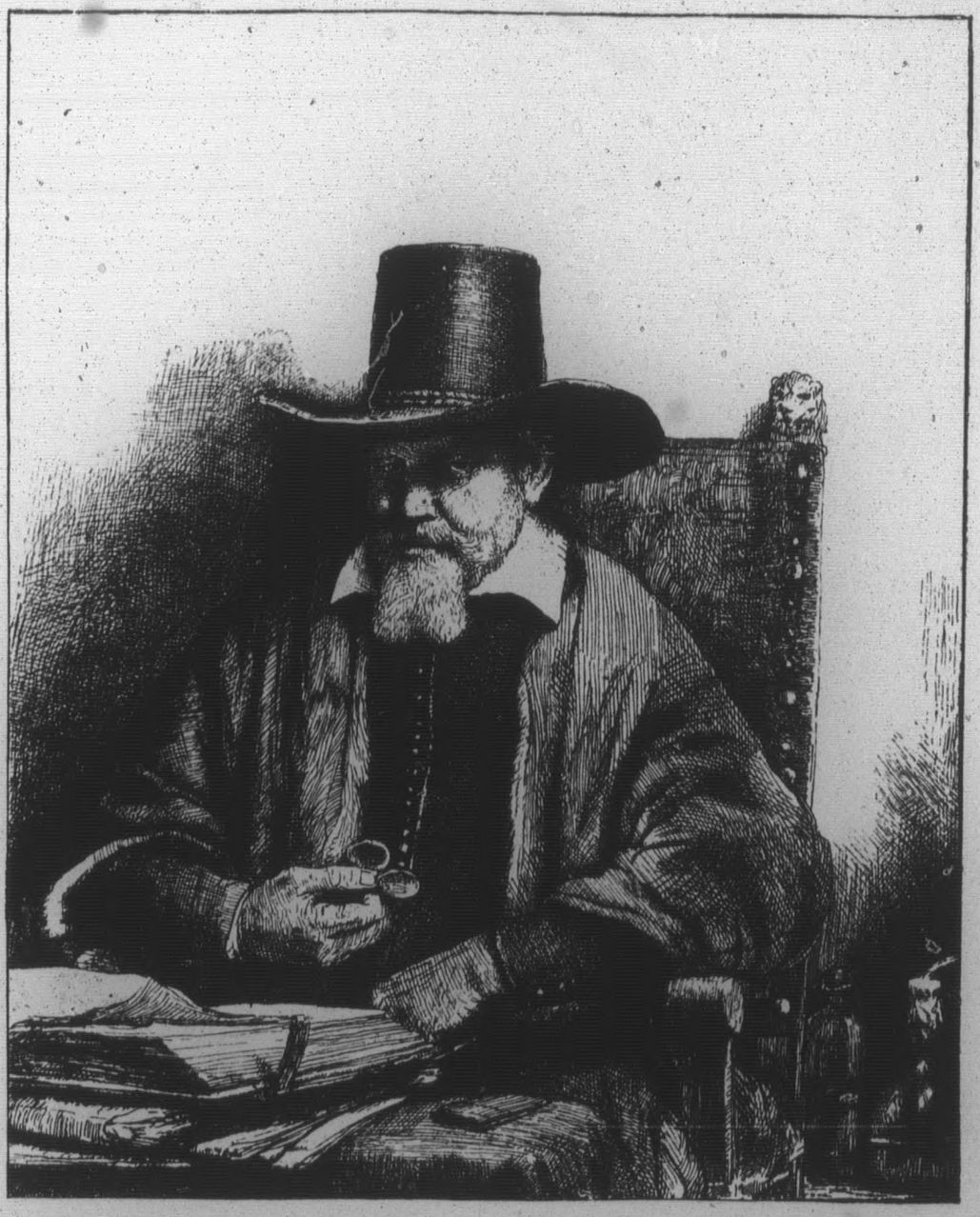
When this could be written in sober earnestness about the price paid for one of the most artistically excellent of the great etcher's works, what shall we say respecting the sum paid in May last, for an etching of a man's portrait about whom little is known, from a plate which is not artistically better than many others etched by the famous Dutchman? In the case of the "Hundred-guilder" print, seven other impressions, nearly equal in value, were known to exist; in that of the Dr. Van Tol plate only other three of the same state can be traced. This of itself is enough in the present day to make any celebrated print of great monetary value, though it is only a Rothschild who can afford to pay £1,510 in order to be able to boast of his possession. This boast is indeed all that it amounts to—a desire to have what others have not; and we need not flatter ourselves it is a true love of Art that prompts the outlay.

The etching of the advocate, Dr. Peter Van Tol—of which we give a reproduction, a fac-simile in all respects of the original—was etched by Rembrandt at Amsterdam. First-state impressions are only four in number, there being one in the British Museum, one in the Louvre, and one in the national collection at Amsterdam. The fourth is the one sold at Sotheby's on May 10th, which was purchased by M. Clément for Baron Edmond Rothschild, of Paris, whose collection previously only contained a "second state" of the same plate. It is the only impression ever likely to come into the market, and the competition was, therefore, of the very keenest description.

The print formed the gem of the collection of the well-known connoisseur, the Rev. Dr. John Griffiths, ex-Warden of Wadham, whose knowledge is great of the prints of the period immediately before and after Rembrandt's time. The sale of his collection, on May 9th and 10th, was attended by the chief amateurs of the day, and prices ruled high throughout. We

shall shortly give precise details in our annual list of the chief amounts realised, but meanwhile we may mention that of other Rembrandt prints a second state of the 'Burgomaster Six' fetched £505, the Landscape with tower and clear foreground £308, and one of the "Hundred-guilder" prints £305.

These prices raised the expectation of the audience at the sale to expect a keen competition for the 'Dr. Van Tol,' and they were not disappointed. Mr. Colnaghi was the bidder who carried through the first few hundreds of pounds, but soon he left off, and it became a contest between Mr. Noseda



Dr. Peter Van Tol. From an Etching by Rembrandt.

and M. Clément of Paris. Mr. Noseda, after an interesting competition, found his commission exhausted, and it appeared as if the Frenchman was to secure the print without further trouble. Mr. Addington, however, one of the best known of the London collectors, took up the bidding, and ran the price up to £1,500. Here he stopped, and M. Clément, giving a further bid of £10, secured the much-coveted prize for his Parisian customer.

This sum of £1,510 is the highest ever paid at any time for an etching. The second highest is the £1,180 paid by Mr. C. J. Palmer for the "Hundred-guilder" print in 1873, to which we refer above.

PICTURES AT THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION.

OF all the departments of the International and Colonial Exhibition now open at Amsterdam the most successful is undoubtedly that of the Fine Arts. Although by the time this is published the general exhibition will be nearly complete, it is a fact that for weeks after the official opening on May 1st the whole interior of the Exhibition was strewn with cases still unpacked. The King of the Netherlands, who presided at the inaugural ceremony, expressed not only surprise, but annoyance, at the backward state of the Exhibition at that time.*

It was different, however, with the picture galleries. These were very shortly got ready, and they early presented the most agreeable part of the exhibition. The well-lighted rooms had an air of comfort and completeness not to be found elsewhere in the grounds.

The collections of works of Art are divided into sections by countries; four being largely represented, and others showing a few pictures. British painters—for reasons to be presently explained—do not contribute anything; Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland each have thoroughly representative collections.

All the pictures shown have been produced since 1879, and thus the Exhibition is valuable as presenting an opportunity for an impartial estimate of the comparative merits of the Art of to-day of these nations.

The Dutch paintings first claim attention, not only because their country is the host of the gathering, but also for the reasons that they are the largest in number, and comprise the finest collection of modern Dutch pictures ever brought together even in Holland itself. At the Hague, at Rotterdam, as well as on the banks of the Amstel, excellent exhibitions have at different times been opened for public inspection, but none have approached in completeness and variety the present one at Amsterdam. The pictures originally sent in were very carefully selected, and even after the choice had been made, fully one quarter of the whole were returned to their owners for want of space. Each canvas shown has therefore some special qualities which make it worthy of a place in the national exhibition.

Dutch painters still excel, as of yore, in landscape with fine cloud effects, and in cottage interiors peopled with figures of the modern Hollanders. There are few among them who take other times for their models, and these few do not seem ever to leave the history of their own nation. The purely ideal is scarcely attempted at all, at least with success, for there is nothing in the Amsterdam collection that can lay claim to such a distinction except a small Orpheus, and a painting of Cain and Abel, the latter not a work to be praised. In portraits the Dutch are not strong, although the art is far from being neglected. Taken as a whole, their portraits too often have that hardness of line so difficult to reconcile to English eyes, but in this they do not go so far astray—according to our ideas—as do many of the Germans. Nevertheless it is an interesting fact that both the German and Dutch portrait painters work much more broadly now than they did a few years ago. The Art of Overbeck and the severe school is losing its hold, and the more beautiful, if less academically correct, style of the French painters, such as Cot and Carolus Duran, is obtaining exponents among the younger painters.

"Papa, je pose." *By P. A. Cot.*

In pictures more peculiarly Dutch, both in subject and treatment, Josef Israels is to English-speaking people the best-known living artist. We are, by his permission, able to present our readers with an engraving from his chief contribution to the Exhibition, and one of the finest pictures in the collection. It shows an old woman superintending a 'Sewing

* It is related that his Majesty said to the authorities, "You asked me to open the Exhibition, I think you should have desired me to open the packing-boxes."

Lesson' given to eight grave and demure-looking young girls. Another interior by Josef Israels is 'A Silent Dialogue,' where an old man is seated filling his pipe, his melancholy uncombed dog looking up with wistful eyes. The tone of the picture is fine, and though it is painted with less than usual care in finishing it is full of that sentiment of loneliness so peculiarly Israels' own.

Vying with the 'Sewing Lesson' for the first place in the collection is the remarkable picture by Valkenburg of a Dutch Protestant Dissenting clergyman preaching in a hall or kitchen. Not having a regular place of worship, the people have come here to listen to the lesson given by the itinerant preacher.

Two pictures by Sadée—a painter who is well known in England—are the finest out-of-door works in the collection. The larger represents a little crowd of Dutch fisher-people closely watching the course of a lifeboat towards a vessel in distress. The cool grey of the clouded sky, the movement of the water, and the graceful composition of the anxious groups on shore mark it as a masterpiece. The smaller is of a 'Fishing Boat' unloading, and the "harvest of the sea" being distributed to groups at the vessel's side.

'During the Sermon,' by Henkes, is a scene in a Protestant church, within whose stern, cold, hard, whitewashed walls an outwardly unloving and unlovable people sit, but certainly do not listen to the teacher. Only three figures are prominently seen—a man with folded arms, his self-satisfied wife, and another Vrouw.

Herman Ten Kate sends a portrait, and a large but unsatisfactory painting of an incident in seafaring life. A seaman hurriedly enters a sailors' home, and announces to those within that a ship is being wrecked close at hand. The story, however, is not well told. Fisher-folk are not likely to be seated quietly at home during such a storm as is hinted at through the open doorway, and the attitude of the messenger is so unnatural that he looks as if he were merely acting—and over-acting—his part. Another interior of a 'Dutch Cobbler and his Wife' in a fine old house is by J. J. Paling, the colour fresher than Josef Israels'. Artz is represented by a small canvas of an old peasant woman offering an apple to a child which can just toddle, an elderly man smoking and smiling at the exertions of the little one.

The two paintings by Joan Berg are clever, cleanly-painted pictures, with excellent technique and well-drawn figures, the one of fisherwomen on the sands gossiping being especially good. H. W. Mesdag, another painter whose name is frequently seen in English catalogues, sends several shipping and sea pictures, one of a sunset, with rich, strong colour, having a resemblance—not imitative, however—to Turner's 'Sun of Venice going to Sea.' Henrietta Ronner, as usual, is represented by cats, and W. Maris by cattle in the fields, painted in the *impressioniste* manner, but with enough definition to be satisfactory. A. Mauve's cattle in landscapes are well known in England, and Josef Neuhuys' works in simple landscapes are also sometimes seen out of his own country. There are also good landscapes by Poggenbeck, Bakhuyzen, Van Essen, and Bilders. Schipperus sends a picture of the 'Edge of the Wood,' with men loading timber; Willy Martens, some "Frenchified" Dutch work, yet clever and well drawn; and Mdlle. Wally Moes, pictures of children.

Isaac Israels, the son of Josef, is represented by 'A Military Funeral,' soldiers firing at the grave—a picture which was shown at the Salon last year. He has also two canvases of similar character—incidents in the life of a soldier—'Sword Exercise' and 'The Bugle Lesson.' J. S. H. Kever has an interior with peasants at supper, in Josef Israels' manner. W. Roelofs, a picture of the 'Introduction of the First Cattle into North America by the Dutch Settlers in 1625,' in which the old-fashioned Dutch dress, the Indians, and the distant view of a city close to the sea are interesting, but it lacks unity as a whole, and is not altogether successful.

Some clever work in the *impressioniste* style is sent by Gabriel; and H. Weele's 'Carting Sand' on a hot summer afternoon is low in tone and clever in technique. Blommer's 'Girl cleaning Fish' is striking, particularly in the flesh painting; but the fish have nothing of the wonderful touch of the English Millais in 'Caller Herrin'.' I. Van der Velden's 'Mother suckling her Child' is a large, magnificent picture, simple in subject, but most thorough in the painting, especially of the woman's hands, which have a strength quite exceptional in Dutch work. Meulen follows the French Millet in method with grey-toned pictures, and De Haas goes in the other direction with a glorious sunlight picture of 'Cattle in a Meadow in the Afternoon.'

It will be observed that considerable likeness of subject prevails, fishing pictures being especially prominent. These, as representing the thoughts of the nation are, of course, what may be expected from people like the Dutch, who have such constant communication with the ocean.

The German section of the collection shows the continued advance German artists are making in the technical qualities of painting. As previously hinted, the younger men have accepted the method of work of the French painters as worthy of imitation, and while they lose little of the stern realism we are accustomed to see in their pictures, they appear to be working more with an endeavour to combine fine quality with good drawing than simply do what may be called colouring their designs. In landscape some of the present German painters rival the finest works of neighbouring schools, but in genre pictures they are still far behind the French in good composition and artistic execution.

The most ambitious picture in the section is C. Baur's 'Sealing the Sepulchre,' a realistic interpretation of the Roman soldiers affixing the seal to the tomb of Christ. In the foreground a number of people throng the steps leading to the newly-hewn sepulchre, but are kept back by a Roman soldier who puts his spear across the narrow rocky way. A Pharisaical Jew holds a light at which the stamp has been heated, and a Roman of authority presses the seal on the wax. The soldiers who form the guard look on indifferent, and one is being instructed by an old Jew as to how he is to act in the coming events. Another malicious-looking Israelite in turning away glances triumphantly at the "Women." Mary Magdalen seated on a rock displays but little pathos in her demeanour; she has beside her the crown of thorns and an earthen bottle. The "other Mary," laying her hand on the Magdalen's arm, appeals to her to come away. The composition of this picture is indifferent, but as the colour is fine and the drawing true the result is impressive.

The Düsseldorf painters are largely represented, but it is impossible to mention all the notable pictures. E. Hildebrand's 'Sick Child,' E. Koerner's 'Walls of a ruined Egyptian Palace,' F. Possart's 'Alhambra Court,' Achenbach's 'Quayside and Munthe's Winter Scene,' are especially fine.

The French Commissioner has made special exertions to secure as fine a collection of his country's artistic works as

The Sewing Lesson. By Josef Israels.

possible, and though the majority have been shown in Paris, there are a number of new paintings which render the collection interesting.

Of the new pictures, two by Bastien Lepage are the most interesting to Londoners, as they portray two phases of life in the English metropolis constantly seen, but not very much noticed. One is a Shoe-black Boy and the other a Flower Girl, and both were painted in London in 1882. Neither is idealised, for both are types which may be seen any day, yet there is a poetical vein in the pictures which take them far away and above the mediocrity of ordinary work. The painting is freer than in most of Lepage's pictures, and as the background of the Shoeblack is scarcely finished, the rapid draughtsmanship and superb technique of the artist are easily discernible.

The craze for painting war pictures amongst French artists seems wearing itself out. In this collection of several hundred canvases only a very few are shown, and the chief is Médard's (1881) Salon picture of 'Reinforcements arriving on the Field of Battle,' an incident of September, 1870. The colour is cold, almost to exaggeration, but the burning village lights up the picture, and preserves it from a monotony rather uncommon in military subjects.

The current of modern French thought is also, as every one knows, carrying away its pictorial exponents from religious paintings. There is still a considerable demand for altar-pieces and "stations of the cross," but these seldom find their way into exhibitions. Carolus Duran's 'Dead Christ' has more religious feeling than H. E. Delacroix's picture of the same subject; but it is in the technical triumphs of pictures such as Guillon's 'Jésus sur la Pierre de l'Onction' that the French painter delights. In this figure of the Saviour lying at full length along a narrow-shaped picture the artist has taken extraordinary care with the representation of the flesh, and he has evidently thought much more of how he was painting than of what he was painting.

There being no English portraits but one by Herkomer to compare with the French, there is no opportunity of deciding on their comparative merits; but however excellent our painters may be in grasping the individuality of the person painted, they are still behind the French in ability to give grace and elegance to their patrons. The picture which we have engraved, 'Papa, je pose,' by P. A. Cot, is a specimen of a portrait which is something more than a likeness.

There has always been a close connection between the French and the Belgian school of painting; and as the former has been passing, during the last quarter of a century, from the academic and ideal to the impressionist and real, so has the latter been following hard on its footsteps, though at the same time preserving an individuality of its own. The Academy in Brussels has many painters whose works may scarcely be recognised as different either in workmanship or subject from the Parisian painters; but the artists of Antwerp are more decided in their style. Van der Ouderaa's picture, for instance, of 'Marguerite Horstein on the way to the Stake,' realises a well-known incident in Antwerp history, in a way quite different from what a French or English painter would do. The Frenchman would probably choose the moment when the flames began to torture the condemned, thus affording an opportunity for realistic horror dear to the French painter; whilst the average English painter would probably restrict himself to either the single figure of the unhappy woman, or to an incident where great skill in composition was not required; the Belgian, on the other hand, has painted a picture full of figures, representing the whole procession of magistrates, monk, executioner, and condemned, requiring much care in composition.

Space prevents us mentioning in detail the other Belgian pictures, but a few words may be said respecting the sculpture. Belgium is the only nation that contributes statuary in any number, the Dutch having only a few unlovely busts, and the French a small collection of works of no great merit. The former Professor of Sculpture at Mons, C. Brunin, sends an exceedingly fine marble group of 'Le Pigeon de St. Marc, Venice,' a Venetian youth on whose shoulders one of St. Mark's doves has alighted, begging for the food he holds; a work certain to increase the sculptor's renown. Louis Lamain's 'Messengers,' a girl sending off doves, is a statue modelled with extreme care and knowledge of the beautiful in grouping as well as of the human form.

There is not a British section, for, with the exception of Hubert Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Forbes, none of our artists have sent contributions. No opportunity is therefore given to Dutch residents or to foreign visitors to compare English with continental painting.

The reason for the abstention is this. The British Commissioner received no grant from Government towards defraying the many necessary expenses, and he had to concentrate his attention on the industrial exhibits, in which direction he considered the general interest of the nation more immediately lay. The difficulty of selection of works to be shown, as usual, came to the front, and Mr. Simmonds found it too onerous, with his other duties, to undertake it personally; whilst lack of funds prevented him issuing invitations or collecting together a representative committee. We cannot help thinking that some attention might judiciously enough have been given to the Fine Art Section, as room was left by the general managers of the Exhibition for at least one hundred pictures from Great Britain. But at the same time it may be as well that the project should have been abandoned rather than that an insufficient or poor collection should have been shown as representing the Art of this country.

There is, however, one corporation—the Royal Academy—which is rich and powerful enough to have undertaken the collection of representative pictures to send to Amsterdam. So far as we are aware, there is nothing in the charter of the Academy to prevent the moderate expenditure this would have involved; a few hundred pounds given in spreading a knowledge of British Art would have been well spent, and would probably have been returned with interest. An institution which receives the use of magnificent galleries from the nation without charge might very properly show its gratitude by occasionally assisting in sustaining the reputation of the nation abroad.

The question will probably occur to readers contemplating a summer holiday, Is the Amsterdam Exhibition worth visiting? We answer decidedly yes; not alone for the paintings, which, as may be gathered from the foregoing remarks, are numerous and excellent, or even for the general exhibition, which not only includes collections of the arts and industries of most civilised nations, but many rare and curious things from the uncivilised Dutch colonies, but because it is being held in a city full of historic and artistic associations, unlike, in many aspects, any other in the world.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, LONDON.

THERE is abundant evidence in the present exhibition that the "Old Society," in spite of the taunts frequently levelled at its conservative habits, is in no present danger of being effaced by its younger and more ambitious rival. Without wishing in the least degree to disparage the Institute, whose *locale* will naturally in the future give them a considerable advantage, we must still look for the highest specimens of English water-colour painting in Pall Mall. For many years to come it will be difficult for any society, however wide it may open its doors, or however catholic its tastes, to collect together a body of artists superior to the Fellows and Associates of the Royal Society. Of the three hundred works now exhibited the following are most worthy of notice:—

No. 7.—'Tea-time,' R. Thorne Waite. A group of haymakers who have broken off from work and are seated under a bank, taking their afternoon meal. No. 10.—'The Invincible Armada,' Albert Goodwin. A masterly work, showing not only great technical skill, but high imaginative power. No. 11.—'Acropolis,' A. P. Newton, as seen from the Panathenaic Stadium. This is one of a series of studies at Athens here exhibited, into each of which the artist has infused much ideal beauty, whilst adhering to a faithful rendering of the scenes. No. 19.—'The Firth of Clyde,' F. Powell. A scene, far from the busy hum of men, where peaceful solitude reigns. No. 38.—'A Forgotten Harbour,' A. Hopkins. A charming picture in every way. Even the sea which idly rolls up the estuary, and laps against the decayed timbers of the old sluice, seems to have forgotten its way inland. We recognise the scene as the fast silting-up harbour of Southwold. No. 39.—'The Festival of St. John at Venice,' Miss C. Montalba. A narrow street in Venice, upon which the light falls between the high houses, but bright with the red costumes of the worshippers who throng about the church door. No. 40.—'The Ortler Spitz,' S. T. G. Evans. A fine bit of mountain and glacier painting, but deceptive to a mountaineer, who might imagine from this picture that the mountain was easily accessible from the Stelvio road, instead of being separated from it by a wide chasm. No. 42.—'Rough Sea off the Cornish Coast,' C. Davidson, grim and dangerous looking, the water admirably rendered and the rocks grand. No. 44.—'Prayer on the Sands at Travancore,' R. Lamont. An original and striking reminiscence of an Indian tour. No. 55.—'Off the Start,' H. Moore. A very blue sea on which a fishing-smack, broadside on, is moving at a goodly pace. Contrasted with his study of 'Becalmed' (No. 24), on the eastern coast, these two works give a fair idea of the range of Mr. Moore's powers, and of his intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the sea in its various moods. No. 68.—'Crail, Fife,' W. E. Lockhart. This and the companion work, 'An Old Scottish Harbour' (No. 74), which hangs close by, are most admirable specimens of truthful, and yet poetic, Art. No. 102.—'Venice Fruit Boats,' Oswald W. Brierly. The clouds are clearing away after rain, and the sun struggling through a bright greenish haze, which gives a strange but by no means unpleasant tone to the busy scene on the Grand Canal. No. 107.—'Limehouse,' and No. 108. 'Little Britain,' H. M. Marshall, display remarkable ability. No. 116.—'An Old Cross in a Western Village,' J. W. North. Unhappily the only contribution from this most attractive and poetic artist. The exquisite care with which the details are rendered in no way spoils the poetry of the scene. Mr. Ruskin has said that every picture should court inspection with a magnifying-glass, and that every picture-seer should carry one. It would be a real pleasure to inspect this drawing by these means. No. 124.—'Leaving Home,' Frank Holl, R.A. A fine specimen of genre work. No. 128.—'Scourbhullion,' E. J. Poynter, R.A. The rich colouring and varied hues of the distant mountains are treated in a fashion to make us regret that Mr. Poynter does not more frequently regale us with his landscapes. No. 130.—'Bism Illah,' Carl Haag. For colour and drawing this is without doubt the most important and most successful piece of figure painting in the gallery—sold, we believe, for £1,200. No. 131.—'The Sole Survivor,' Albert Goodwin. To a ledge of rock a sailor has managed to steer himself in safety; the vessel, a complete wreck, is tossed about by the angry waves. From above a rope ladder is being lowered by unseen hands. Full of exquisite fancy as well as substantial work. No. 143.—'A Surrey Landscape,' B. Foster. One of the artist's most successful works for a long time. A group of girls dancing in a ring amid the heather of the hill-top; beyond, a widely extended view, full of charming light and atmosphere, of the Weald of Surrey. No. 171.—'The Singers,' W. S. Wainwright. A couple of boys are singing under the guidance of the choirmaster. A young boy accompanies them on a guitar, and a venerable oboe in the background is steadily going on with his part of the performance, although his companion the violin player has laid aside his instrument. No. 178.—'On the North-East Coast,' Alfred W. Hunt—hung in such a light as to do but scant justice to a very meritorious work. No. 196.—'Upon the Wings of the Wind,' E. F. Brewtnall—a spirited work well conceived. No. 223.—'Sandhills in Sunlight,' W. Pilsbury. A striking work: very simple in design. No. 226.—'On the Coast of St. Leonards,' J. M. Richardson—by far his best and most original work this year, but, at the same time, his least ambitious. No. 231.—'Richmond Castle,' G. A. Fripp. In this evening scene, as well as in another view of the same place, taken from another point, Mr. Fripp displays more than his usual delicacy of touch and sentiment. No. 233.—'A Doorway at Toledo,' Henry Wallis, painted with consummate skill and care. The drawing is firm, and the colours bright, though scarcely so important a work as the 'Scene from *The Merchant of Venice*' (No. 269), by the same artist. No. 236.—'A Cottage Girl,' and No. 237.—'Annie,' Mrs. Allingham. Very charming figures, but neither of them so satisfactory or original as the 'Girl drying Clothes in a Sunny Garden' (No. 296). No. 263.—'Duomo of Lucca,' J. Ruskin. A fine architectural study. No. 267.—'Dent du Marais,' G. P. Boyce. In this and another Auvergne scene, the 'Puy d'Araigne' (No. 287), Mr. Boyce displays his scrupulous but not pedantic devotion to details, and his delicate skill in rendering them.

THE TALE OF TROY.

WHEN the chief of the Greek Department of the British Museum is responsible for the archæology of a *mise en scène*, and when the president of the Royal Academy—not to speak of other distinguished artists—lends his active assistance in the preparation of special tableaux, people look on with a preconceived conviction that all must be what it claims to be. Sir Charles and Lady Freake will not have rendered that help to the advancement of the study of Greek Art and archæology they intended, when they gave up their London house to professors and artists, if the work accomplished should be passed by without critical comment or inquiry. Of the fitness of things and people, whether the actors and actresses were suited to their parts, and whether the architecture, the costume, the furniture and properties, were in accord with one another, are questions well worth the asking, for there can be no two opinions about the fact that these representations were among the greatest artistic delights ever provided for London society.

Taking first the tableaux, we may at once confess that had we approached them desiring to pick holes, our task would have been difficult, all of them were so well fenced about with patient care and artistic excellence. Admirable as they were, it must, however, be clearly understood that they did not exhibit any special archæological endeavour to put before us the people or things Homer describes. Professor Newton tells us that he was careful at the very beginning to impress on every one engaged the desirability of keeping to one style of Greek Art, that, namely, which prevailed in the time of Pericles, B.C. 469–429, of which we possess so much evidence in the marbles and vases of the British Museum. This is the date by which the production must be measured. Clearly, therefore, the works of the later Attic school of Scopas and Praxiteles, B.C. 360–300, were as much to be avoided as those of the extremely conventional or archaic or hieratic styles. On this foundation we can raise some kind of structure of argument and criticism. As the exhibit was rather pictorial and musical than histrionic, we may as well at once get rid of the latter, by admitting that there was no acting whatever in any high or artistic sense, with the one exception of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who, whether as Helen or Andromache, enriched the performance not merely with graceful and intelligent poses, but with a certain amount of pathos. Of course the question arises whether the naturalistic style be the right one for a play founded on classic or Greek story. We think it is. The naturalistic is the chief characteristic of Art in our time, and if we can impart anything to the telling of an ancient story which shall make it live more in our remembrance, and make its joys and sorrows more akin to us, it is through the naturalistic, and not the conventional channel. But if good acting was not to be seen, there were instances of good declamation; whilst music gave to the whole a support and a charm which were simply immeasurable.

Taking the tableaux and scenes in the order of the book, the curtain rises to Tableau No. I., "The Pledge Redeemed," arranged by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Helen is seated, Peitho leans over her whispering in her ear, Aphrodite stands near in the act of raising Helen's veil, Paris gazes enraptured, and behind him stands Eros. Here the general style was florid and later than our date, although the general arrangements of the figures and the toning of the colours were remarkable for their beauty.

The play begins with Scene I. The Scæan Gateway. At the side a shrine containing the image of Athene. The gateway, rather small, is to our left, and built after the manner of the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ. The shrine (rather large) is to our right, in the style of an Ionic baldachino. Between these two features are the battlements of the wall, over which we see a pleasing and tolerably true landscape of the plain of Troy. A writer in *The Builder* has objected to this gateway, but the old triangular construction of gateways found in Mycenæ was by no means peculiar to that district. The great pyramid shows it, and what was a familiar mode in places so far apart as Memphis and Argos might well be found in Troas. The detail of the lions as a decoration might be objected to, but the general design was certainly not the exclusive property of the Argive city. The real fault of the architecture in this scene was in the shrine. A figure of a Greek goddess of the period (B.C. 469–429) would be placed in the open or in a *cella*, and the conventional treatment by an ancient Greek artist wishing to show inside and outside at once was hardly the thing to follow. The costumes in this scene struck one as rather mixed for B.C. 469. Priam looked earlier than the time, but the two Trojan elders wore the short himation of the Dorians which certainly became general after B.C. 484, but which we should hardly expect to find on Trojan elders. Some of the women, too, appeared only in chitons, whereas they never went out without the himation or peplos. Hector wore a blue skirt or chiton, and over it breast and back plates and shoulder-pieces, some few tassets were suspended from the cuirass, and the greaves were actually fitted with back-pieces like the war harness of A.D. 1500–1520. What was chiefly missed in most of the dresses was the embroidery, the woven patterns and the rich borders that vases show and old writers tell of. So also in the colours; Tyrian purple, otherwise a lake-like red, and white prevailed throughout the scenes. Why ash-grey, black or dark grey, and that lovely hue called by Homer sea-purple did not come into the scheme of colour more decidedly was somewhat remarkable, seeing the enormous help the greys would have rendered to the reds. In the Scæan Gate scene, Priam all in sea-purple and gold, or in grey and gold, would have been of more service than in red, for his robe and Helen's were so nearly of one tint that the lady's form was confused and her attitude lost directly she sat at the feet of the king.

The next scene opened to us the interior of the tent of Achilles in which the Nereides in attendance on Thetis were fitted to their parts. No doubt among Greeks and Trojans, even in the Pericleian time, men and women were to be found not altogether fit models for the architectonic sculptor, but in every dramatic representation of classic story a certain standard of proportion should be maintained.

The last scene of the first part again brought before us

the Scæan Gateway. The war is nearly over, the Iliad is complete, for on a bier (capitally devised) lies the dead body of Hector, and round about, led by Cassandra, the women gather, chanting a dirge. At the foot of the bier Andromache falls in a crushed heap, and as the curtain drops we hear the women crooning out the refrain with which the first scene ended: "The races of men are born and die as the leaves of the forest."

The Odyssey was told at fuller length than the Iliad, and was opened by Mr. Poynter's Circe Tableaux (Circe preparing the charm, Circe giving the cup to Odysseus, and Circe vanquished), which were quite exquisite in design. Ulysses might have been taller with advantage where such splendour of figure surrounded him. Miss Halket as Circe and the Misses Lethbridge as nymphs were well fitted to their characters, thus making the long-drawn sojourn of Ulysses in Ææa not difficult to understand.

The two tableaux of Ulysses in the isle of Ogygia were arranged by Mr. George Simonds with such true sculpturesque feeling that one regretted the stage did not turn round as in the days when Madame Wharton displayed her classic tableaux. Here again all were well suited to the parts they filled, and the scenes were remarkable for their refinement and the absence of anything like exaggeration.

The first Scene from the Odyssey was the Court of Alcinoüs designed by Mr. Poynter, R.A., but shown to such fulness that its proportions were dwarfed or distorted. It represented the Courtyard of the Phæacian Palace. The architecture and the costumes of the men, though Greek in general style, had a certain barbaric decoration about them which did not, however, extend to Nausicaa and her maidens, who might have walked straight from a Panathenaic procession had their dresses been properly made. The beauty of the song, the movement and unconscious attitudes of some of the ladies as they played at ball, and the happy expression of a few as if they enjoyed the game, gave to this scene a charm of pleasant comedy altogether its own. We are told that the sceptre carried by Alcinoüs, which looked very like a mutilated thunderbolt, was copied from one in the British Museum, but the sceptres we have been able to find are all of the nature of wands.

"The Hearth of Ulysses" was the final Scene. As the curtain rose it discovered Penelope seated surrounded by her maidens, singing. Penelope sat like a Greek, and generally presented to us a picture which recalled the grander type of figures on friezes and vases. The maidens were too isolated and too equi-distant from one another in this as in other scenes where the stage was occupied by many stationary figures. A row of ladies on one side of the stage and another opposite, as if standing up for Sir Roger de Coverley, was not the best way to realise that innate fitness of things which was the characteristic of the well-born Greek in the days of Pheidias. Nor was this row arrangement much improved by standing in a semicircle round Penelope. Good stage management is not easy under the most favourable circumstances, and where no one is supreme almost impossible. We cannot therefore attach blame for these defects to Mr. Geo. Alexander, who worked with ceaseless energy in this department. But we think the intelligent and accomplished ladies who filled the stage might themselves have studied a little the theory of grouping.

The final Tableau, and the least satisfactory, was "the Retribution of Ulysses," arranged by Mr. Poynter, R.A. Then came the last Scene of all—Penelope's recognition of her husband—finishing off the Tale of Troy calmly with the Goddess Athene presiding in person over the finish, as she presided in form of archaic statue over the opening, of this masque or dramatic sketch of the Tale of Troy.

ART NOTES.

NATIONAL PURCHASES OF WORKS OF ART.—Two British purchases have been made during the past month for the nation. A tempera picture by Mantegna, representing 'Samson and Delilah,' was purchased for the National Gallery at the sale of the Sunderland (Duke of Marlborough's) drawings, for the very large sum of 2,250 gs. A Limoges plaque from the same collection was bought for £1,040, for the South Kensington Museum, the description of which is as follows: A large oval dish, painted with 'Vision of St. John in the Apocalypse,' a composition of numerous figures in grisaille and flesh colour on a gold ground, the border painted with two female heads in medallions, grotesque animals and masks; the back painted with two grotesque masks and two torsos, surrounded by rich strap, on black ground, richly gilt, signed J. C. (Jean Court), twenty and a half inches long, fifteen and a half inches wide." We hope shortly, through the courtesy of the Director of the National Gallery, to give an engraving of the Mantegna.

PICTURES FOR SCHOOLS.—A movement, which is highly to be commended, has been set on foot to supply elementary schools with photographs and engravings of good pictures. It is felt that practical difficulties will for long hinder official action in this direction, as the majority of ratepayers would probably object to any expenditure of public money for such a purpose. Anything that can be done must, therefore, be the result of voluntary efforts. It has been ascertained that for about £7 ten framed photographs could be supplied. This modest sum it should not be hard to raise in any Board School district. If the movement takes a hold, it would be well if some central depôt were established where not only school committees, but private individuals, could purchase works which had the imprimatur of a carefully selected committee of taste. Miss Mary Christie, of Kingston House, Kew, England, is receiving subscriptions, and she has enlisted the sympathies of Mr. Ruskin, Lord Aberdare, Mr. Mathew Arnold, Mr. Sidney Colvin, The Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. George Howard, M.P., Mr. R. S. Poole, Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. Fred Harrison, and others.

REVIEWS: NEW PRINTS AND BOOKS.

'IN THE TIME OF CONSTANTINE.' Engraved by A. Blanchard, after the picture by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. (Lefevre).—It was certainly a novel idea of Mr. Tadema's to transport a brawny, red-haired Scotsman and set him down, clothed in a toga, amidst the marble palaces of imperial Rome. Certainly in so doing he has opened the eyes of many to a page of history of which they were entirely ignorant. Still less had they any idea that a Dandie Dinmont terrier had at that epoch been evolved to minister to the amusement of a satiated Roman. But we may certainly believe that so it was if Mr. Tadema says so, for his archæological knowledge is beyond dispute. Here in this picture what he wishes us to learn is how the Romans, by luxurious habits, lost all the energy which characterized their ancestors, and so gradually fell into the hands of barbarians, who, from knowing how to flatter, soon acquired the power of governing. The engraving, therefore, is desirable as illustrating a curious and little understood period of history, altogether apart from its intrinsic merits, which, it being by the master of French line engraving, are very considerable.

'WEDDED.' Photogravure after Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. (The Fine Art Society).—It is curious how often success is achieved by a mere chance. This has notably been the case with the present engraving, for we understand that it was merely in order to preserve some record of the original on this side of the water (the picture having gone to adorn the Museum at Sydney, New South Wales) that 'Wedded' came to be reproduced in any form whatever. As a result, it is probable that no engraving has of late years attained such a success. And this is clearly not altogether due to the popularity of the subject, but in a considerable measure to the marvellous way in which Sir Frederick's work has been reproduced. Hitherto no engraving has thoroughly translated the delicacy of his method, although Mr. Cousins and Mr. Atkinson have both very nearly achieved it, in spite of the former's declaration that it was an impossible feat. But in this new system of making an engraving, with a foundation of photography, a wonderful translation has been the result, and we shall await with interest the appearance of those other works which are announced to follow, to see whether the process is uniformly successful.

"ETCHED STUDIES FOR DOMESTIC FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS." By A. W. Batley (Sampson Low & Co.).—In these ten plates Mr. Batley gives evidence of his power as a designer, an etcher, and a man of taste. In his designs, it is true that there is evidence of more adaptation than originality; but in obtaining motives from Egyptian, Japanese, and other sources, he is only catering to the public taste; and as regards this he seems rather to have led than followed it, for, as he points out, these etched plates date downwards from 1872, since which the decoration of the house has undergone almost a revolution. The designs appear, as a rule, conceived more for a decorator with an unlimited purse at his command; still hints may be gathered therefrom even for humble homes, chief amongst which may be reckoned (1) the arrangement of a series of hinged frames on the line to hold etchings, drawings, and engravings, so that they may be changed at pleasure: and (2) the wall thickness in the doorway utilised (by removal in part of the fittings) for a bookcase on the one side and a cabinet on the other.

"THE LOUVRE GALLERY." "THE BRERA GALLERY." Notes on the principal pictures by Charles L. Eastlake (Longmans).—The experiences of one traveller are in many respects reflections of those of his predecessors. Who has not, on the eve of starting for Paris, debated whether or no he should cumber his luggage with that aggravatingly bulky official catalogue of the Louvre, and has left it behind on the balance being turned against it by the difficulty of finding anything therein? Such a one will be glad to learn that a substitute can now be obtained in the work now under notice, the merits of which are that the principal pictures only are noticed, with descriptions which at once draw the reader's attention to their chief characteristics, style, and treatment. That these are of much value goes without saying when we consider that they have been compiled by the keeper of our National Gallery. As each of the great continental galleries are to be treated in a similar way, we trust that the following suggestions may be considered by the publishers:—The bulk of the book is unnecessarily extended, owing to its being printed in needlessly large type and on thick paper. The illustrations are so execrable, that they would be omitted with advantage. It would be well if the works could be classified according to the name by which the artist is known in England. At present there is everywhere apparent such incongruities as illustrations having above the word Santi, below Raphael; above Vanusci, below Perugino; above Vecelli, below Titian; above Caliari, below Veronese.

"ART WORK IN PORCELAIN;" "ART WORK IN GOLD AND SILVER" (Sampson Low & Co.).—Under the title of "Handbooks of Practical Art" the foregoing works have been edited by Messrs. H. B. Wheatley and P. H. Delamotte, with the aim of bringing to the notice of students and amateurs examples of the highest types of Art. The illustrations appear to be principally culled from the South Kensington Handbooks, and the letterpress is of the meagrest description. The productions of Wedgwood, for instance, are dispatched in half-a-dozen lines, and are not considered worthy of illustration, whilst three examples of Persian ware are given, although its very existence is questioned. With the South Kensington Handbooks purchasable at 1d. and 1s. each, we fail to see the need of these at 2s. 6d.

"PRACTICAL NOTES ON ETCHING." By R. S. Chattock. With Eight Etchings, 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low & Co.). "THE ART OF ETCHING." By H. R. Robertson. With Two Etchings, 1s. (Winsor and Newton).—Two Fellows of the Society of Painter Etchers, each noteworthy for the modest unaffectedness of his etched work, have written pamphlets on the processes of their branch of the Arts. Each volume is praiseworthy for its directness of purpose, and in wonderful contrast to earlier handbooks, discarding that envelopment of verbosity in which earlier authors (especially French ones) were wont to indulge. Both were aware that some sixty pages would tell everything that has to be learnt by such a medium, and have had the good sense not to cumber their pages with surplusage.

MEAL-TIME.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY R.W. MACBETH A.R.A.

LONDON J. S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED.

Kinder-fries. By Kaulbach.

CHILDREN IN MODERN GERMAN ART.

WE might at first sight take it for granted that German artists must signally fail in their attempts to portray the innocence and sport of childhood. They have, perhaps, even to their prejudice, made themselves known in the sublime sphere of the imagination; their flight is lofty, their style severe, they are learned almost to excess, and cumbrous and complex to a fault. They may be said, in fact, to have won a right to the epitaph penned on a certain British architect, "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he has laid many a heavy load on thee!" And yet on occasion, as the sequel will show, they can relent and relax; otherwise indeed their case might be deemed desperate, for if it be permissible to paraphrase a divine teaching, I would say that, unless a painter can become as a little child, he shall not enter into the kingdom of Art.

The Dog Cart. By Adolf Eberle.

The gravity to which German painting is prone happily finds a lighter key in the joyousness of childhood. The pictorial drama, overstrung in intensity, relaxes into passages of tenderness, and utmost contrast is gained by situations wherein youth encounters age, and love watches over sorrow. Kaulbach, who, whatever may have been his errors, was at least dramatic in swing of passion and climax of tragedy, has, by the presence of children within his large and elaborate wall compositions in Berlin, mitigated with the best possible effect awe-striking grandeur by the charm of beauty. Amid the terrors encircling 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' sympathy is aroused by a Christian family flying for safety: an infant is seen clinging to the mother's breast, children kneel and with clasped hands implore mercy, while little boys, palm branches in hand, sing songs of deliverance. Kaulbach, perhaps theatric to excess, plans his pictures as scenes on a stage, the curtain falls in tears to rise in smiles, and so here in the city's overthrow, for the sake of dramatic contrast a quiet spot is set apart for harmless, loving childhood.

The famous *Kinder-fries* illustrating this page above is a small section from the continuous bands running above 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' and other major compositions on the walls of the Berlin Museum. The idea of the whole series is the progress of the human race manifest in the world's history, and as in the large pictures the *dramatis personæ* are gods and heroes, so in the small friezes the story is enacted by children. Our illustration depicts civilisation's birth: babies are born of flowers, Romulus and Remus are suckled by the wolf, and a Pygmalion-like boy would seem love-stricken before an infant statue, the symbol of sculpture's dawn. The narrative is carried through a dozen similar fantasies: the arts of peace and war, the sports of the field, interspersed with the more serious pursuits of science, find exuberant outcome in the fun and frolic of childhood. The versatile, incontinent genius of Kaulbach showed peculiar felicity in such facile facetiæ.

The best art of Germany seeks escape from prosaic reality in the regions of the imagination; it clothes life in poetry, it sees in the world's outward show hidden and higher significance; its compositions are more than exact chronicles, they stand as the mind's creations. Like literary effusions, these pictorial designs abound in metaphor and parable, they speak through similitude or symbolism. The story of human life, from the cradle to the grave, is evolved as a cycle or expanded as a panorama; the narrative has a before and a hereafter, its dawn is in sunshine, its close is shadow, in bright or sombre colouring it reflects two worlds. Wordsworth teaches that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," "the soul that rises with us" comes from God with "trailing clouds of glory." Ludwig Richter, Bendemann, and others have thus clothed in heavenly mien the days of childhood. Such designs, as books of treasured thought, are not to be read at a glance; their images, when pondered over, come home to the heart as sermons in stones. The mind is set thinking, and the picture that meets the eye serves to people fancy with visions; pictures pregnant with thought beget thought. Human life flows as a shining river through a fair land, flowers garland the springtide of youth, birds sing in the trees, and lambs gambol in the pastures. Nature lies very close upon childhood: the first cradle was wet with dew and rocked by the winds: the infancy of life is as the infancy of the world, the education of the child as the education of humanity. And German Art, born of nature, is fed by the supernatural, for the infant's bed, when only a manger, is tended by angels with songs of peace.

From a Sketch by A. Hendschel.

The religious school of Düsseldorf, borrowing inspiration second-hand, originated little. The revival confessedly took as its prototypes early Italian masters, such as Fra Angelico, Pinturicchio, Francia—not excluding Raphael—and accordingly the new Christian Art in some degree reflected the fervour and spiritual beauty of the good olden times. The change which thus came over such Christian Art as may be possible for modern days is made manifest through contrast: in place of the cold petrifactions of neo-classicism, in lieu of the conventional graces of the later Renaissance, or instead of the rude crudities of a mistaken naturalism, the school of modern mediævalism is clothed in spiritual beauty, the forms purged of the grossness of the flesh seem fashioned as on the mind's inward consciousness. And this state of purity, as of spotless Eden, is depicted as attending the mortal pilgrimage from earliest infancy, so that gazing on these scenes of blissful childhood we might credit Lord Palmerston's startling statement in the House of Commons, that all children come into the world naturally good. I certainly do not recall in this immaculate school a single picture of a devil of a child, no scene comparable to that wherein Dante broke the baptismal font of San Giovanni to save a baby from drowning! I write with a countless number of engravings before me, collected over many years, and throughout the children are as blessed innocents. The composition deservedly best known is Overbeck's 'Christ blessing little Children.' For the most part the treatments are trite as the subjects—Ittenbach, Carl Müller, and a host besides, multiply Madonnas and Holy Families after the prescribed pattern; the spirit has not been distilled direct from nature, but settles into lifeless stagnation. Deger, however, occasionally kindles into divine fire: his child-God, as in Raphael's San Sisto, has wondering eyes of ecstasy gazing on the infinite. The highest reach is gained by Overbeck in his great picture 'The Triumph of Religion in the Arts':—painters, sculptors, and architects in groups on the ground beneath look heavenward to the infant Christ on mother's knee as the only true source of divine inspiration.

The Holy Scriptures, the legends of the Church, the lives of the saints, make in a thousand ways the beauty-giving presence of children felt in the art of painting:—the blessed child Maria, to the admiration of companion girls, mounts the Temple stairs meekly and alone to present herself before the High Priest; the boy Jesus, with like strength made perfect in weakness, holds disputation with the doctors; the two infants, St. John and Jesus, 'mid garlands under palm-tree shade, sport with a cross and trifle with a lamb. But, above all, angels, as winged ministers of love, as pretty playmates of earth-born children, as minstrels at nativities or bridal feasts, people most prolifically with poetic fantasies the pictures of modern Germany. A full-grown angel five or six feet high startles as an intrusion or anachronism; but children angels, flitting as birds across the sky, or fluttering like butterflies over bright gardens, are scarcely an outrage on the laws of nature. They come as winged thoughts, as ideas of the brain taking flight, as creative germs floating in space; they flock in company as cloudlets in the tranquil sky, or float lightly as a feather in a sunbeam. Child angels do most varied services in Art, sometimes they are little more than decorative; often their duties are trivial, they light a church candle or swing an incense censer; but on occasion their functions are solemn, they guard the paths of daily life, watch over death, or strew the grave with roses. The artist most familiar in this walk is Ludwig Richter, from whom I have selected for the opposite page a lovely illustration from the series of the Lord's Prayer. While pen is in hand comes from the press a lecture wherein Mr. Ruskin, as Slade Professor, pays eloquent tribute to Ludwig Richter, as follows:—

"I hope that in many English households there may be found already—I trust some day there may be found wherever there are children who can enjoy them, and especially in country village schools—the three series of designs by Ludwig Richter, in illustration of the Lord's Prayer, of the Sunday, and of the Seasons. Perfect as types of easy line drawing, exquisite in ornamental composition, and refined to the utmost in ideal grace, they represent all that is simplest, purest, and happiest in human life, all that is most strengthening and comforting in nature and religion. They are enough, in themselves, to show that whatever its errors, whatever its backslidings, this century of ours has in its heart understood and fostered, more than any former one, the joys of family affection and of household piety. For the former fairy of the woods, Richter has brought to you the angel on the threshold; for the former promises of distant Paradise, he has brought the perpetual blessing, 'God be with you'; amidst all the turmoil and speeding to and fro, and wandering of heart and eyes, which perplex our paths and betray our wills, he speaks to us continual memorial of the message—'My peace I leave with you.'"

German pictures, even to their prejudice, read as books, thus the abounding illustrations to the legends and romances of the people often link together in sequence as consecutive chapters in a story. Writers and painters are close observers of character, they jot down in detail the ways of children, yet they seldom deal in the abstract or the generic, they are more concrete and individual, their personalities appear

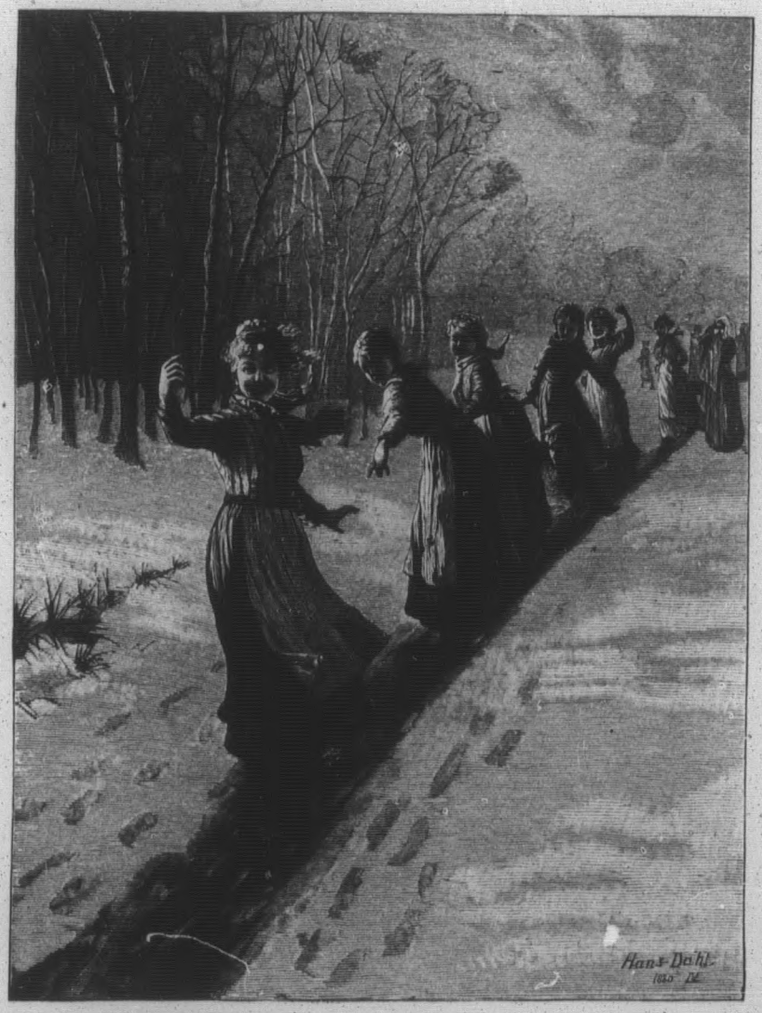
The Lord's Prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven." By Ludwig Richter.

essentially German, the products of the soil, the issues of daily life. Children thus depicted may be said to represent the national character in miniature. Village tales, or *Dorfgeschichte*, by such popular authors as Auerbach and Heyse, are appropriately concerned with the peasant class, and these stories as genre pictures have the veracity of studies from living models. Children play leading parts in popular festivals, specially at the season of the Nativity, when the *Christkind* comes with blessings. I recall, by the fancy-teeming artist Mintrop, a Christmas-tree encircled by new-born Christians, who mingle devotion with merry-making. Schwind is another painter equally fertile and wayward in childlike imaginings. Children in legends and picture-books assume the characters of heroes and heroines, and with solemn propriety enact deeds which incite all the more wonder as little in keeping with early days of inexperience. Indeed, the point and pith of the story sometimes lie in the curious incongruity between the gaiety of the actors and the gravity of the transaction. The quaintness and grotesqueness inherent to the German character are with telling effect clothed under the charms of childhood. Comedy spices mock tragedy, and wit and humour adorn the tale and point the moral. Such books and pictures have a spell, not alone for days of childhood, but for "the Seven Ages."

Yet poetry rather than painting peoples fairyland, and the reason is obvious. "Airy nothings" can be shadowed

forth in words; Mab's "celestial palace," "azure canopy," "floors of flashing light," trod by "ethereal footsteps," may be pictured by Shelley's pen, and Puck, "that merry wanderer of the night," can be put on the stage; but supernatural machinery is not so readily set at work within the artist's canvas. Hence much in Grimm's Fairy Stories flies above the painter's reach. German Art, as before indicated, is too ponderous for Ariel's light-tripping step, or for Allegro's measure of "jest and youthful jollity." The German painter, scaling heaven and compassing hell, soars above the groundling who "hops in his walk and gambols in his eyes." With reckless heels he follows the headlong track of "the Wild Huntsman," he tears passion to tatters, but cannot weave a gossamer web. Thus in the Berlin National Gallery I recall the awkward grace and ponderous play of Herr Steinbrück's "Elfs," and in Düsseldorf remember a certain "Gnome" that might be mistaken for a pedlar!

A fascinating art, of which I give a slight illustration, is that of silhouettes, or figures in black on a white ground. Konewka is the prime expert in this difficult and necessarily circumscribed manner, and his popularity has naturally incited many imitators. The conditions of the art obviously necessitate utmost simplicity in subject and treatment; the incident or narrative must, as in strict bas-relief, be on one and the same plane; the character and action must be salient and articulate to tell in outline, all within and beyond which is absolutely void, while the execution needs to be sharp and delicate as in antique gems. These silhouettes in their pure line, ideal form, and melodious composition, have close alliance with designs on Greek vases, yet the severity of the classic, assuaged by the suavity of the romantic, merges into the grace of Correggio and the sentiment of Canova. But touches of nature, traits of individual character, and aspects of everyday life often clothe the designs in the garb of modern Art. The draperies are equally eclectic, sometimes they are strictly classic, but occasionally they appear mere plebeian pieces of tailoring as best befitting "Bottom the Weaver" and "Snug the Joiner." The more classic draperies might merit the praise bestowed by Mengs on Raphael; we recognise a cause for all their forms, either in their own weight or in the movement of the limbs, and the disposition of the folds reveals the attitude that has been, the motion which is in progress. I speak in pleasing memory of Konewka's illustrations to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—a fairies' revel, a children's playground, with dancing "ringlets to the whistling wind." The boy Puck is the quintessence of mischief, the sprite Ariel a pretty pickle of perpetual motion. The children are here types, ideals, in the sense of realising ideas. This fairy world indeed appears nothing more substantial than an arabesque of the imagination; the fantasy flows in one continuous stream, translucent, sparkling, ever changing. The artist arrests the vision just as it was about to vanish into thin air. Such musical notes put upon paper come from a harp touched by the breezes.



The Slide. By Hans Dahl.

German Art is commonly accounted monotonous, but the illustrations to the present paper prove the contrary: by turns they are religious and comic, realistic and ideal; they pass from grave to gay. Hendschel, who in these columns depicts an infant prodigy at the piano, is a humorist. The Hendschel Album, from which the drawing is taken, hits childhood with shafts of satire, and tickles grave elders into quiet smiles. The children are charmingly unconscious of the merriment they are making at their own expense; their serio-comic ways appear wholly spontaneous as nature's unpremeditated pantomime. Hendschel has points of contact with Charles Lamb: take from the "Essays of Elia" an example, "My First Play." The curtain, writes Lamb, drew up. I was not past six years old, and the play was *Artaxerxes!* I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. I was in Persepolis for the time: it was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams. Harlequin's invasion followed, and the tailor carrying his own head seemed to me to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denis. Charles Lamb depicts the child in wonderland,

and German literature and art are worlds of wonder. The infant mind awakes with a surprise; the eye opens on a life new and a creation strange, and unlooked-for nursery wisdom tells that "the child is father of the man."

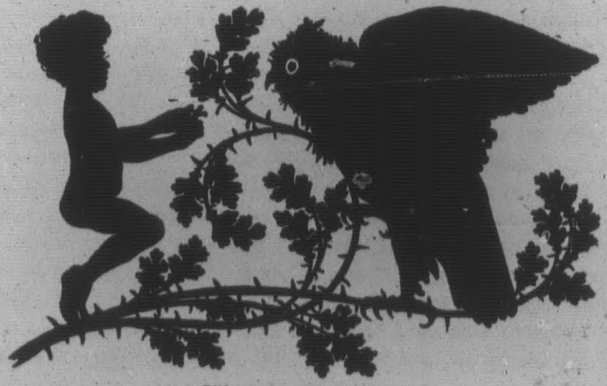
Children in genre pictures, domestic in incident or rustic in character, have necessarily much in common in all countries. The closer Art lies to nature and the nearer it approaches primitive simplicity, the more it merges minor differences in general humanity; and babies have closer resemblances to each other than grown-up people. Dissimilarities develop with years, with diversities in social rank, and with opportunities of mental improvement. Genre pictures reasonably deal with uncultured rather than with highly civilised conditions, and children in a rude state of nature are often without significant nationality. As soon, however, as the child grows old enough to use its tongue its pedigree becomes apparent, and that any baby should learn to speak the German language at all must be to the astonishment of all other babies! And the phenomena presented by German-lisping children may, I think, be taken as correlative to certain paradoxes in German Art. The Italian child warbles a mellifluous tongue; the French child glibly utters light words from fluent lips; but the German boy or girl makes ponderous discord with harsh gutturals. It were a satire to press the simile too closely, and yet I would give as typical of the respective national arts an Italian child sporting on the sunny shore of Baiæ Bay, a French *gamin* making mischief in the streets of Paris, and a German schoolboy, his head in his book—the embryo of the future philosopher.

Nothing, however, is more common than to find a nation throwing aside, at least for a season, its distinguishing characteristics. A nation, after all, is but an aggregate of individuals; and the unity of the whole co-exists with variety in the component parts. And so it is with German people and German Art. Indeed, the gravest of persons are known at times to burst into boisterous merriment—the overstrung bow rebounds with violent spring. This common law finds illustration in one of the most popular pictures of the day—'The Slide,' by Dahl, here engraved as a set-off to more serious themes. Also 'The Dog Cart,' by Adolf Eberle, the reader may welcome as a happy episode in an art which for the most part puts the mind under stress and strain. Variety makes art charming, and I observe in Germany that purveyors of picture galleries, like the conductors of literary journals, study to intersperse light topics among heavier materials.

To enumerate the artists, especially in Düsseldorf, who adorn and enliven domestic life by sunny childhood, would swell my paper to prolixity. Some, after the habit of Scottish painters, use children as little else than goods and chattels, distributing them among the chairs and tables on the cottage floor. But at least all the household effects, animate and inanimate, are fitted into place neatly and compactly; the handling would do credit to a village carpenter. Yet painters not a few infuse finer sentiment into humblest scenes,—Defregger, for example, in tenderness occasionally approaching Frère, subdues boisterous boyhood by evening prayer, and stays the eager appetites of a peasant's household by solemn grace before the frugal meal. I hope some day to devote a separate paper, with illustrations, to this patriotic painter of rural life in his native Tyrol. *The Art Journal* last month published an engraving from a gladsome picture by Ludwig Knaus: no artist is more of a child than when among children sporting as lambs in the green fields, and happy as the sunny day is long.

I close with Gabriel Max (for biographic sketch with illustrations, see *The Art Journal*, June, 1881), an artist who redeems genre from the last taint of grossness. With peculiar pathos he depicts the sorrow clouding brightest days; his children have not been rudely buffeted by the elements; they are to a fault sicklied by sentiment; of frail tissues, they suffer under slightest touch as the sensitive plant. Children thus delicately modelled seem to show how the sense of touch is the earliest of the senses to awaken; the flesh appears plastic as the sculptor's clay, the pulpy forms submit to faintest pressure, the movements spring from sensuous impulses; the infant closely clinging round the mother's neck tells how life is born of love. The latest product that has fallen under my notice of this painter, whose moods are pitiful as tears, reveals a lost child weary and asleep in the solitude of mountain snow, its native village lying in the valley beneath. Max paints the ideal child; such pictures, subtle in form and sensitive to beauty, are comparable to sonnets, symmetric and compact within a small page. The school to which the artist belongs has faith in immaculate conceptions: such purist painters rise above the depths of common naturalism; they will not wallow in dirt nor grovel in rags. Children thus depicted are not begotten of sin or abased by abject poverty; they enter the house as the bright angel to bring message of blessing. The child is not lost at its birth mid the city's clamorous crowd; it comes the offspring of the skies: it is happiest when farthest from the man-made town, and purest when nearest to God's created country.

J. Beavington Atkinson.



A Silhouette. By P. Konewka.

THE MUSEUM OF THE PRADO, MADRID.

AS it is now so easy travelling, even in Spain—which is always looked upon as one of the most backward of European countries—it seems scarcely necessary to suggest that the Madrid Museum should attract a much greater number of lovers of works of Art than it seems hitherto to have done. But it takes long to wipe away the bad reputation of a country; and although Gautier, who visited Spain more than forty years ago, when travelling was a much more serious business than it now is, bore witness to the civility of the Spaniards, and to the significant fact that he never met one of the threatened brigands, and many travellers since his day have in turn recorded their testimony in favour of the country, the rooted opinion of most people seems still to be that travellers for pleasure should avoid that peninsula.

Madrid is certainly not a pleasant place to stay in; it has none of the fascinations of an Italian city; at the best it is but an inferior Paris; nevertheless it is the shrine of one of the finest collections of pictures in the world; not a perfect collection by any means, but a collection of perfect pictures, though, alas! many of the gems have been sadly defaced—first by neglect, and secondly by ignorant restoration. A good express train leaves Paris at about eight P.M., and arrives at Madrid in thirty-six hours. People with time at their disposal, and who are lovers of architecture, may linger on their way among the quaint old French provincial towns, or the curious Basque cities and churches; may visit Burgos, with its lovely cathedral, or Avila, still surrounded by its eleventh-century wall, and its exquisite Renaissance tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella's only son, in San Tomé, calling forth a warm eulogium even from that firm Gothicist, Street. Or they may, by turning out at an early hour from their comfortable "wagon-lit," stop short at the Escurial, Philip II.'s gloomy erection, where they may breakfast at a very fair hotel in the village, and, by the aid of a good guide, see enough of the vast building to warrant their continuing the short journey to Madrid itself the same evening; where, having established themselves in one of the two comfortable hotels on the Puerta del Sol, they can be ready, after a good night's rest, to explore the wonders of the Prado Museum, when it opens the next morning at ten.

Englishmen should visit this gallery if only to see what precious works of Art have been lost to this country, for several of the finest pictures here once belonged to our Charles I., and were bought by Philip IV. of Spain when they were dispersed by order of the Commonwealth. By this they were undoubtedly saved from a worse fate, for the Puritan Council had ordered all representations of the Trinity or of the Virgin to be burnt forthwith. Philip did not scruple to dismiss Lord Cottington, who had been sent on a special mission to his court by the exiled Charles II., and directly the ambassador had safely departed by one gate, to receive by another, eighteen mules' load of the beheaded monarch's greatest treasures. In fact, the surest way to this Art-loving monarch's favour was to present him with a picture. All his race, from Charles V. downwards, were enlightened patrons of Art and artists. The anecdote of Charles V. picking up Titian's brush is too well known to repeat. The familiarity of Philip II. with Antonio More is an oft-told tale. He called More's pupil, Coello, "his beloved son"; but Coello, wiser than his master, always treated Philip with profound respect. This king's grandson, Philip IV., replied to the canons of Granada, when they objected to his appointing the painter and sculptor Cano to a stall in their chapter, "I can make canons like you at my pleasure, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano." He also addressed Zurbaran as "painter to the king, and king of painters." He it is who said, when Velasquez was painting the famous picture of 'Las Meninas,' that it wanted but one thing to complete it, and taking the painter's brush, painted on Velasquez's portrait in the picture the red cross of the order of St. Jago, an order only conferred upon persons of noble birth, and to bear which, the artist's pedigree not being up to the standard, he had to obtain a dispensation from the Pope.

The Madrid Gallery has recently been rearranged by the director, Don P. de Madrazo. His smaller catalogue of the collection may be bought for four pesetas from the civil old attendant at the door, who speaks a little French. It contains very fair descriptions of the pictures, and is well worth the money. It is arranged according to the school of the painter, thus—Italian, German, Flemish, etc., the painters in each school being placed alphabetically, and therefore necessitating some dodging about; for though in the Long Gallery the best pictures of each school are, as far as possible, placed consecutively, in the Sala de Isabella all the gems are collected, and here much turning is required; so that, notwithstanding its convenient size and shape, it is perhaps better for reference than for use in the gallery. It is impossible in a short notice to give an exhaustive description of the number of interesting pictures here, so we will only notice some of the finest and best known, our object being to stir up the readers of *The Art Journal* to go and see for themselves. Mounting the stairs, therefore, and passing at once into the chief rooms, we enter the Long Gallery, and begin with the Venetian school—Veroneses, Tintorettos, and Titians. By this latter painter there are in this collection no less than forty-three works. One of the grandest of these, which seizes at once upon the bodily and mental eye, is the equestrian portrait of Charles V., the greatest man of his age. Charles is clad in armour, in the same suit as that now preserved in the armoury at Madrid, and holds a lance in his hand. The picture is somewhat sombre in tone, the red plumes on his horse's bridle and on his own helmet being, with the scarf he wears, the only strong bits of colour. The Emperor's face is proud and resolute, his features are refined and delicately cut; the underhanging jaw is there, but is not developed to the extent which became so painful in his descendants. You feel as if the man himself were before you, and the man at

his best, "possessed with the noble consciousness of existence." Let us walk on to the half-length life-sized portrait of his wife, Isabella of Portugal. She has a lovable and somewhat consumptive-looking delicate face. Like her husband, she had a leaning towards the conventual life, but died early, before she could carry out her intention of taking the veil. Perhaps the finest portrait here is that of Titian, by himself, as an old man, in profile, with a velvet skull-cap and a long whitish beard. There is something at once solemn and majestic about this picture. The old painter holds a brush in his hand, and wears the gold chain of a Count Palatine. On the other side of the gallery hangs the historic and once splendid work, 'La Gloria,' now almost completely destroyed by the restorer. It is said to have been Titian's masterpiece, and was one of the few pictures taken with him by Charles to his retirement at Yuste. At the top of the picture is a representation of the Trinity; beneath are Charles V., his wife, and their son and daughter, enveloped in their grave-clothes. In the foreground are life-sized figures, grand in drawing; among them Moses, Noah, and David. Farther down is the picture, 'The Battle of Lepanto,' painted when the artist was ninety-one, to commemorate the great naval victory over the Turks; the subject is treated allegorically, and bears evident traces of the great age of the painter. Philip II. is presenting his infant son to Fame, who offers the child a plume. Here the king seems to have cast off his morbid gloom, and is very unlike the Philip who received the news of the loss of the Armada with such an impassible countenance; he is now represented as having won a victory, though the real hero was his half-brother, the chivalrous and noble Don John of Austria.

Three or four at least of the finest Titians here belonged to our Charles I., as, for instance, 'Salome with the Head of St. John Baptist,' a portrait of the painter's lovely daughter Lavinia, 'St. Margaret' and 'Venus reposing with Love'—the last a very grand piece of colour. We have too passed by higher up, a fine Veronese, which also formed one of the English royal collection, 'Christ disputing with the Doctors.' Our Lord is seated on a high pedestal in the centre, with his right hand raised. Grouped around him listening are the Jewish rabbis, attired like Venetian senators with gorgeous draperies. The figures, life-sized, are seated in a Renaissance temple. In the background the Virgin and Joseph seek the lost Saviour. Opposite the Veroneses are some truly fine Tintoretto portraits, which we have no space to particularise; but to finish with the grumblings about our losses of fine pictures, we will only, in conclusion, mention that Raphael's famous work, 'La Perla'—thus called because when Philip IV. saw it he exclaimed, "This is the pearl of my collection!"—and Andrea del Sarto's fine picture, 'The Holy Family,' were both purchased by Charles I. The Del Sarto, placed on the left near the centre of the gallery, is indeed a masterpiece; the figures are life-sized and the composition pyramidal. This picture was bought by Philip IV. for £230. Next to this hangs Raphael's grand composition in his latest manner, called 'El Pasmo de Sicilia,' the subject being the bearing of the cross. In the centre our Saviour has sunk beneath its burden, and is surrounded by the women and the soldiers. This picture has been badly restored, and is much injured. It foundered at sea when just painted, and was washed ashore in its case, it was said, quite unhurt; if so, the hands of the restorers have been much more cruel than the waves of the sea: it is not uninjured now. 'The Visitation,' by the same painter, is placed next to it. There is much sweetness in the head of the Virgin, who clasps the hand of St. Elizabeth; the latter is habited in a beautiful brown cloak, sandals, and a white turban. She has a tender, sympathetic face. The Virgin stands on the left, looking down. The Almighty in glory is seen above, and in the background the Baptism in Jordan takes place. Kugler attributes much of this picture to Giulio Romano.

We must turn later to the Raphaels in the next room; for the present let us continue in the Long Gallery, where a step or two will bring us to those works which, after all, are the chief glories of this Museum, for other painters may be known out of Spain, but Velasquez, to be truly appreciated, must be seen in the country of his birth, and particularly in Madrid; for though he was a native of Seville, the picture gallery of his own city, while rich in the finest Murillos, does not possess one of his paintings. The equestrian portrait of Philip IV., on the right, first brought the young Velasquez fully into public notice; poets sang his praises, while the court and the populace alike applauded the work. A model was made from the picture to be cast in bronze, and the statue now adorns one of the squares in Madrid. The picture which hangs as a pendant is the equestrian portrait of Isabella of Bourbon, Philip's first wife, daughter of the great Henri IV. The queen is mounted on a white horse, and attired in velvet and pearls. The splendid portrait of her little son, Balthazar Carlos, by Velasquez, is in another room. The boy, who is about six years old, is mounted on a brown pony, which comes galloping out of the picture. It is in Velasquez's second style, and is gloriously full of vigour: there is a small replica of this work in the Dulwich Gallery. The same little prince is painted by the same painter on foot, with his gun in his hand and his dog asleep by his side. The mountainous background reminds one of the country near the Escurial. In the Long Gallery Velasquez has equestrian portraits of the Duke of Olivares, of Philip III. and his queen, and several full-length portraits; a capital one of Philip IV. as a young man; also one of his second wife, Mariana of Austria, who was also his niece, and betrothed to the little Prince Balthazar Carlos, who died of small-pox at seventeen. The queen is dressed in black velvet and pearls, with a handkerchief large enough for a towel in her left hand. Like all Spanish ladies of that time, she seems to have been given to rouging, and this habit has been faithfully reproduced by Velasquez in his portraits. In this gallery, too, are placed this painter's two famous pictures, 'Las Lanzas' and 'Las Meninas.' The first picture commemorates the surrender of Breda, in 1625, to the Marquis Spinola. To the left of the picture, which is full of life, Velasquez, who was a personal friend of the great soldier, has inserted his own head. To 'Las Meninas,' or 'The Maids of Honour,' we have before adverted; it is a wonderful picture.

Some small landscapes by our painter in this room are a strong proof that he could excel in any branch of Art. There is a charming little view done in the Villa Medici in Rome, and also some small pictures of the alleys in the gardens of Aranjuez, which are perfectly delightful for their brilliancy and richness of colour. His grand work, 'Christ on the Cross,' in the same gallery, is full of solemnity and sorrow; it is only a single figure, with the head bowed and the hair falling over the face, but it proves the painter equally great in depicting religious subjects. Wilkie might well exclaim

that "Velasquez was a surprising fellow," and Ford call him "the mighty Andalousian." In worldly affairs he appears to have been as prosperous as in his Art, and his private character seems to have been truly modest and amiable. He manages to give a great effect of colour in his pictures by his treatment of mere black and white, just as a fine engraving does. His scale of colours is low and sober, but he takes care to concentrate and light up the whole by some exceedingly bright bits of rich colour, and thus convey an intense feeling of brilliancy of tone. A grand example of his power of dealing with sober tints is seen in his fine portrait of the sculptor Martin Montañes, sometimes erroneously called Alonso Cano, in the Sala de Isabella, which impresses you as very powerful in tone, though the sculptor is dressed entirely in black, while the background is grey.

There is in the Long Gallery a 'Holy Family,' in which the Virgin is seen winding wool, while the Saviour, leaning against the knees of St. Joseph, holds a bird in one hand and teases a little dog. It is a pretty domestic scene, such as the painter may well have witnessed, and not religious in feeling. Much finer as a work of Art is 'Rebecca and Eliezer.' The latter drinks out of a bucket held out to him by Rebecca, who startles one with her red petticoat; close by is a graceful girl with a stone jar under her arm, standing with her back to the spectator. Two other maidens gaze curiously at Eliezer, whose camels are seen in the distance. The Virgin and Child are delicious bits of painting in the 'Adoration of the Shepherds.' These latter are absorbed in the divine Infant, and present Him with eggs and a lamb.

There are also life-sized portraits of two pretty little boys, called the 'Infant Saviour and St. John Baptist,' which will be great favourites always with lovers of children. And, speaking of children, we are reminded that in the last bay of this room that clever painter, Goya, who is so original and so deft with his brush, has some most interesting portraits of the children of Charles IV. One, Don Francis, with three-quarter face turned to us, has sly brown merry eyes and a furtive expression, while his brother, Don Carlos, about twelve years of age, has a sweet smiling face. These are both probably sketches for the larger work of Charles IV. and his family. They have been begun and completed in one sitting. The colour reminded us somewhat of Romney. They are much superior to the more finished Goyas in this room.

In thus straying we have passed five interesting pictures by Juanes of the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen.' This painter is sometimes called the Spanish Raphael, and though he was not born till after the death of the former painter, he has characteristics of the Italian school, and probably studied in Italy. His draperies are well drawn, his colouring is rich, and his compositions very crowded. He is well represented in this Madrid gallery.

Let us, in conclusion, take a rapid view of some of the pictures in the Sala de Isabella, which reminds one of the Salon Carré of the Louvre, or the Tribune of the Uffizi, containing, as it does, the gems of the collection. On the left going in is a fine Fra Angelico, the only picture by this master here, for Madrid is decidedly wanting in works by the early Italians. It is flanked by two quite fascinating Van Eycks. The Virgin reading in her house is a marvel of exquisite finish, perfect in all its details, such as the shining of the fire-light on the hearth-dogs, or the blue iris in the silver pot, and the view of Flemish scenery out of the window. Next comes a Del Sarto much defaced by repainting; then a fine portrait by Vandyke, who has two others in this room, one of the Earl of Bristol, and himself, enclosed in an oval frame; the painter is the young man to the left in the black dress. Here, too, is the single Giorgione of the collection, St. Bridget offering flowers to the Saviour seated in the Virgin's lap; behind stands the saint's husband in a suit of armour. Some have ascribed this picture to Titian. Albert Dürer has a fine portrait, and there is a large work attributed to Matsys. Antonio More's portrait of Mary of England holds a prominent position. She is a plain woman with a wholesome complexion, snub nose, and a tight mouth, with her chestnut, or rather red, hair hidden away under a black head-dress trimmed with pearls. She wears a brown velvet bodice over a brown and white brocade petticoat, pearl ornaments, and carries a rose in her hand; altogether the impression she makes on us is not favourable. This room contains four fine Titians, portraits of Charles V. with his Irish wolf-hound, and of Philip II., the latter as quite a young man, and the celebrated picture, a bacchanalian subject, called 'Offering to the Goddess of Love,' in which numbers of delightful cherubs with azure wings bring presents to Venus. The charming little boys, no two of them alike, while yet more than forty in number, play games, gambol, kiss each other, and sport in the most fascinating manner; one has brought a rabbit which he tries to ride, another shoots an arrow from a bow, two others play at ball. On the left is a statue of the goddess, while on the right a group of trees and a rich glowing landscape enshrine the cherubs. This picture has gone through many vicissitudes, and still bears the marks of bad restoration and repainting. So, too, does Raphael's 'La Perla,' which hangs here; as also his third finest work in Madrid, 'La Virgen del Pez,' so called from the fish which Tobias holds in his hand. On the other side is St. Jerome, with his faithful lion crouching. This is one of the three great altar-pieces painted by Raphael, and was originally intended for a chapel in Naples, where special prayers for eye diseases were offered, which accounts for the introduction of the youthful Tobias with the fish by which his father's eyesight was to be restored. A tiny Raphael, the 'Holy Family with the Lamb,' though considered by Kugler to be only underpainted, is a gem in delicacy of treatment and refined finish. In conclusion, we must mention the grand Velasquez, 'Los Borrachos,' or 'The Drunkards,' which occupies a central position; also his 'Forge of Vulcan,' standing at which the lame and ugly god hears from Apollo of Venus's infidelity; and, finally, this painter's fine portrait of the little Infanta Maria-Teresa of Austria, afterwards wife of Louis XIV. of France. She is an ugly little maiden, about ten years old, with grey tones in the flesh tints of her face, only relieved by the red bows in her earrings, and is dressed in the frightful hoop of the period.

To give any full account of the pictures, even in the two rooms of the Museo del Prado we have noticed, is an impossibility in a short article, but we hope that enough has been said to prove how full of enjoyment a visit to this picture gallery would be. The spring, no doubt, is the best time for going to Madrid, but in autumn it is pleasant, even so late as November.

M. F.

THE LOBSTER

FROM A DRAWING BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

ON AND OFF SHORE.

BY the straight sea-front of the exposed Sussex coast, from Hastings pier to the end of the St. Leonard's Marina, there stretches in endless succession a long line of eminently respectable, British, inartistic houses, generally with brown or white stucco façades, in the most approved style of late Georgian or early Victorian architecture. This broad and open Parade, with its brand-new mansions, its glass seats, its German brass bands, its asphalte pavements, its concrete sea-wall, its stream of carriages, and its stray collection of nursemaids and children, constitutes for all practical purposes the only town of Hastings now known to the ordinary modern sea-side visitor. Here he perpetually walks, rides, drives, and suns himself, in what is after all, perhaps, the sunniest corner of our English south coast. If he ever goes off the Parade at all it is into Warrior Square, or the rows of still newer villas on the hill behind it, all equally respectable, and most of them equally uninteresting. In all probability, unless he is a person of unusually inquiring disposition, he never even suspects the existence of any other Hastings, except this purely modern and fashionable open coast town, which occupies the two broad-mouthed valleys lying to the west of the Castle Hill.

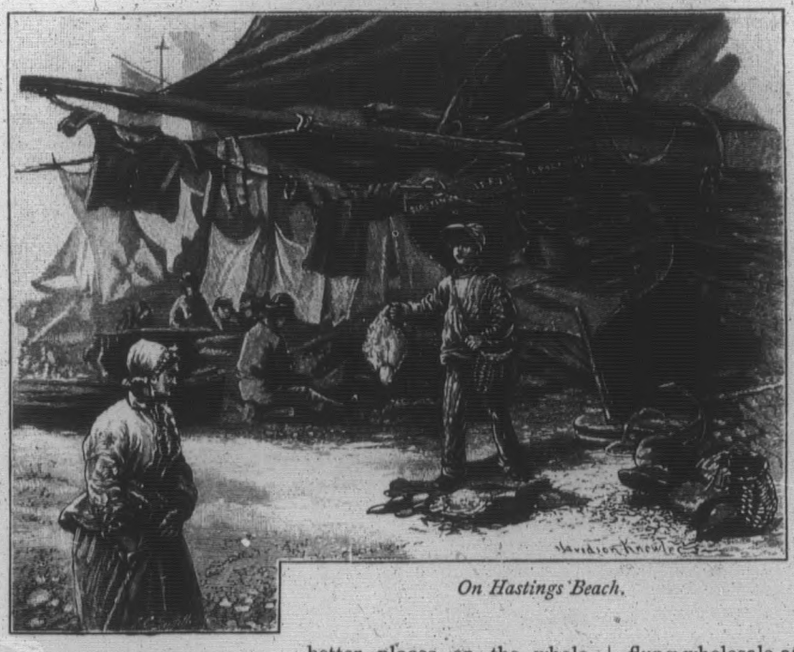
But to the artist, and especially to the marine painter, there is another and a very different Hastings, far away to the east of the modern town—a fisher village nestling in a deeply-cut nook of its own, between two opposite tall escarpments of the tawny Wealden sandstone hills. Passing round the base of the great cliff still crowned by the scanty ruins of the Castle Keep, you come suddenly upon a picturesque mass of narrow streets and red-roofed houses, huddled together in a seaward gorge, and appropriately pervaded by an ancient and a fishlike smell. In one moment you seem to be transported from the lounging fashionable world of the present day to a busy, unsophisticated fishing village of the last century. On the beach the trawlers are drawn up high and dry, half-keeled over on their sides, and with russet brown sails flapping idly and loosely in the gentle breeze, where they hang a-drying in the sunshine from the lowered spars. Farther on the beach is lined by tall and quaint wooden sheds, built from fragments of wreck, doors of old cabins, waste timber, or whatever else came handy, smeared over with wholesome tar, whose cleanly odour helps to neutralise the fishy perfume from the mouldering refuse flung upon the foreshore. Nets hang out fluttering to dry in all the available spaces; windlasses stand sturdily among the loose shingle; bits of rope and scraps of bait lie about casually over the brown seaweed; and everything speaks at once of the omnipresent and all-absorbing industry of the place. In the foreground a group of men in tarpaulins and sou'-westers stand packing whiting in barrels with alternate layers of ice, for the Paris *halles*; and nearer still the fishwife folk themselves are carrying dabs and lemon-soles dangling by the tail to the little octagonal building in the corner that serves the purpose of a retail fish-market. In spite of the fashionable watering-place at its very doors, nowhere in England will you find a finer or racier specimen of the original fishing village than this old town of Hastings.

Trawling.

The sturdy bronzed folk who inhabit this oldest and truest Hastings are a peculiar and separate people. To this day they speak a South Saxon dialect of their own, and in the cosmopolitan modern town, that has grown up within the present century to the west of them, you will never hear the broad blurred old English speech that greets your ears heartily the moment you have turned the obtuse corner into the primitive fishing quarter. They are the real Hastings men, these fisher people, the folk who have given their own name to the modern borough and the adjacent country. People who look at Turner's picture of the town from the sea often feel surprised to see the Castle Hill standing on the left of the spectator; in the only Hastings they know, the Castle Hill occupies the right hand from such a point of view. But the fact is, even down to Turner's earlier days, this fishing village made up the whole of Hastings. If you climb the steep face of the East Cliff, above All Saints' Church, and sit among the gorse and the broken masses of sandstone, you look down upon the narrow gorge of a little bourne or streamlet, now covered from side to side by closely packed red-tiled roofs and smoking chimneys. Hither, fourteen centuries since, an old heathen English tribe of Hastingas, tough sea-dogs from the Sleswick marshes, drove ashore their long ships on the sloping cove where still their lineal descendants beach the weather-

beaten trawling smacks on stormy autumn mornings. They settled in all the country between Romney Marshes on the east and Pevensey Marshes on the west; and this district, to which they gave their own name, is still known among the Sussex Hundreds in our own time as the Rape of Hastings. The tribe of Hastingas were long reckoned a distinct people from the neighbouring South Saxons; and Kent, Hastings, and Sussex are mentioned as separate tribal kingdoms in the Anglo-Saxon chronicles down to a comparatively late period in old English history. The fisher village in the seaward combe or glen between the two cliffs was known at first simply as Hastinga Port, the haven of the Hastingas; it was only slowly that it came to usurp the title and supersede the memory of the entire tribe, and to be called simply and solely by the name of Hastings. From that day to this the people of the little haven have never ceased to be seafaring men; and seafaring men they continue to be even now, in spite of all the changes that have made a new seaside lounging-place grow up with mushroom speed beside their very threshold.

For studies of fisher life and marine subjects there are few



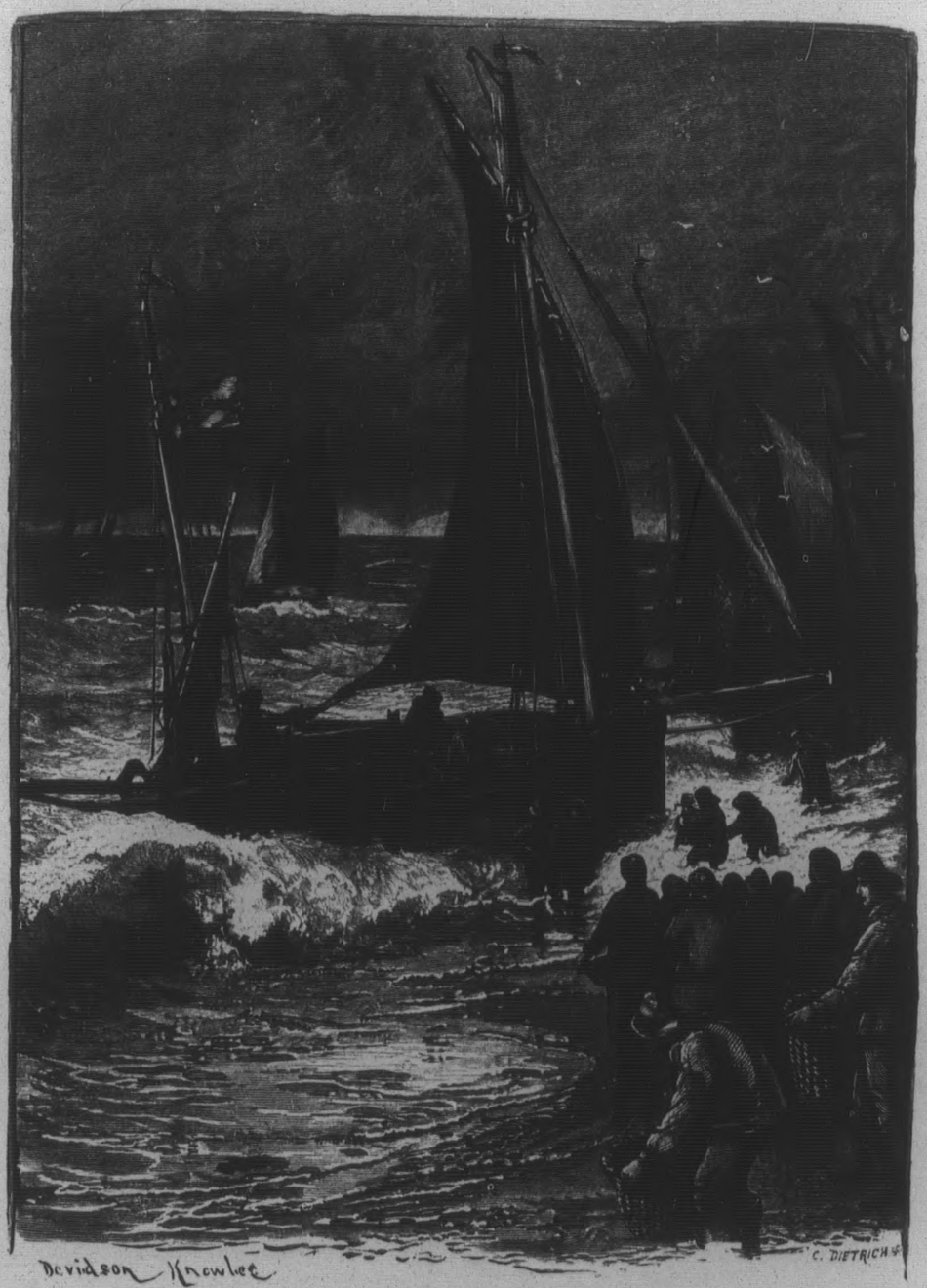
On Hastings Beach.

better places on the whole south coast than Hastings. Premier among the Cinque Ports as it is, it has not now any pretence to the possession of a harbour, for the encroachment of the sea has washed away the jutting point near White Rock which once protected the obliterated cove to westward; and the great storm of Elizabeth's reign, which diverted the mouth of the Ouse from Seaford to the place now called *facti de nomine* Newhaven, also destroyed the piles and substructure of Hastings old pier, thus reducing the once flourishing town to the minor position of an open fishing village. But this, which was counted as loss from the commercial point of view, is great gain to the artistic interest. For the smacks in old Hastings are all beached at high tide, instead of being merely piloted into the narrow mouth of a tidal harbour; and, as a consequence, there is room for much play of picturesque incident and dramatic situation that could not equally be found even in those paradises of the marine sketcher, Great Grimsby and Great Yarmouth. Moreover, there are not many spots in Britain east of the rugged Cornish coast where the sea shows itself in angry moments to such grand advantage as along the exposed strip of shore around the cliffs of Fairlight and Hastings. The twin heights that enclose the fisher town, and form the last buttresses where the Forest Ridge of Kent and Sussex abuts upon the English Channel, stands out boldly, just at the very point where the sea has fiercest power along the whole great bay that stretches from the white chalk bluffs of Beechy Head to the long low alluvial spit of Dungeness. On stormy mornings the huge curling breakers dash in resistlessly upon the shingle beach, where the smacks are hauled up in line to the very summit of the ridge, above reach of the seas at high tide, but not above reach of the fierce spray, so that they are sometimes carried down again in very rough weather by the sucking force of the undertow. These two points put together—the absence of a harbour and the unusual energy of the waves—make Hastings old town peculiarly rich in picturesque suggestiveness for the faithful student of marine life.

On less stormy mornings, when fairly rough weather has permitted a good catch of gurnard or pollack, the brown-faced fisher folk may often be observed gathering in little knots upon the beach, ankle-deep in water and creel in hand, waiting for the arrival of the fish. As the smack rises lightly on the arched crest of an advancing breaker, the helmsman drives her straight ashore, and a few sailors in long boatlike boots and shiny waterproof breeches, glistening with stray sticky herring-scales, run out waist-deep to meet her, and give her a helping tug to shoreward. As she grounds, she heels a little to one side, and the darkly-clad expectant throng rushes up to the leeward gunwale, holding up their wattled creels at arm's length to receive the kicking and splashing cargo. Then begins an indiscriminate tossing out of the slippery merchandise—live wriggling soles, great flapping turbot, whiting that curl as they go through the air, red gurnards with their big fins furled, and silvery herrings, flung wholesale at the last into bulging barrels.

It is on murky mornings that this fisher life shows up to the best advantage. In bright sunshine there is a certain want of keeping between the blue clear sky and the bronzed and rugged faces of the seafaring folk. But in the grey winter weather the whole picture harmonizes with itself and with all its surroundings. Then it is that the smacks and their russet sails come out most vividly in the lurid light that breaks through the misty openings in the clouds; then it is that you see the hearty figures of the tough old sailor folk boldly defined against the pale background of sea at every lurch of the swaying vessel. To those sturdy yet tender-eyed men—for there is a vast deal of tenderness, too, underlying that hard outer demeanour—a bit of a fresh gale seems of no more account than to their brother-fishermen, the sea-gulls, who equally love the stormy weather, and flit around the smacks on the self-same errand as their human competitors. More than with most other sailors, the seafaring life brings to fisher folk many reasons for a certain grave tenderness and quiet heroism. For one thing, the ties of home are

stronger to them; they live more on land than any others of their sort: they see more of wives and bairns; often enough they have their own growing lads tending the smack alongside of them; they risk not their own lives only, but also the lives of those that are dearest to them. Then, again, the ship and the trade are more of a family affair than elsewhere; each man has his friends and relatives in other smacks; he has been bred to the sea and the fisheries from his childhood upward; his ancestors have been fishermen on both sides for countless generations before him; his good woman herself is a fisherman's daughter, a fisherman's sister, and a fisherman's wife. There must be a great deal of unconscious and instinctive recognition on the part of the world at large of this deep-seated difference between the fisherman and



Running Ashore.

the ordinary wandering sailor, for you will see fifty pictures, and read fifty poems, of the true fisher life for one that you find devoted to common seafaring.

But among all the varied aspects of fisher life in the seaward coves and villages, the family aspect is certainly the one which has most struck both the popular and the artistic fancy. The fisherman's wife is an integral part of the drama of the sea; the fisherman's boy, "who sings from his boat in the bay," is closely bound up with all one's happiest memories of pleasant summer holidays by craggy Cornish inlets or off low sandy stretches of East Anglian coast. Born and bred to a seafaring life, with the blood of Jutish sea-dogs and Danish vikings running still through his veins, the hereditary fisher lad grows up with the healthy red-and-brown of the

sea burnt into his cheeks, and with the careless daring of his sailor ancestors gleaming from the depths of his laughing dark eyes. To all boys alike life is a strange new romance, unfolding itself in fresh chapters every morning, and to be continued in our next with every night; but to the fisher boy that vague poetical delight in the marvellous around one must be even keener and deeper than to other boys. For the sea is full of mysteries—mysteries that science has robbed of their delightful vagueness for full-grown men, but still as real and as wonderful for the fisher boy as for the Achæans who listened open-eyed to the story of Odysseus and the Sirens, of Circe and her cup, of Scylla and Charybdis, of Polyphemus and the one-eyed host. In its murmur he still hears, after his boyish fashion, "The roar and thunder of the Odyssey." As soon as he is big enough to wade with safety, he is encased in a pair of oilskin breeches, and entrusted with a shrimping-net by his mother's side. His playtime is spent in wandering among the purple and glaucous seaweed of the foreshore, or in jumping from rock to rock, covered with sputtering acorn barnacles, in search of embedded periwinkles and immovable limpets. His days are passed among strange monsters of which the landsman knows nothing, for the queerest fish are not those commonplace things that figure on the marble slabs of the fishmonger, but those odd, ugly creatures that the smacksmen fling overboard for useless, or cut up into long limber strips to entice the greedy mackarel and the voracious skate. He plays familiarly with the spotted dog-fish; he catches the monk-fish on the long lines set for rays, or sees it trawled up, splashing, from the sandy bottoms, beloved of sole. He knows by sight the round-mouthed lampreys and the distorted tadpole-fish; he spreads out in the sunlight the butterfly-wing fins of the sapphire gurnard; he plays snap-dragon by pushing and pulling back his finger in the vice-like claws of the live lobster. He has, unhappily, but small pity for the private feelings of the creatures he torments, for he uses the living puffed-out globe-fish instead of a ball, or explodes it, when inflated, with a sharp blow from his hocky stick. As for suckers, blennies, and gobies, he regards them as created to be the natural and obvious play-things of ingenuous youth. Sometimes, by way of revenge, the fish wound him back in return; he cuts his hand with the spines of a weaver, or lacerates his thumb with the knobs of a thornback. But one cannot expect much humanity towards fishy things from boys who are brought up to fling them wriggling into the wattled creels, and to carry them about carelessly for sale suspended from the forefinger by their still breathing gills. The plaice that he holds up temptingly by the tail, "Only fourpence ha'penny," before the hesitating eyes of some careful housewife from the fishing quarter, writhes its long fin, as he pinches it, in his very hands; but he looks upon fish only as so much animated merchandise, accustomed by long habit to be tossed about while they kick, as eels are used to be skinned alive. Boys are naturally cruel, and the fisherman's boy does not receive many positive lessons in humanity to the lower creation; those that he does get are most distinctly of the negative kind. Yet he is a fine, open, hearty, honest fellow at bottom for all that, and he has in him the makings of a noble, brave, and self-sacrificing man.

GRANT ALLEN.

TECHNICAL ART EDUCATION.

THE question of Technical Education has forced itself during the last year or two upon the attention of the English public, especially that portion of it which, by its connection with manufacturing industries, has been made to feel a sense of emptiness in that important part of every man's existence—the pocket. Our manufacturers have had to suffer a continued loss of trade with the great countries both in the eastern and western hemispheres, which used to be our most profitable customers. They have even had to acknowledge themselves in some cases supplanted in our home trade by the products of those very nations to which they formerly supplied so much.

To go into this question fully would involve many figures, but it results in this: that whilst we have of late years been selling a much *smaller* value of *our* manufactures, we have been buying from the foreigner a much *larger* value of *his*. Two instances may suffice as examples. Manufactured silks imported in the last four years of the decade, 1870 to 1880, as compared with the first four, show an increase of nearly £12,000,000; woollens, an increase of nearly £8,000,000.

Now there are reasons outside the question of the superior technical and Art education of foreign countries which have operated in producing the above results. I allude to the hostile or protective tariffs of foreign countries, to which I shall not refer further than to state that they have had a great influence in checking our export trade. But whilst this must be admitted, it will not account for the fact that nations which were formerly far behind us in manufacturing skill and in scientific discoveries, are now our equals or superiors in these respects.

What, then, is the reason for this advance on their part, and for our apparent retrogression? During the last thirty years we have spent money in large sums on education. Our working classes are now all taught elementary knowledge, and the machinery of the Science and Art Department has been at work to diffuse higher instruction throughout the land. Still we have to admit that in many branches both of science and Art there has been little or no effective progress, and that whilst there are some exceptions, yet, as a rule, our trades and manufactures have not been benefited.

It is evident, then, that there is some fault or some flaw in our system.

The point which we appear to have missed is this, viz. that whilst the French, German, and other nations have aimed at making their Art and scientific instruction a connecting link between elementary education and trade, we have somewhat ostentatiously ignored that connection, on the assumption that by teaching Art and science as abstract subjects to the few who presented themselves for such instruction, they would by some occult process ally themselves to trade. The result has been failure; and whilst by our neglect of the principle of action which has been adopted elsewhere we are in danger of losing our supremacy in trade, we have already, and for many years, lost our supremacy in education. We have long witnessed the humiliating spectacle of an annual exodus of the best and brightest of our youths for foreign Universities, Polytechnic Schools, and Technical Colleges; because it is well known that in Zurich or Mulhouse, or in other places in France, Belgium, and Germany, a much better education, both technical and artistic, can be obtained than in England.

In France a good system of Art education has long prevailed, and has produced results which are highly beneficial to the trade of the country. The Designers' Associations in Paris provide designs not only for France but for all the world. The elaborate system of adult Art classes, where the instruction is wholly gratuitous, affords opportunities to all, even the poorest, to acquire an artistic education; and the technical and trade schools, which have long existed, either in the workshops or as separate establishments, enable workmen to learn the application of drawing and Art knowledge to the material in which they have to work. Gratuitous lectures are also given on every branch of literature, Art, and science, by professors of world-wide reputation. This system of Art education has prevailed for many years, and has no doubt had a powerful influence on the successful development of high-class work in every department of trade. There is a constant tendency to extend the area of Art education, and it is made to cover the whole population. Thus the nation not only obtains good Art producers, but encourages a demand for the best class of work on the part of the consumer. Notwithstanding the liberal manner in which Art education has hitherto been conducted in France, they are now still further extending its influence and increasing its efficiency.

With regard to Art education in Germany, the kingdom of Wurtemberg may be instanced to show the high regard in which Art and science are held, and the great efforts which are made in order that all classes of the people may be benefited.

In Stuttgardt there is a central establishment with a Museum of Art and Industry, and a manufactory of models and copies of works of Art, having schools for drawing, modelling, and design, carried on under the same roof. There is also a Polytechnic Institution, in which the more advanced branches of Art and science are taught by eminent professors, at a very small cost to the students. This institution contains spacious lecture and class rooms, and possesses collections of models and drawings for the various schools of engineering, design, architecture, and mechanics; also an excellent chemical laboratory.

The Art and technical schools throughout the provinces are connected with and under the inspection of the central establishment. Besides schools for special trades, there were, in 1880, in the provincial towns and villages, 162 schools of industry, with 728 teachers and 12,470 scholars, of whom 3,243 were females.

The course of scientific and Art education pursued in Wurtemberg is founded on sound principles; it is as good in quality as that given by our Science and Art Department, and is much better adapted than ours to the requirements of the pupils and to the special branches of industry which exist in the various localities. The central establishment performs motherly offices to her scattered offspring, by providing them with good masters and excellent models; one half of the cost being provided by the central department, and the other half by the commune in which the school is situated. This rule also applies to the payment of the master's salary, and to the general expenses of the school; the pupils' fees are very small.

I may quote one or two instances of schools established in provincial towns, having a direct bearing upon the trade of the place, viz. Reutlingen, where there is a weaving school which has obtained European celebrity; Rottenburg, where there is a school for wood-carving; and Gmünd, where a teacher of chasing and engraving on metal gives instruction in the artistic branches of their trade to the boys engaged in the extensive brass, gold, silver, and jewellery manufactories in that place. In this interesting Swabian town the pupils in the school to which I have alluded are boys occupied in the trade of the place, who, having passed through a short course of tuition in the excellent drawing school, complete their Art instruction by applying, under the guidance of an Art instructor at the school, the principles they have learned there, to actual work upon the materials of their trade. Already well instructed in the elementary principles of Art, they go from the school to the workshop, and from the workshop to the school, and thus combine Art instruction with their daily employment.

A system like this tends to elevate the taste of the youth, to make him like his trade, and to give him enjoyment instead of weariness in his daily work. Its tendency is to make skilled and intelligent workmen of most of those who avail themselves of its advantages; and it must also greatly stimulate the development of the talents of those who possess the rare but valuable ability of originality of design. I may mention that Gmünd is a town of about 14,000 inhabitants. There are 220 pupils attending the school of Art, of whom 83 are actually applying the Art knowledge which they obtain to their daily work in trade, and are thus by a rapid process turning it to a profitable account.

Since 1868 a great work has been done by this school to improve business and to restore lost markets, and excellent results have been obtained. The manufacturers now execute careful work, beautifully modelled, and are able to compete with other countries. All this has been accomplished by the active assistance of the teacher, and by the instruction given by him in industrial Art.

We cannot but feel that the paternal system of implanting trade knowledge in every place where it is needed, which is adopted with success in Wurtemberg, would be inapplicable in England; yet we may take some practical lessons from what has been done, and apply a good deal of experience to our own operations. We may learn, for instance, that whether it is scientific, artistic, or technical education which we wish to impart to our industrial population, a mere theoretical course of teaching will be of no avail. In science and in Art, whilst there are certain elementary principles which

must first be carefully instilled, yet, if these are to have an influence upon the manufactures and handicrafts of the country, they must be taught in direct application to the various industries of the country; and as regards technical education, we must be prepared to surround the pupils with all the accessories of their trades, and even to occupy mills and workshops as schools, and to employ as masters those who know how to work such establishments on a system of commercial prosperity.

But if, for a moment, we turn our attention to Ireland, the question at once suggests itself whether it would not be a wise and judicious aim of statesmanship to copy in detail the methods which have been attended with so much success in Wurtemberg, and, by a system of paternal guidance, to establish throughout that agitated country numerous educational centres, whether for agricultural, manufacturing, or handicraft instruction, by which a leaven of industry and knowledge might be made to permeate throughout the body of its working population, and thus create habits of thrift and industry, and enable them to turn to account all the natural advantages of the country, and all the skill and ability which may be found to exist in the people.

I firmly believe that no measure could be framed which would so much raise the tone of society in Ireland, and lead to her future prosperity, as the institution of a general system of trade education, wisely directed and energetically carried out.

Any one who carefully examines what has been effected in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, mainly by the influence of Dr. Von Steinbeis and his associates, may with advantage reflect upon what such a man could effect in Ireland, with a moderate sum of money to deal with, and efficient coadjutors to carry out his plans.

The town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, and many other instances, both in Germany and other countries, may be quoted in evidence of our inferior position to the great civilised countries of Europe in technical education; but it is more humiliating to hear from Prof. J. F. Hodgetts, who has been living for some years in Russia, that even there they are very much ahead of us, and that we are not only thus in the background, but that we have no system at all in existence by which our position can be retrieved.*

I am also informed that in Japan they have established technical schools; and it is by no means certain that we may not, in a few years, find formidable competitors in our Eastern trade from this highly intelligent nation. For if they obtain machinery, and commence manufacturing, they have cheap labour and a far more highly developed and universal knowledge of design and decorative Art than we have.

The brief survey which I have given of the work which is being done in foreign countries to promote the combination of Art and science with industry, will show how thoroughly in earnest they are about it, and how necessary it is for us to be on the look-out, and to take care that we are not left behind-hand in the race.

If we compare the present position of the young artisan in this country with that which he used to occupy before the introduction of steam and factory labour, we shall find him worse off now for industrial and Art education than he was in periods which we are apt to regard as behind the present in general civilisation and enlightenment. In the old days, both in England and on the Continent, handicrafts were carried on either in the family or in small workshops, where the parent or the master, himself a skilled mechanic, worked surrounded by his sons or his apprentices, who, whilst they assisted in the labour, were taught by the master both the artistic and the technical portions of their work. They were made to understand the whole from beginning to end, and they took part in all that was going on. Thus we find splendid specimens of work in metals or in stone, such as the tomb of St. Sebald, and the magnificent Pyx in the Church of St. Lawrence, at Nuremberg, the whole of the design and execution of which are credited to two families of workmen, Vischer and Kraft. Again, in our own country we had numerous families skilled in special trades, such as wood-carving and stone-carving; and village blacksmiths, who wrought wondrously in iron. Much of their work remains in our old churches and country houses. This fine work was produced with no greater effort than is now expended in the production of stuff of very inferior quality.

In addition to the small workshops, and the family labour, and the apprenticeship system, our forefathers in the towns were united in guilds for the furtherance of their respective trades, and there is no doubt they had certain educational advantages in connection with these guilds. Now, it is the fact, not only in England, but almost throughout Europe, that this old system of small workshops and of apprenticeship has completely broken down. I believe in many trades apprentices are still taken, but the teaching they receive is, as a rule, nominal, and I am sorry to hear that in many cases it is only those apprentices who can afford to fee the men under whom they work who can obtain information in what are called the "dodges" and "wrinkles" of the trades. Thus the young artisan of to-day has to pick up his knowledge as he can, even of the special department in which he works. This, supplemented by "rule of thumb," is all the information and all the education he receives. The dignity of labour, which he learned under the old system, the gradual rise of a fine work of artistic skill, from the founding of the metal to the last touch of the chisel, were formerly all his as well as his master's to enjoy; but now there is nothing but drudgery, no pleasure in work, but a constant reproduction of some small detail, without any just appreciation of the whole.

It is quite evident that this method of trade work, necessary though it may be, is not calculated to expand the intellect, or to encourage any powers of originality or invention which the young artisan may possess, and unless these can be in some way developed, great individual hardship is inflicted and great national loss is sustained.

It is a strange fact that so practical a people as ourselves should have allowed the benefits of the old systems to expire without providing remedies which are really ready to hand.

I believe one reason for the inferior position which this country occupies as regards design, is that there is a widespread opinion that Englishmen have not got it in them; that a Frenchman, or an Italian, is born a designer, whilst on this side of the Channel we cannot even have artistic excellence drummed into us at all. It is argued that it is impossible for a youth in our smoky towns, however well he may be educated in school, to carry out successfully in our dull atmosphere, and beneath our weeping skies, the principles which have been inculcated there.

Such objectors say: to design well, your student must be

* *Journal of Society of Arts*, March 5, 1882.

accustomed to behold forms of beauty in his daily life; he must wander forth under the sunny skies of a southern land; he must observe and study the lovely forms of antique sculptures; he must revel in the rich colours of the golden sunset and the autumnal tints of the vine and chestnut. You must take him from the unlovely forms which surround him here; from the square-cornered factories and the soot-besprinkled streets, and accustom his eye to the exquisite lines of Alpine scenery, and the gentle curves and dancing ripples of Italian bays. You must, finally, turn your beef-eating Yorkshireman into a garlic and macaroni-loving Frenchman or Italian before you can develop in him those finer qualities which are necessary in the successful designer.

Now I will not trouble our objector to proceed, for I shall at once agree to all that he says, and admit that these advantages are very desirable in their proper place, and where they may be had; but I entirely demur to the supposition that because our English workmen cannot always enjoy these advantages they are therefore to be condemned to an endless course of unadorned labour. I would say, rather let us see what advantages we *can* obtain, and let us make the best of them, and not give up the matter in despair because we have not the Vatican and the Bay of Naples at our doors.

First, with regard to the ability of English youths to learn and practise design, experience goes to prove that where they are properly trained they can hold their own against any foreign country. I am fully persuaded that more than half the battle which has to be fought in the production of skilled Art workmen and designers lies in the careful teaching of correct principles of elementary art.

The next great desideratum is the free access of students to local museums, such museums being, so far as possible, furnished with objects bearing upon the special trades of the districts in which they are placed, and also with other objects of general beauty and correct design, which would lead the students to look higher, and aim at greater results. These are the means which are used in other countries, and in places where the natural beauties with which the student is surrounded are not greater than those which we possess.

But let us not forget that there are advantages within reach which should never be neglected by the earnest student of Art. The woods, with their mossy pathways and interlacing branches, the creeping ivy, and the multiform variety of leaves and flowers, the wavy fern, and the trailing woodbine, are accessible to most of them; and in these the carefully instructed student would find a museum of design replete with forms adapted to the enlargement of his creative faculties, and to most of the requirements of his art. If schools are so placed that the students cannot enjoy these advantages freely, the managers should arrange for a constant supply of good specimens to be collected and brought to the school, for the use of the students.

In addition to the above requisites the students should have within easy reach a well-selected library of the best publications on Art, where they can learn what has been done in former ages, and what is doing in their own.

I believe it will be found, as a rule, that the designers of our textile fabrics are, for the most part, mere adapters of foreign work to English wants. It is an utterly unsound system, and the fact that it still exists is a grave reflection upon the manufacturers of this country, and also upon the guardians of Art education. My advice would be to the former—Go abroad, and see what is doing in other countries, and how far you are behind them in all connected with high Art work; and, when you return, go and knock at the doors of the Science and Art Department, and insist upon the local wants of the country receiving from them the full amount of recognition and assistance they require. I do not blame the Science and Art Department entirely for our backward condition. I think, as the guardians of Art education in this country, they ought long ago to have insisted upon technical art being much more largely and much better taught than it is at present. But a large share of the blame rests upon the manufacturers themselves, who have neglected to form local schools, museums, and libraries, and to insist upon the Art teaching being conducted upon sound principles, and directed into channels which would have a direct bearing upon the trade of the country.

There is another point which our merchants and manufacturers should bear well in mind, and that is, always to let talent have its due. In this age of keen competition it is, I suppose, difficult to carry out this maxim thoroughly, but, I am convinced, in the long run it will be found to be right. I have been told that design is discouraged because neither the designer nor his employer is sure that he will get the benefit of his own work, but that it may be immediately pirated by some opponent in the trade.

I dare say some of my readers, whilst they listen to my complaint, will say, "Ah, but we have done a great work by the establishment of our Science and Art Department, and by the spread of artistic and scientific knowledge which it provides for the country." Well, I admit that we have this great department, costing the nation £340,000 a year; that it has been at work for thirty years; has had royal patronage and popular support. But what has it done? At the end of thirty years we wake up to the fact that in England we have made but little progress in industrial education, and that we are now behind most of the nations of Europe in the combination of science and Art with industry. It is true we have a magnificent museum at South Kensington, which is, to some extent, made use of by the artisans of London: but of what use is that museum to the students and artisans of our provincial towns? Practically, none.

Then as to the system of teaching Art. The masters from South Kensington are, for the most part, of a stereotyped character. They are all drilled in the same routine, and are passed through the same groove. They come into the provinces to teach, having no special knowledge of the trades of the district, without which they cannot teach industrial Art with success. They work for those results which will bring the largest grants to the school, and not for those which would promote the improvement of trade, or even the extension of the general work of design. The tendency of the system is to produce neither true designers nor real artists. Some of the scholars, no doubt, learn to draw fairly well, and if they have intelligence and enterprise they may turn their advantages to good account; but, so far as I have been able to learn the results of the system, there is no determined push made at head-quarters to produce a real effect upon the trade of the country. In the few schools where this result is obtained, it is from the efforts of local committees or firms in business, or the enterprise of an individual teacher here and there. When these influences have been brought to bear, the results have been satisfactory, and we may point to the schools at Lambeth and at Nottingham as among the most favourable instances. Then as to the regulations as to

payment for results. They will make no grants to schools unless they are taught by a master who has obtained a third-grade certificate at South Kensington; and however skilled an artist a local committee might be able to obtain as master for their school, he would have to be run through the South Kensington groove before they would assist such a school. It has been said by a French gentleman, with reference to our system: "Your artists are not teachers, and your teachers are not artists." This is, I believe, the necessary outcome of the present system.

As proof of the failure of our present system of Art instruction to produce designers who are of any value to the trades in which high-class work is required, I will give a few extracts from correspondence which I have recently received from various parts of the country.

An artist in decorative work in London says: "At this moment I can't get young men, willing to accept the ordinary 20s. to 40s. weekly wage, who can draw foliage even decently. Gentlemen's sons want to paint easel-pictures at high prices: tradesmen's sons, as soon as they have passed the South Kensington standards, want to do the same: and then there is a *great gap*, and you come to working painters who can do nothing but daub a wall, and, if asked to go a hair's-breadth out of the common routine, are puzzled, fumble, and leave the job. No school seems to exist for teaching young people to draw a laurel spray, or an acanthus, with the immediate and practical object of their drawing those forms quickly and correctly for house decoration. And there is not only an entire lack of knowledge among students and workmen of all the higher branches of decorative work, such as water-gilding, embossing, and lacquering leather, etc., but, so far as I know, there is no attempt being made anywhere to supply the deficiency."

One of the partners in a distinguished firm of cabinet-makers and upholsterers says: "The last place in the world to which I should look for a designer would be the South Kensington schools. Their system, in my opinion, has the effect of taking all originality out of a man. We always find the best way to get good draughtsmen is to educate them ourselves."

A manufacturer of paperhangings says: "I have had hundreds of designs sent me from South Kensington students during the last twenty years, and I have never had one which I could adopt. They are all unsuitable for our trade from the want of knowledge of what is required in a wall design. One lady from South Kensington used to send designs which might have been adapted to my use if she would have given a little study to technical requirements. I offered to show her what was necessary if she would come down and study for a fortnight at the works. This she declined to do, and I was unable to take her work. The designs for wall-papers which take prizes at the schools are all unsuited to the requirements of the trade. Manufacturers would unhesitatingly condemn them. I educate my own designers in the works. They are practical men, who have become designers without any special instruction in Art at the schools."

A firm engaged in the glass trade, and who are producing excellent work of high-class artistic quality, in reply to an inquiry as to whether they obtain designers from the schools, state as follows: "The master, not having practical knowledge, cannot impart it to the students; his efforts, therefore, are confined to the simple rudiments of drawing. After a student has passed the elementary stages there is no inducement held out to him to attend the schools; there are no examples or models which would be of use to him, and the school is then only a place of practice. Until the students can obtain more assistance from the Department in the shape of objects of Art bearing upon the trades, together with lectures from time to time by competent lecturers, there is very little hope of the school finding its way out of the 'Slough of Despond' in which it has so long been floundering. To call it a 'School of Design' is a perfect farce. The bulk of the most successful students of the school have been connected with the glass trade; but their success is to be attributed more to their own skill and industry, and to the genius and enterprise of their employers, than to any connection with the Schools of Art, which can only claim to have taught them the rudiments of drawing. The desire to produce pretty landscapes, or handsome portraits, is encouraged to the exclusion of the more vigorous and practical style of drawing which is so essentially necessary to the training of the artisan."

A gentleman largely engaged in the sale of decorative glass, china, and porcelain, and who has given great attention to the subject of design, says: "It is a lamentable fact that our expensive schools, presided over by the Science and Art Department, have done but little, during a quarter of a century, in improving the manufactures of the country. My experience has been that in my own particular trade private enterprise has done more than all the Art teaching by the Government; and it was admitted at the Paris Exhibition that our pottery and glass saved the reputation of the country."

Finally. It is stated by the Artisans' Association for the Advancement of Technical Education: "The teaching of the Science and Art Schools of South Kensington, however valuable, has failed in enabling many persons to understand how to apply theory to practice."

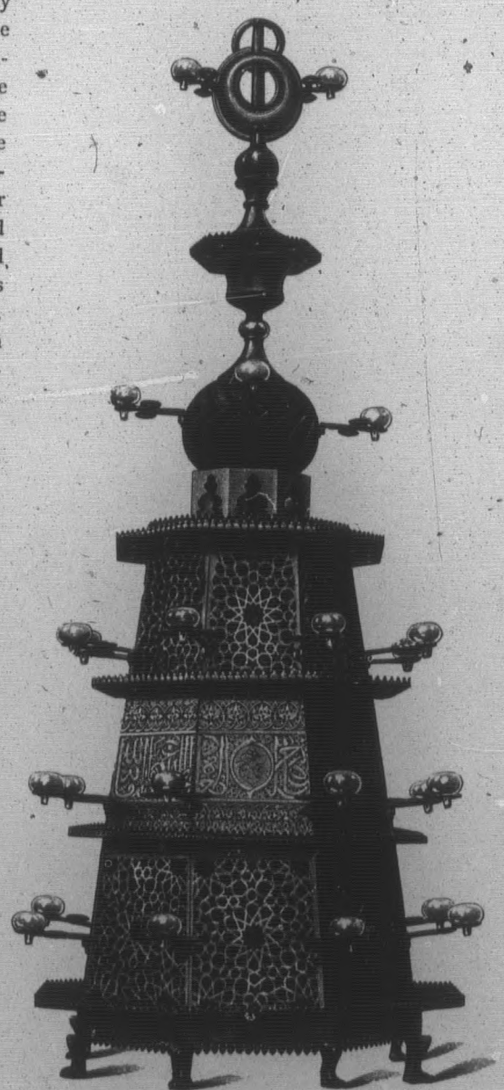
Public interest is now aroused upon the question of technical education, and we see successful (if somewhat spasmodic) efforts being made in various large centres of population to supply what is now felt to be a crying necessity. Bradford, Manchester, London, Leeds, Huddersfield, and other towns are on the alert to supply the want, and some of the London guilds are rendering active support to the cause, both by money and good counsel, and by the foundation of excellent schools in London. It remains, however, to be seen whether these isolated efforts, depending as they do upon the liberality and public spirit of a few members of the community, in certain places, are enough to meet the requirements of the whole country.

The question is one of vital importance to the future welfare of our trades and manufactures, and unless those who are primarily interested in keeping up and improving the reputation of this country for good workmanship and artistic excellence bestir themselves more than they have hitherto done, by promoting the cause of industrial Art education, they will continue to lose ground in the fierce international competition to which they are now subjected.

A. HARRIS.

THE MUSEUM OF ARAB ART AT CAIRO.*

CHIEF amongst the points for ornamentation in the Mosques of Cairo are the eastern portico, or recess, the doors, windows, and lamps; sometimes the walls are decorated, and occasionally the pavement. The last is generally of plain white stone, but sometimes, by accident rather than of design, carved marble slabs are let into the paving; as in the mosque of Suyurghatmish, where the beautiful slabs in the vestibule and the open court were assuredly not originally designed for people's feet, but owe their position to the accident of having fallen down from their proper places. The walls, again, are commonly the least-cared-for parts of the mosque; a coat of whitewash answers most purposes, except those of Art, and with whitewash the worshippers are content. But the *liwân*, or eastern recess (corresponding to the chancel of our churches), is generally decorated with a dado of marble mosaic, and the principal wall is sometimes faced with blue and white tiles. These dados and tiles are often exceedingly beautiful. The mosaics of marble and mother-of-pearl are of fine design and workmanship; but time and neglect have left few perfect specimens, and the floors in many of the mosques are strewn with fragments. The tomb-mosque of Kalaûn, however, preserves its admirable decorations almost uninjured. The finest example of a tiled liwân is in the mosque of Aksunkur, restored by Ibrahîm Agha, where the whole eastern wall is one expanse of blue and white tiles, with here and there a touch of Rhodian red. Some of the tiles unite to form a large design of trees, especially cypresses, with representations of swinging lamps between them; others are of the branching-leaf pattern; but uniformity, or even harmony, is the last thing that enters the mind of the mosque restorer. He finds the tiles, some in their places, some fallen, some vanished, and he replaces and adds to them with a single-minded view of filling up the space. Border tiles are stuck upright side by side, and a so-called Rhodian piece is introduced in the very middle of an arrangement in blue.



No. 5.—Chandelier in Iron and Copper.

The Arab Art Museum at Cairo is not rich in tiles: it possesses, indeed, a good series of inscriptional tiles with the Mohammadan profession of faith, and other pious formulæ, in white upon a blue ground; and it has a certain number of yellow tiles, but none of great beauty. Nor does it own any very fine specimens of marble mosaics, or stonework generally, though there are two eagles in relief and some arabesques carved in stone which are worthy of notice. The niche (mihrâb) of the mosque of El-Hâkim, in which the collections are placed, is not a remarkable piece of work, and the two niches which have been taken from other mosques and placed in the Museum are not of the characteristic inlaid marble and mother-of-pearl type, but are both of carved wood. One of them came from the tomb of Sitteh Rukeyyeh, and is an excellent specimen of woodwork, ruined, however, by a thick coating of emerald green paint, laid on by some modern barbarian, and hitherto resisting all the attempts of Franz Bey to remove it. The other niche is from the mosque of Sitteh Nefiseh, and is of the finest style of arabesque carving, as may be seen in the woodcut, page 295.

Perhaps the most exquisite work is bestowed upon the doors of the mosques. No one who has been to Cairo has failed to be struck with the magnificent bronze-plated doors of Sultan Hasan and other mosques (*e.g.* the Barkûkîyeh, the mosque of Kalaûn, etc.), though the neglect and depredations that have aided the ruin of Arab Art monuments have deprived these splendid gates of much of their perfection; the bronze plates are often partially torn off, beautifully worked hinges are gone, and dirt and ill-usage have everywhere left their traces. There is another kind of door, made entirely of wood, which is sometimes seen within the liwân, or sanctuary, and is generally used to close the chambers or cupboards where the mosque properties are kept. Sometimes these inner doors are composed of large panels of plain wood, divided by other panels carved over with arabesques and geometrical patterns. Of these there are some admirable examples in the Arab Art Museum, notably a pair of lofty

* Continued from page 260.

doors from Damietta, and two others, with the bold ornament of the oldest Arab work, from the mosque of Ibn-Tûlûn, in Cairo. There is, moreover, a third and singularly beautiful kind of door, in which the large panels are filled up with exquisite geometrical mosaics, formed by small carved pieces of coloured wood, ivory, and ebony, producing a very rich effect. The best examples I have seen of this work are in the Coptic churches which now occupy the interior of the old Roman fort of Babylon, near Masr El-Atîkah (or "Old Cairo"). The screens which divide the east end from the main body of the church are constructed of this work, and are of unparalleled richness. At the South Kensington Museum there are now to be seen some doors of this kind, almost, if not quite, equal to any in the Coptic churches; and if they are not already the property of the nation, it is earnestly to be hoped that the Museum authorities will not lose the opportunity of acquiring such magnificent examples of a rare and beautiful branch of Arab Art. The Cairo Museum does not at present possess any specimen of this kind which can at all compare with the Coptic screens or the St. Maurice doors, but it can show a small door with two panels of this style, which, in spite of several lost panels, is a delicate piece of work. It is engraved on page 296.

A very effective style of wood-carving is also sometimes employed to adorn the tombs of the mosque founders. The design resembles in many respects that of the door engraved on p. 296. the pattern being always geometrical, and the interstices being richly carved; but the examples I have seen have always been in wood, instead of the ivory which forms so beautiful a feature in some of the Coptic screens. The best specimen of a carved tomb in Cairo is that of Es-Salih Ayyûb, the grandnephew of Saladin, which is still preserved in his ruined mosque in the Sûk en-Nahhasîn.

No. 6.—Enamelled Glass Mosque Lamp, in the South Kensington Museum.

No. 7.—Bottom of a Brass Lamp, from the Mosque of El-Ghûry (Sixteenth Century).

Of coloured glass and stucco windows, such as any one may see at the South Kensington Museum, despite the difficulties attending the transport of these brittle objects, there are a good many in the Cairo collection, and some of the specimens are particularly fine. These windows, or *kamarîyehs*, as they are called in Arabic, are by no means of uniform merit, either in design or in the quality of the glass. The latter never attains to the beauty of our own old stained glass, but the more ancient specimens show deep and subdued colours, which the later artists failed to obtain; whilst the inability of the modern workman to make anything comparable to the old kamarîyehs is plainly shown by the glaring windows which Franz Bey has inserted in the beautiful and justly-famous tomb-mosque of Sultan Kait-Bey in the Eastern Cemetery.

It is, however, in mosque lamps that the Museum of Arab Art at Cairo is absolutely without rival. To say nothing of the curious chandelier (engraved on page 293) of iron filigree work, with an inscribed copper band round the middle, or

of the fine bronze lamp from the mosque of El-Ghûry (the last of the Memlûk Sultans, who died at the time of the Turkish conquest of Egypt in 1517), the bottom of which, inscribed with El-Ghûry's name and titles on some of its bosses, is engraved on page 294, the Arab Museum possesses some four score enamelled glass lamps of the finest work and the best period. These large lamps have become exceedingly rare, and as much as £200 has been given for a single specimen. A few fine examples may be seen in the Slade Collection at the British Museum and also at South Kensington. Once, probably, they hung in every large mosque, but now those which are open at night are lighted by diminutive and by no means artistic oil lamps of common glass, which certainly shed a dim and possibly a religious light over the worshippers. The mosque guardians probably discovered the value of the enamelled lamps, and hid them away in safety, to be disposed of to European collectors. At any rate, they disappeared from the mosques, and only in one mosque—of which I shall withhold the name, lest some vandal should be seized with the desire for plunder—did I see any lamps of the old pattern still hanging by their wires to the framework of wooden brackets which is constructed round the interior of every mosque for the purpose.

No. 8.—Mihrâb, or Eastern Niche, in Carved Wood, from the Mosque of Sitteh Nefiseh.

Fortunately the Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab Art lighted upon some of those long-concealed hoards of lamps, and ordered their removal to the Museum, where they now stand in locked glass cases, and are the joy of the beholder. A few of them are plain and opaque, of a pale green or blue hue; but the majority are of transparent glass, worked over with enamel, forming arabesque and floral ornaments, and recording the name and titles of the Sultan in whose mosque they hung, together with a verse from the Koran in flowing Naskhy Arabic characters. They came from about a dozen mosques, but the larger number were derived from those of Sultan Hasan and Barkûk. As glass they are by no means excellent, being, indeed, of bad colour and full of bubbles; nor is the shape above criticism. It is the design and colour of the enamel which gives these lamps their singular beauty. Sometimes the enamel forms the ground, through which the transparent design must have shown with fine effect when the light was inside; sometimes the pattern is in the enamel, and the ground is of plain glass. The outlines are generally in thin strokes of a dull red, and the thicker lines and ornaments are in cobalt blue. Red and blue, with touches of white and pale green, are the usual colours. A beautiful coloured illustration of one of these lamps is given as a frontispiece to Mr. Nesbitt's "Descriptive Catalogue of the Glass Vessels in the South Kensington Museum." I was fortunate enough, when in Cairo this year, to obtain from the Khedive a loan of four duplicate lamps from the Arab Art collection for exhibition in the South Kensington Museum, where they are now to be seen. Three of them bear the name of Sultan Hasan, and one the titles of Barkûk, both Memlûk Sultans of the latter part of the fourteenth century. The specimen engraved on the opposite page is one of these four lamps, and bears, besides the name and titles of Sultan Hasan in the large central inscription and on the fesses of the six medallions, an appropriate verse on the neck from the Koran, chap. xxiv., "God is the Light of the Heavens and the Earth: His Light is as a niche

wherein is a lamp," etc., which is of frequent occurrence, not only on lamps, but in the inscriptional decorations of mosques. Six glass loops served to attach the lamp to the suspensory wires. The illumination was effected by a small glass vessel supplied with oil and a wick, which was suspended within the lamp. An engraving necessarily gives but a very inadequate idea of a work of art in which light and colour are the essential characteristics; the deficiency,

No. 9.—Door from a Mosque, in Geometrical Panels.

however, may easily be amended by an inspection of the original.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Ministry of Religious Trusts should have wisely decided on establishing a Museum of Arab Art, and should have been able in a brief space of time to gather together the beautiful objects of which I have selected a few for notice. Eastern institutions, however, are notoriously unstable, and it cannot be too strongly urged upon English travellers that the more they visit the Museum of Arab Art, and show an interest in it and an appreciation of its importance, the more likely the Egyptian Government is to continue its present intelligent course and enlarge its conceptions of the functions of the Museum and of the Commission to which, especially to Rogers and Franz Beys, the collections owe their position and preservation. The beginning is excellent, but a vast deal remains to be done; and what is most needed at present is the constant pressure of English public opinion, and the influence of English Art lovers and connoisseurs upon the Egyptian Government and its English advisers.

The future of the monuments of Cairo seems somewhat brighter just now. The mania for converting the city of Saladin and the Memlûks into a third-rate Paris, which consumed the ambitious heart of Ismail Pasha, has abated something of its original fury. The present Khedive has not aimed at his father's unenviable distinction of cutting streets through the finest monuments of Arab Art. It is true he has had neither time nor leisure for such occupations, but if he had, I believe he is too well informed of the value of the monuments, and the interest they excite in European artists and antiquaries, to suffer them to be needlessly injured. His appointment of the Commission for their preservation is a good sign, and among his advisers are several who really have the cause of the monuments at heart. Nevertheless there are strong influences in an opposite direction. The Cairo Ministry of Public Works is not guided by artistic considerations, and is anxious at all times to sacrifice the picturesque to the sanitary and the convenient. Health, of course, must not be allowed to suffer, as it has suffered before now, by the excessive narrowness of the streets: but the objects of sanitation can be retained without wanton demolition of unique monuments. That a road should be straight, so that a pasha's carriage may be driven along it at a hand-gallop, is, I venture to think, an insufficient ground for knocking down the projecting façade of a mosque: yet there is often no better reason for the suggestions of the Cairo street surveyors. I understand that Lord Dufferin made some important representations on this subject to the Egyptian Government, with a view to limiting the powers of the Ministry of Works, and extending those of the Art Commission; the monuments, he thought, should be declared national property, and a qualified police appointed for their guardianship and preservation; and the street surveyors should be made to understand that, after all, there are higher considerations in laying out a road through a famous mediæval city than geometrical accuracy and the just *alignement* of the house and mosque fronts. But these wise suggestions will never bear fruit unless English public opinion is brought to bear upon the authorities in Egypt. When the Khedive's Government is convinced that we value the monuments of Cairo a great deal more than all the recent European improvements put together, and that we will not suffer these monuments to be destroyed by the mechanical rule of thumb of any Ministry of Works, we may be sure that they will take very good care to gratify, while they ridicule, our fancy. All we have to do is to make our meaning very plain, and press it again and again upon the authorities, and there is no doubt we shall win in the end.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY.*

IN Gallery VIII. we have still to note a few pictures:—

No. 838. 'Maternal Love,' by J. T. NETTLESHIP. One of this artist's pathetic renderings of wild animal life. Three tigers, one of whom lies dead beside the parent who has been defending its cub.

No. 842. 'Tiger-shooting in the Terai,' by H. JOHNSON, special artist of *The Graphic*. An episode of the Prince of Wales's visit to India.

No. 843. 'Tillietudlem Castle,' by DAVID MURRAY. A ruined castle, in which milkmaids have taken the place of warriors, and cattle browse placidly in the courtyard and the moat. Just misses being the most poetical landscape in the Academy.

GALLERY IX.

This room is devoted wholly to Water Colours, but now that the water-colour societies are so firmly established it is a question worthy of discussion whether the need for the special recognition here of this branch of painting still exists. The best water-colour artists certainly do not send their works, and the public, aware of this, give but little heed to the pictures hung. Space is much needed by the painters in oils, and it seems a little illogical that a body which makes no formal recognition of water colours, by opening its ranks to those most distinguished in the art, should think it necessary to exhibit the works of aspirants to public favour.

GALLERY X.

The Architectural Drawings will be treated later in a summary of the year's architecture.

Miniature-painting, of which there are a few score of examples in this room, seems to be fast dying out. Photography, by its various uses and applications, can reproduce likenesses more truthfully and almost as artistically. The post of miniature-painter in ordinary to the sovereign has, we believe, not been filled up since it became vacant some time ago.

Although the Royal Academicians recognise Engraving as a branch of their art, it may still be thought that the shop window is the best place to exhibit its productions. It is difficult to understand, moreover, if a seat or two is reserved for engravers why no similar recognition is extended to etchers, who do far more original work than their brethren of the needle. Possibly there may be in the original charter of the Royal Academy certain difficulties in the way of any abrupt change; but in the course of a hundred and fifteen years it would be surprising if some anomalies did not make themselves felt, and it is the duty of all concerned in the advancement of Art to reform any such time-honoured prejudices.

GALLERY XI.

No. 1432. 'The Lion in Love,' by HEYWOOD HARDY. The blacksmith proposing to cut the claws of the lion, who is supposed to be smitten with the charms of the lady seated on a rock in modest composure.

No. 1433. 'William Agnew,' by FRANK HOLL, R.A. Seated in front of the late F. Walker's 'Wayfarers,' head turned towards the spectator. Natural and easy in pose.

No. 1438. 'Leaving Labour,' by E. B. S. MONTEFIORE. Plough-horses being unyoked. An evening landscape.

No. 1444. 'Calm before a Storm,' by H. MOORE. A fishing-boat with flapping sail lying almost helpless upon a deceitful-looking sea.

No. 1450. 'The Ruling Passion,' by LASLETT J. POTT. A gouty old squire unable to leave his room has his cocks brought to fight "a main" for the amusement of himself and friends. The attitudes of each of the earnest watchers, including the black servant entering with the tray of refreshments, are full of life and interest.

No. 1451. A 'Roman Triumph,' by F. W. W. TOPHAM. The Emperor on his chariot passing through the crowds to the Capitol. Before him stands his fair-haired boy, whilst behind a slave is holding a golden crown over the Victor's head. The foreground of the picture is almost wholly filled by the horses' heads.

No. 1458. 'Beltein,' by ERNEST WATERLOW. A Cornish custom of dancing round the fires on Midsummer Eve.

No. 1461. 'Between the Showers,' by HENRY MOORE. A dark blue sea edged by cliffs, behind which the grey clouds are gathering.

No. 1470. 'Cherry Earrings,' by F. MORGAN. A group of three children at table, one putting a pair of cherries over the other's ears, while the third looks on with a roguish air impending a raid.

No. 1483. 'A Spanish Aqueduct,' by ADRIAN STOKES. A bit of stray architectural painting, with the rich surroundings of a Spanish landscape.

No. 1493. 'Toil, Glitter, and Grime,' by W. L. WYLLIE. A busy scene of colliers, barges, and other craft on the Thames. Through the smoke-laden clouds the sun has broken, and throws a silver glitter on the dirty river. Very powerfully painted. Purchased out of the Chantrey Bequest.

No. 1501. 'A Highland Harvest,' by J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A. A mixture of bright colours, blue, green, and yellow.

No. 1502. 'Charles I. on his Way to Execution,' by ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A. Charles, attended by Juxon, walking between lines of the Parliamentary troops. The aspect of the cold January morning and the leafless trees of St. James's Park are well rendered.

No. 1521. 'Scene from *The Tempest*,' by A. GOODWIN. A truly fairy scene, with rocks covered with rich brown seaweed, on the shores of a deep-blue sea. The figures of Caliban and

* Concluded from page 256.

his new-made friends are subordinate to the landscape, but are nevertheless full of humour.

SCULPTURE.

No. 1526. 'Cardinal Newman,' by F. VERHEYDEN. A marble bust, of which the face lacks the power and dreamy look of the original.

No. 1536. 'Clytie,' by FRANK THEED. A full-length statue in marble of a graceful woman, well modelled.

No. 1537. 'The Earl of Beaconsfield,' by C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A. A colossal statue in plaster, to be modelled in bronze for St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

No. 1545. 'Sir Francis Drake,' by J. E. BOEHM, R.A. Full-length (plaster) model in doublet and trunk hose, one hand resting on a model of the globe he has circumnavigated. To be erected at Tavistock and on Plymouth Hoe.

No. 1557. 'Portraits,' by ALICE M. CHAPLIN. A group of three dogs, in bronze, full of life and spirit.

No. 1571. 'John Stuart of Banchory,' by T. NELSON MACLEAN. This and No. 1606, by the same artist, show considerable independence of thought, as well as skilful technique.

No. 1578. 'Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.,' by THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A. A marble bust of great finish and smoothness, apparently taken some years ago.

No. 1580. 'Sir William Erle,' by THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A. An excellent bust, recalling the features of one of the most popular judges of modern time; to be placed in the Inner Temple Library.

No. 1581. 'J. E. Millais, R.A.,' by J. E. BOEHM, R.A. The diploma work, in bronze, of the latest Academician; an excellent method of turning to a legitimate purpose the work exacted from an artist on his election.

No. 1600. 'Study of a Head,' by ALFRED GILBERT. A bronze bust of great promise.

No. 1604. 'Adelia Abbruzzesi,' by R. BARRETT BROWNING. The bust in bronze of an Italian woman of striking features, chiefly noteworthy as another instance of the ease with which painters arrive at a certain point in modelling.

No. 1617. 'Sir H. S. Ibbetson,' by RICHARD BELT. Interesting as a contribution to a contemporary lawsuit.

No. 1623. 'Off Duty,' by J. E. HODGSON, R.A. Should be compared with the same Academician's treatment of the same subject as a picture (No. 424).

No. 1626. 'Fisher Boy,' by CLAUDE VIGNON. An Italian fisher-boy in a straw hat, washing his net. The artist, whose real name is Madame Rouvier, has caught the attitude successfully, but the face is not pleasing.

No. 1628. 'Mr. Henry Irving,' by E. ONSLOW FORD. A life-sized portrait model of the actor as "Hamlet," seated on a chair and musing on the tangled problem of his life.

No. 1651. 'Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,' by E. ONSLOW FORD. A somewhat original treatment of the statesman, and rendering well his pose.

No. 1673. 'Perseus,' by GEORGE SIMONDS. A colossal statue full of action, representing the Greek hero in the act of unveiling the Medusa's head. The principal attraction of the Sculpture-room in this year's exhibition.

No. 1674. 'Vengeance,' by SAMUEL FRY. The kneeling figure of a woman, one hand resting on the ground and the other concealing behind her back a dagger. Executed in terra-cotta. Full of energy and power from whatever point of view it is seen.

No. 1684. 'The Dawn of Womanhood,' by T. STIRLING LEE. A nude figure of a reclining girl.

No. 1692. 'A Sonata of Beethoven,' by HAMO THORNYCROFT, A.R.A. A girl elegantly draped in modern costume, seated with a music-book on her knees; a portrait of Miss Rachel Sassoon.

DRAWINGS AND SCULPTURE AT THE ROMAN EXHIBITION.*

IN our previous article on this exhibition we described at length the pictures. We now propose to complete the survey by a few notes on the drawings and sculpture.

The Roman School of Water Colours claims, during the past ten years or so, to have made enormous strides. Adequately to understand, to admit, or to contest such pretensions, a far larger and more important collection would be necessary than that which has been brought together in one small room of the present exhibition. The following are the most conspicuous works:—Two violent pictures by Naome—one a highly meretricious, broadly-grinning 'Zingara,' the other a 'Lady' in an apple-green dress, a yellow bonnet, and a scarlet parasol; and two larger, half-length figures, by Casimiro Tomba, respectively entitled 'Citoyenne' and 'On the Balcony.' Henry Coleman's water-colour, 'Obstruction,' which represents a fallen omnibus-horse in the Piazza di Spagna, with the consequent confusion of the passengers and curiosity of the crowd—all in a shower of rain; 'The Burial,' a gloomy evening of early winter, in the distance a *vettura* is lumbering along, while in the foreground an old peasant on a white horse has reined in respectfully, and is baring his head as a procession of black-hooded brethren pass him, carrying their mournful burden. Other works worthy of mention are the 'Roman Forum' and 'Temple of Vesta,' by Rivière; Publio Tommasi's 'Deception'; Miss Beresford's 'Tambourine Player'; Odoardo Gioja's conscientiously painted and nicely coloured 'Roman Peasant pouring Wine from a Flask.' Ettore Roesler, in forty water colours entitled 'Records of a Vanishing Era,' offers sketches of the Rome loved by artists, and fast disappearing before modern streets and staring houses.

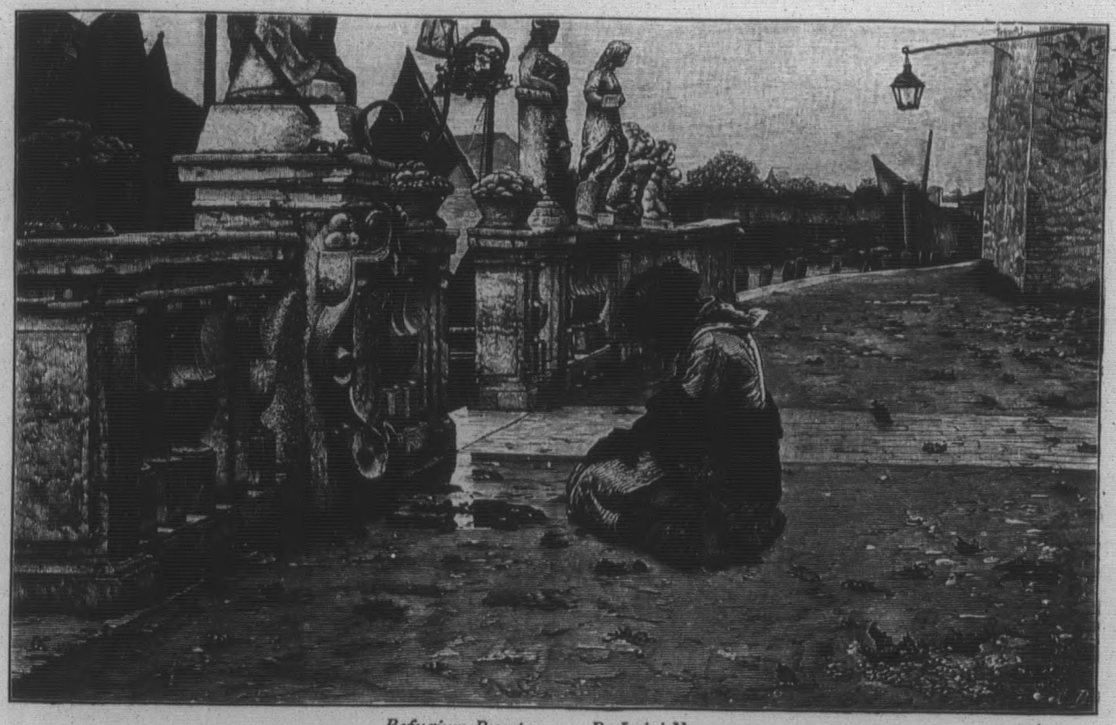
A survey of the Sculpture is rendered easier by the fact that there is little of striking merit, and much that is, artistically speaking, offensive. It is by no means the most successful portion of the Exhibition, and the most patriotic and enthusiastic of critics are fain, albeit reluctantly, to avow this. The explanation currently given is that the Italian sculptors wished, by declining to exhibit, to mark their profound disgust at the action of the committee which lately accorded the prize for Victor Emmanuel's monument to a French aspirant. Experts claim a place of honour for Ximenes' 'Julius Cæsar,' an energetically treated recumbent figure—represented as

* Continued from "The International Exhibition of Fine Arts in Rome," p. 164.

dying. Raffaelo Pagliacetti has a large statue of Garibaldi seated on a rock, and draped in the folds of a heavy mantle; the treatment is simple and graceful. Signor Carnielo sends a kneeling figure of a monk, whose book has fallen from his hand, while he passionately exclaims, "I cannot pray!" Another subject by the same artist is 'The Wave,' and consists of the bust of a young lady surmounted by the large hat affected by summer bathers in Italy—around her is water. Antonio Bottinelli sends a frowning but insufficiently tragic 'Sappho,' and an 'Undine,' or water-nymph floating through the waves on the back of a dolphin. Another nymph on a dolphin is the 'Galatea' of Ansiglioni, which has been purchased by Sir Sidney Waterlow.

Ginotti contributes the extremely powerful bust, 'A Pétroleuse,' which already, two years ago in Milan, created a sensation; and adds a kneeling, emaciated figure of a man with arms outstretched in prayer, entitled 'Piety.' This figure (a bronze) is most expressive, and very northern in feeling. Monzini's marble bust called 'Vanity' excites an immense amount of popular admiration, from the reality of some elaborate lace frills and other ornaments. W. W. Story sends a standing heavily draped figure of 'Canidia.' Adolfo Laurenti's 'Nero' struck me as simply coarse and violent, both in treatment and expression. Cardwell Home has a group entitled 'The Good Samaritan,' and Massarenti a graceful and touching figure of a peasant-girl in mournful expectation, to which he gives the title ''Tis late: and he comes not.' Biggi's 'Brutus' is much praised; the assassin of Cæsar rises from his chair on seeing the Dictator enter; his hand is clenched, his brows meet in a heavy frown, he is in the very moment before action. The 'Ad Bestias' of Signor Franceschi represents a half-nude Christian captive awaiting his fate in the Amphitheatre.

'Confound it!' by Beullieuse, a Spanish sculptor, enters



Refugium Peccatorum. By Luigi Nono.

into the same category of the plastic art as Focardi's 'Dirty Boy,' and its admirers predict an equal measure of success for it. The subject is a small boy who, while preparing to serve at mass has burnt his fingers with the censer, and is yelling lustily, while he stuffs the suffering members into his mouth to cool them. Another amusing work is 'Do you remember?' of Massarenti—two bronze busts on the same pedestal, representing an old man and his old wife in convulsions of laughter over some joke of their long-past youth. Costantino Barbella exhibits seven charming bronze "sketches" on a very small scale, which have the same qualities of grace as one admires in his terra-cottas, 'The Departure' and 'The Return' of a conscript. In both these the group is composed of two figures—a youth and a girl. In feeling and execution they are alike delightful.

A group which seeks for its chief effect in the potency of the lesson inculcated by it, is by Saverio Sortini, and entitled 'Thus sleep the children of the poor.' Two small street arabs, with no more fixed place of residence than their prototype, Gavroche, have chosen for their night's lodging the *soupirail* of a kitchen. On that hard couch of barred iron, through which the warmth rises gratefully, they have fallen asleep in attitudes to whose discomfort and constraint, fatigue and childish courage combine to render them indifferent. Their little figures are life-like and touching; while the subject, artistically to be deprecated in marble or even bronze, is softened down by the plastic qualities of the clay.

We engrave the oil painting of 'Refugium Peccatorum,' by Luigi Nono, a Venetian painter rapidly rising into fame. The picture represents a girl seated half-kneeling before a public shrine at Chioggia, overcome with remorse. It was purchased by the King of Italy.

B. DUFFY.

EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT EDINBURGH.

IN gathering together the very valuable collection now on view within the Royal Scottish Academy Galleries at Edinburgh, the purpose of the Scottish Board of Manufactures is admirably fulfilled by the result. The Board, in a short preface to the catalogue, gives that purpose as being "to advance the pupils of their school in taste and skill and technical knowledge, and at the same time to cultivate a greater intelligence and love of Art in the public generally." To this end the mansions of the Scottish nobility have been freely drawn upon, with the result of bringing together a most brilliant and instructive collection of six hundred and fifty-four representative works. From Windsor Castle, by leave of her Majesty, there have been lent two of Sir David Wilkie's Scottish comedies, the 'Penny Wedding' and 'Blind Man's Buff.' While in some departments the collection is very rich, proving the great wealth of Art within the mansion-houses of Scotland, there is a sufficient illustration of the various periods and schools to give a fair history of Art. Grouped in the farthest room are a series of works, mostly small, but generally in fine condition, of fifteenth-century work and earlier. A 'Virgin and Child Enthroned,' by Taddeo Gaddi; a 'St. George,' by Ghirlandajo; two works bearing the name of Giotto; two heads, 'St. Katherine' and 'A Doge of Venice,' by Da Vinci; a 'Crucifixion' in triptych, by H. Van Eyck; a 'Crucifixion,' by Von Mecheln; two works, 'Christ bearing the Cross' and a 'Crucifixion,' by M. Wolgemut; an important 'Madonna and Child,' by Albert Dürer; a 'Virgin and Child,' and 'Virgin, Child, and St. John,' by Sandro Botticelli; and a 'Crowning of the Virgin,' by Filippo Lippi, indicate how rich the collection is in illustrations of the older periods of Art. There are ten Holbeins, chief amongst them the fine work from the Duke of Buccleuch's collection, the portrait of Sir Nicholas Carew, Master of the Horse to Henry VIII. Of the work of Q. Matsys, two fine examples are shown, the 'Gamblers,' lent by the Earl of Haddington, and the 'Money Changers,' lent by the Marquis of Lothian. Lord Clinton and the Earl of Aberdeen contribute interesting examples of Titian's handiwork, the latter the 'Triple Mask,' three faces representing youth, manhood, and age. Rembrandt has several representative works, embracing the portrait of his mother (a replica of that in the National Gallery), a large interior, with a woman plucking a fowl, and his wife in the character of a Jewish bride. The Marquis of Lothian sends a large and important landscape, the 'Return of the Prodigal,' by Veniziano Bonifacio, whose work is further illustrated in a large canvas, 'Sta. Lucia presenting her Eyes to the Infant Christ,' and two other paintings. From Miss Nisbet Hamilton's mansion are lent, amongst numerous other works, 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' by L. Caracci, and the 'Tribute Money,' by Ribera. An Italian Nobleman by Titian, and a Doge of Venice by Bassano, with very heavy gilt scroll-work frames, are exhibited by the Earl of Lindsay, who also sends a 'Madonna de Loretto,' bearing Raphael's name. Mr. Smith-Sligo's 'St. Sebastian,' by Paul Veronese, illustrates an interesting period. A valuable Cuyp, a landscape with architecture and mounted figures, lent by the Earl of Hopetoun, takes the lead in works from the Low Countries, in which, whether as regards genre pictures, fruit and still life, marine subjects or landscape, the collection is very rich.

In the branch devoted to portraits, many noble works are scattered throughout the galleries. The contributions of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Marquis of Bute, are here of the greatest prominence; and Gainsborough's Henry Duke of Buccleuch, Romney's Beckford, Sir Joshua's Duchess of Hamilton (Elizabeth Gunning), Allan Ramsay's Lady Mary Coke, and Vandyke's Marchese di Spinola, may be named as indicating the striking character of the collection in this branch. The works of Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyke, and the earliest of British portrait painters, are fully represented, perhaps the most interesting historically being the aged Lady Jean Gordon, the lady who was divorced by Bothwell under papal sanction, that he might marry Mary Queen of Scots. The artist's own portrait in his studio, lent by Lord Seafield, is also good. Sir John de Medina's first Lord Stair, Mytens the elder's portrait of Murray, Viscount Stormount, cup-bearer to James VI., Kneller's Sir Patrick Hume, and Lely's Leslie, Earl of Newark, and Alderman Leneve, may be named as interesting items in a collection whose size renders it impossible to do more than indicate the contents. In more modern portraits, Opie's Miss Holcroft, Wilkie's second Lord Melville (from St. Andrew's University), Angelica Kauffman's Lord Gardenstown, Sir Thomas Lawrence's Fanny Kemble, Romney's Lady Forbes of Pitsligo, Gainsborough's Lord Frederick Campbell (a grand work, lent by the Duke of Argyll), Raeburn's Principal Nicol of St. Andrew's, and Sir John Watson Gordon's Christopher North, may be named. In portraits in other than oil there are some brilliant examples of Skirving's crayon portraits, lent by Mr. J. M. Gow and others; a crayon of Nelson by B. R. Haydon; and of special interest, Robert Burns by Skirving, lent by Sir Theodore Martin.

An interesting part of the exhibition is a collection of ninety-five framed drawings by Old Masters, lent by Mr. Francis Abbott, embracing many very remarkable examples of vigorous drawing and elaborate grouping, and adding largely to the illustrative value of the exhibition.

It may be right to add, that in the above notice we have accepted the designation of the works given by the owners, while in one or two cases the authorship is of doubtful authenticity.

THE BACKWATERS OF THE THAMES.*

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY J. HARDWICKE LEWIS.

IV.—MAPLEDURHAM TO TEMPLE WEIR.

TREES whispering manifold and unceasing responses to the soft west wind; swallows and dragon-flies hawking upon the surface of the stream, or by the rustling sedges; bees, gnats, and butterflies humming or flitting in the air; flowers by river-margin and in meadow nodding and lifting their colours to the sunshine; birds making music everywhere:—these are the sights and sounds that beguile the long stretch of ordinary scenery between Pangbourne and Mapledurham. About a mile below the former village we lighted on a beautiful picture of sheep-washing. It was arranged for us "on the line" without intervention of hanging committee, and the most hypercritical of Art censors would not dare to find fault with either grouping or colour. Four men were engaged with the flock of sheep penned in close to the river, out of which an inlet was fenced off for use as a washing-pool. The business was carried on to a tinkling of bells, bleating of ewes, and barking of dogs, varied with an occasional splash, as a new victim was soused into its bath, which we may, in passing, fairly include amongst the Backwaters in miniature.

The beauties of Mapledurham may be said to begin with Hardwicke House and to end with the Roebuck Inn. Charles I., the unfortunate, showed excellent taste in going to Hardwicke House to obtain occasional recreation on its bowling-green, and some of the trees and bowery nooks in the grounds are probably little different from what they were in those stirring times. From the meadow on the right-hand side of the river we have a perfect view of the Tudoresque manor-house, with its brickwork deepened into a dark red colour, and its gables and chimney clusters showing well against the screen of elms surrounding the mansion, and covering the slopes which protect it from the north winds.

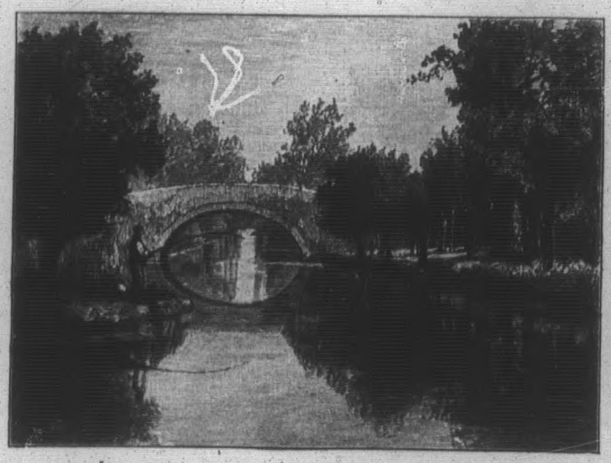
No. 16.—Mapledurham Mill.

Half a mile below we arrive at Mapledurham lock, weir, and lasher. At the present time the familiar features of this picturesque break in the current of the river are distorted by repairs and alterations to one of the overfalls. The grand bay formed by the weirs and lasher has been, however, but slightly interfered with, though the current on the Berkshire side has been summarily and temporarily diverted. The racing shallows still minister to, or relieve the exuberance of the Backwaters, and a tiny brook, the effect of which is marred by the solid dam built across to the first island, trickles in near the lock. At Mapledurham a new view is presented at every turn. We have the rapidly flowing Backwater that never hesitates or coquets with the flowery banks, and we have the slacker specimen that is tender to the bulrushes, water-crowfoot, persicaria, and lilies that adorn it. The chief objects of adoration to the ordinary tourist are Mapledurham House and Church, but the artistic eye will pay equal homage to the rare old mill (Illustration No. 16), which, if not the most picturesque on the river as it is commonly represented to be, is certainly equal to the best that might be mentioned. But for what we have previously read of Mapledurham House, its marvellously preserved Elizabethan architecture, and its possession, from the date of its erection in 1581 to this day, by the Blount family, we might pass abreast of it with not more than a casual notice, partly hidden as it is in the rich tracery of foliage. But presently it becomes the most noticeable object of a grand combination, made by the mill, the curious church tower, a profusion of trees, and, beneath all, the streams commingling after their tour of the islands and service at the mill-head.

Still advancing downwards by Thames-side we are soon stopped by the iron railing near the horse ferry, and the easiest plan, in the absence of the ferryman, is to follow the footpath which skirts the exquisite park attached to Purley Hall. Distant peeps of Mapledurham Church, mill, and manor-house will then be obtained across the meadow, and a steep ascent towards Belleisle House will suggest an excuse for a momentary halt and a backward glance up the valley down which we have been proceeding. The Roebuck Inn is thence reached by the high road, and, as the tow-path is again to be met with

* Continued from page 244.

on the Berkshire side by a second ferry within half a mile, the detour is in every way clear gain. The time-worn little Roebuck, which boating-men know so well, has recently be-



No. 17.—*Hennerton.*

come transformed into a good modern hotel, which from the Caversham reach of the river looks, perched boldly on the side of the hill above the railway, not unlike a Swiss châlet. The highly pitched thatched roof and the ancient kitchen and tap of the original wayside hostelry have been left standing, and the prospect from the terrace is, as ever, one of remarkable beauty and extent.

The first eel-bucks which we have seen since leaving Oxford are fixed at a Backwater some distance above Caversham bridge. The romantic features of the Thames, as we have lingered over them at Mapledurham and Purley, have now for awhile vanished. A line of hurdles in the stream, and sundry notice-boards upon a verdant eyot, forbidding boats to pass round the Backwater in the direction of the eel-bucks, prepare us for the suburbs of Reading; to which we are duly introduced by Caversham lock.

Two miles and a half from Caversham lock—

"The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned,"

having fallen into the Thames meanwhile—brings us to Sonning, which, to our thinking, boasts a specially charming river view from below the bridge. Sonning is, in truth, not a little bewildering to a stranger who desires to discover for himself where, at Holme Park, the true Thames has found its way. We must ourselves confess to a habit of deserting the river at Caversham bridge, and getting to Sonning by crossing the country by the high road at the village of Lower Caversham. It is a pretty rural ride, past farmhouses, level corn lands stretching from road to river, and another of those osier farms, of which we described a specimen in the last chapter. A road at right angles conducts you to the French Horn and the bridges over the Thames. The river at first sweeps round, and shallows under a lightly-built bridge. Doubtful whether this is backwater or main stream, you look up the meadow, and observe that a channel of some description follows a line of pollards and orchard-trees to the left. Then you become conscious of separate streams on either side of the bridge, while a rapid current yonder, overhung by a perpendicular bank, is formed by a shoulder-of-mutton-shaped eyot. Beyond the first section of the bridge—distinguished from section number two by a brick wall on either side—quite a different backwater, or stream, rushes down from the mill. It has its own eel-bucks, and a sluice, formed by a dark-brown wooden partition. Past the mill and its chestnut-trees is the brick county bridge; at its foot is the White Hart Hotel, and behind it are the creeper and fruit-tree covered houses of Sonning, and the square church tower above the elms, a scene perpetuated by Alfred Hunt, G. Fripp, Herbert Marshall, and a host of water-colourists. A momentary survey shows you that the last-mentioned sluice was, after all, not the mill-stream proper, which comes roaring and foaming from a dark interior, overhung with branches and enclosed between walls on the village side of the house.

For half the distance (two miles and a half) between Sonning bridge, where the Thames gathers its scattered forces together in a business-like manner, and Shiplake, the stream is stately and slow, but a chain of islets diversifies the last mile, and these, assisted by a succession of sharp twists in the left bank, give increasing strength to the current.

After a course of four-and-twenty miles through Hampshire and Berkshire,

"The Loddon, slow, with verdant alders crowned,"

enters the Thames below Shiplake lock. It has a kind of tributary which throws out, right and left, branches, the mouths of which are about half a mile apart. The Loddon may thus be said to have three outlets, and if we take Phillimore Island and Shiplake Mill into account, we shall have an abundance of by-streams from which to select. The principal Backwater is called St. Patrick Stream, and by following the course of the loop which it forms, you may, if so disposed, avoid the lock, and escape the consequent toll. The stream is, however, strong to make headway against. A sequestered farmhouse called Burrow Marsh lies halfway round the bend, and the upper portion of the Backwater is almost hidden in rushes. There is a good average type of Thames scenery about Shiplake lock, the mill and the weir being prettily set, and the islets, stretching like links of a chain above (see Illustration No. 19), redeeming that portion of the reach from a tameness which might otherwise be felt after the liberal diversity of Mapledurham and Sonning.

For many miles downwards the Thames now flows through

No. 18.—*Hurley.*

hill and woodland—scenery that continually changes in degree, but that is always superlatively lovely. Here the commanding situations of the Thames valley in either county

have been long since seized upon for occupation, and on brow, slope, or level, mansions of divers styles, with well-tended private grounds, succeed each other. Wargrave village is dear to angler and artist, and it was at the George and Dragon hostelry, as the reader may remember, that two Royal Academicians—Mr. Leslie and Mr. Hodgson—entered into partnership in the painting of a sign-board. It is needless to assert that these eminent artists produced a work of Art which was hung in triumph, without fear of rejection and even without consultation by committee. Opposite Bolney Court eyots adorn the bend of the river, and on the other side of the pear-shaped space marked on the maps as "Wargrave Marsh," Hennerton Backwater extends (Illustration No. 17), a desired haven which is the perfection of a summer-day retreat. It is quite a long piece of sequestered water, and is crossed by a modest, and therefore picturesque, one-arch bridge. Noble woods cover the high ground in the direction of Henley, and they hang high and glorious, relieved here and there by white patches of cliffs in the far-famed grounds of Park Place. The Gothic boat-house, at which visitors are permitted to land, is a really pretty object from the river, and those who do not land miss a treat indeed. The grounds are not, as may be imagined from a distant glimpse, wholly wooded, for they have their hill and valley, smooth shaven lawns and tangled undergrowth, knolls crowned with forest trees, and bosky dells ever cool in shadow. Scattered about the park are sundry curiosities, amongst which we may enumerate an imitation Roman amphitheatre, a Druidic temple, and ruins built of stone once forming part of Reading Abbey. The old weir at Marsh lock has been removed, and a modern affair with gates worked by a travelling pulley in lieu of the time-honoured rhymers, has been erected nearer the paper-mill on the left. The mill itself may be ere long disestablished, to make room for another weir which is projected. There will still, however, be left the brick-mill and handsome house and cottages around it under the woods on the other side; and the long line of homely wooden bridging by which the horses cross from pastoral Oxfordshire, zigzagging over the river, and so back to the same side without touching land, still forms one of the happiest features of the Thames at this well-known combination of boiling pools and streams pouring over a yellow pebbly bottom, whose shelves and scours not a little remind one of the salmon and trout streams of the bonnie north country.

No. 19.—Shiplake.

The Henley reach, with Fawley Court on the left, and Remenham on the right, with Regatta Island in the centre, and its once pretentious Greek temple, now much the worse for wear, requires no description here, seeing that the fame it has acquired it owes entirely to its annual aquatic carnival.

Hambledon weir-pool has, during the spring of 1883, yielded some specimens of the Thames trout that, in piscatorial legends, will preserve the name of the place in honourable remembrance. Many of these fish have been bred in the little brook which falls into the Thames in the grounds of Yewden; for the owner of this delightful retreat, a well-known patron of the Fine Arts, provides fishing as well as other delights for his artist friends, whose number, to judge from the picture, 'Friends at Yewden,' exhibited in last year's Academy, includes the main portion of the Academic body. The weirs at Hambledon, as scenic effects only, may claim admiration on their own account. They are two in number, and the pool sustains a splendid "flam," islands and eyots, and, as usual, some trifling distance below, a mill with all the appurtenances thereof, and a particularly flourishing bed of bulrushes in the broad portion of the Thames between the mill-stream and a by-water that has swept by the island from the larger weir.

No. 20.—Temple Weir.

After passing Culham Court, the admirably kept ruins of Medmenham Abbey are at hand, reminding us that the famous inscription over the low doorway, *Fay ce que voudras*, may bear other interpretation than the sinister meaning attached to it by tradition.

Girt about with hills and woods, and yet in the midst of fields and gardens, Hurley (Illustration No. 18) has many pleasant specialities. Instead of the canal-like cut of the ordinary lock, the channel is long and curving, informally margined with sedges and flags, and altogether riverlike in character. True, the weir is of iron, and the tumbling bay somewhat composed in tone, except when agitated by excess of flood. There is, however, relieving the artificial navigable channel a rough-and-ready lasher, broken into distinct falls by a score of square-headed wooden posts. From the head of the consequent pool, only to be gained by crossing to the verdant meadow island created by the cut, it will be possible, by persevering peeps, to discern the course of the weir current and by-streams, under the overhanging foliage which lends an air of sylvan wildness to the surroundings. Lady Place, which is quite near the lock, is separated from the strip of land bordering the cut by a weather-stained brick wall, thickly coped with mature ivy. Through the small arched doorway the cedars, casting dark shadows on the level sward, and the dimly outlined vault appear as in a rude frame of stone, while the carefully preserved church, and the barn and stables which once served as a refectory for the Benedictine monks, rise high above the wall.

Even at Hurley the hand of change has been at work, and the venerable bucks that closed the downward career of countless eels before the oldest inhabitant was born were perforce condemned recently. An agitation was, however, promoted amongst the inhabitants of Hurley, and, thanks to the petitioners, the structure requiring repair has been replaced as nearly as possible like the original. The high willow plate-pattern bridges over the cut have also been respected. From the lock-house the foliage shuts out a view of the river, and even the back-stream indicates its presence only by the murmur of its flow under the willows. The variations of the river above Hurleyford, or, as it is sometimes called, Harleyford House, on the farther side, are strikingly beautiful.

The distance between Hurley and Temple locks is unusually short, and the thickly-wooded island near Temple House seems to bar the passage and convert the river into a land-locked piece of water. The lock-house, shaded by a clump of beeches, stands upon the island, which is fairly crowded with trees, including hawthorn, fir, chestnut, and apple. The long lasher (see Illustration No. 20) runs parallel with the lawn of Temple House, and the two small weirs apparently are part of the property. The long line of white water flows over the lasher by three shelves, and Temple Pool is very broad and very placid by comparison with others upon the river. Nothing could be more unlike the lively shaded outlets from Hurley weir than this open, tranquil pool. But from a boat pulled across towards the right bank, and from the lower end of the island, there is an upward view which completely alters the type of the cascade. Three or four trees have secured foothold upon an island just large enough to keep their roots together, and by these the lasher seems to be divided, so that, instead of facing a straight, low, unbroken wall of water, you look between the branches upon apparently separate cascades. Temple Mill cannot by any stretch of generosity be deemed a romantic object in the picture. The dingy and mean iron wheel performs its drudgery outside of the building, which suggests city gasworks rather than the mill of the poet and artist.

W. SENIOR.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'MEAL TIME.' Drawn and etched by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.—Of Mr. Robert Macbeth as a painter, whose election as an Associate of the Royal Academy, together with that of Mr. E. J. Gregory, is but a recent surprise to all lovers of Art in England, we need not say much.

Mr. Macbeth is a colourist, and he shows this very plainly in this etching, although he has only black and white with which to denote both colour and shade. Thus it is not shade which makes the wall of the house darker than the ground, except under the eaves; but by the judicious use of relative tones he has suggested the brown, unpainted, weather-beaten wood, the dark quarries of green glass, the red tiles, the light wickerwork of the cage, and the variegated plumage of the drake. It is by the suggestion of colour principally that he has been able to produce a sombre background, against which the white ducks and the light dress of the woman tell so forcibly; and it is because the basket she holds in her hand is darker, and not because it is in shade, that the outside of it is relieved against the wall.

'PANTHEA AND ABRADATUS.' Engraved by W. Roffe, from the statue by W. Chas. May.—This group represents Panthea and her attendant finding the body of Abradatus after he was slain in battle, as related in Xenophon's Cyropædia, Book vii. The moment chosen is when Panthea, overcome with grief, prepares to kill herself as the only adequate way to mourn the loss of her husband.

The sculptor of 'Panthea and Abradatus,' Mr. W. Chas. May, is a native of Reading, although for many years his family have resided at Sonning. Mr. May, who evinced early signs of his future love of Art, was destined for the commercial world, but his drawings attracted the attention of Mr. E. L. Farrow, Mayor of Newbury, with whom he was placed; and this gentleman prevailed upon Mr. May's parents to allow him to go to London to study. Mr. May's progress was rapid; at South Kensington in a few months he won several honours, and from there entered the Royal Academy, where he gained two silver medals and honorary mention for the gold medal against Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., who was the successful candidate. During this time he was also the pupil and assistant of the late Signor R. Monti, with whom he studied and worked for six years.

The group is the property of Mr. R. A. Cosier, Thamesfield, Henley-on-Thames, and has not yet been publicly exhibited.

'THE LOBSTER.' Fac-simile of a drawing by Davidson Knowles. In "On and Off Shore," page 285, Mr. Grant Allen gives a sketch of this fisherman's boy and his pastimes.

PANTHEA AND ABRADATUS

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE. FROM THE STATUE BY W.C. MAY.

LANDSCAPES AT THE PARIS SALON.*

IF, in historical and allegorical painting, the productions of modern Art have abandoned obsolete traditions and servile copies of old masters, in landscapes this irresistible tendency is even more clearly conspicuous. Of the old conventional school, which rendered nature according to invariable canons, M. Paul Flandrin, whose works appear so old-fashioned, and bear the unmistakable stamp of 1840, is well-nigh the only representative. He and M. Cicéri are, as it were, the "romanticists" of landscape, even M. Français having thrown them over and joined, but reluctantly, the young school. This year M. Français depicts the sunny shores of Capri, where tall, withered pine-trees stand out against a leaden sky—a clever but monotonous variation on a worn-out theme; his 'Landscape near Nice' shows the same dexterous handling, as also the same want of mellowness and artistic feeling. We must certainly place among "romanticists" M. Jules Didier, whose 'Voyage sur la Côte-d'Or d'Afrique' reminds us of the worst paintings of Biard, so much in vogue some thirty years ago. M. Jules Didier is one of the few landscape painters who obtained a *prix de Rome*, and his present productions are well calculated to prove the inanity of academical rewards and their insignificant ultimate results.

Landscapes proper, however, have but little importance in the Salon, and mostly serve as a surrounding for genre subjects. Thus M. Jules Breton in his painting has depicted a peasant woman and her donkey ascending a hill wrapped in a thick veil of clouds streaked by a rainbow. The landscape, very soberly drawn, is broadly painted; his other canvas is more effective and poetical, a composition showing the rising sun, whose rays diffuse their soft and golden light over a plain, whilst the morning mist and the smoke from a cottage are softly floating in the air.

Although M. Bastien-Lepage's 'L'Amour au Village' might be placed in the comprehensive category of genre paintings, its proper place is amongst landscapes. The vigorously painted scene, in which we are made acquainted with the love affairs of two villagers, is full of harmony.

This truthful interpretation of nature seems to be a family gift, for M. Émile Bastien-Lepage exhibits two charming Lorraine landscapes, exquisitely finished and original. 'La Fille du Passeur,' by M. Adan, we also consider a landscape; it is a remarkable work, executed in a very different tone. The foreground is occupied by a muddy stream reflecting the early rays of light. A young woman, with a red cap, is unmooring a boat.

M. Bernier's 'Vieux Chemin' deserves special notice. The forest has already assumed its wintry aspect, the sky is grey and overcast, and the leaves are falling. The foliage is perhaps treated with insufficient firmness, but there is plenty of air and light in this, one of the best landscapes in the Salon. M. Émile Breton contributes two pretty canvases, 'Effet de Lune en Hiver,' very cleverly rendered; and 'Effet de Soleil couchant en Automne,' in which the red disc of the sun is reflected in the water of a stream over which the trees stretch their leafless branches. M. Busson, one of the best of living landscape painters, sends an excellent painting, very powerful and effective, called 'Avant la Pluie.'

M. Demont's picture, representing a stream mysteriously winding its way under the shadow of tall trees, with a background of grey rocks rising against the sky, is good in colour, but the perspective is faulty; we prefer the 'Berger' of M. Julien Dupré, boldly standing out on a very sober but light and luminously painted landscape.

M. Harpignies' fine study must be particularly noticed. It is a vigorously coloured landscape, full of truthfulness and light, and broadly treated with an unerring firmness of touch.

'La Vallée des Ardoisières,' by M. Pélouse, is the work of a talented painter. Unfortunately the effect of the sky is marred by the coldly painted clouds, but the trees are well drawn. M. Roll's 'En Normandie' is, properly speaking, an animal painting, but the background landscape, showing a farm in the midst of fields and apple-trees in full blossom, is a charming and very characteristic study.

M. Segé exhibits a wild moor covered with heath and furze, whose pink and yellow tints contrast with the grey barren rocks. This luminous composition is very soberly executed. M. Segé has very accurately rendered the poetical gloominess and the imposing aspect of the moors of Lower Brittany.

M. de Vuillefroy, a talented animal painter, excels in surrounding his subjects with charming landscapes, and the two pictures he exhibits this year are very remarkable.

It would be unjust not to mention in this rapid survey the 'Effet de Pluie' of M. Yon, a powerfully executed canvas; the 'Pont-Scorff, Brétagne,' by M. Baillet, picturesquely winding on the slopes of a wooded hill-side; the 'Lisière de Bois,' by M. Binet, purchased by the Government; and two pretty Alsatian landscapes by M. Jundt. Also the very curious 'Floraison des Jacinthes,' by M. Adrien Demont; 'L'Arroux à Fougerotte,' a landscape of Morvan, by M. O. de Champeaux; and last, the 'Pont de Sèvres, vue prise des Moulineaux,' purchased of M. Moullon by the city of Paris. The last mentioned is a fine but somewhat fanciful work, reminding one more of Switzerland or Dauphiny than of the environs of Paris.

The foreign landscape painters have but few representatives in the Salon. Among them is M. Paul Robinet, who contributes a Swiss landscape, very daintily painted, with that want of feeling so conspicuous in most Helvetic painters. On the contrary, there are great qualities in the landscape of Mr. Adrian Stokes, who exhibits a carefully studied view of Saint-Raphaël, in which he has well rendered the warm and luminous atmosphere of Provence. Another English painter, Mr. Harry Thompson, sends a picture, 'Effet du Matin dans les Dunes,' representing a shepherd and a flock of sheep on the withered grass of high cliffs, which rise sharply against a grey sky. The general colouring is rather dim, but a certain poetical feeling pervades the *ensemble* of the composition. 'La Ronde d'Enfants,' by Mr. William Stott, pleases us. The subject is simple, unpretending, delicately painted, and full of feeling.

* Continued from "The Paris Salon of 1883," page 264.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND ART MUSEUMS.

ALTHOUGH nothing approaching a solution of the Art Museums question has been arrived at this session, some progress has yet been made. Unfortunately the motion which might have led to serious discussion was not brought forward. This was Mr. Jesse Collings's proposal that a select committee be appointed to consider the desirability of bringing the national Art institutions and museums under the direction of one responsible minister; and further, to consider the possibility of utilising the metropolitan Art museums for the benefit of provincial museums. The first portion of this motion, which has already been advocated in the columns of *The Art Journal*, will commend itself to all who sincerely desire the prosperity of Art in England. The position such a minister would hold in relation to his colleagues is a question the discussion of which does not come within the province of this Journal. But we may fairly demand that a central authority be appointed conversant with the needs and objects of our various institutions, and which will insure the harmonious working of all towards one common end, that is, the advancement and promotion of the study of Art. The aim of the second part of Mr. Collings's motion—it is no secret that he and the gentlemen acting with him wish to convert the National Art Museums in the metropolis into loan museums—we may at once frankly say, would be detrimental to the prosecution of the higher studies of Art in England. Mr. Collings's ultimate object is, doubtless, entirely laudable. Every one interested in Art, and desirous that our manufacturing industries should maintain their position, will agree that their continued prosperity depends on the establishment of efficient Art museums throughout the country.

Such being the case, there is good reason to believe the large provincial cities will take up the matter with the same energy they can display on other occasions. It does not come within our scope here to discuss the organization of a museum for a manufacturing town, but we may say that its aim should not be that attempted in a National Museum. Here the end is to exhibit specimens, duly classified, illustrating the whole range of artistic activity. The highest function of such a museum is to furnish the means of study for professors, teachers of Art, and directors of provincial museums. Hence the endeavour should be to make the collection as perfect as possible; and, further, the specimens should always remain in the museum, otherwise students coming from distant parts of the country may have their journey in vain, to say nothing of the hindrance to those who are naturally settled in London for the prosecution of studies, of which the whole country reaps the benefit. These are only some of the reasons why the National Museums should not be used as loan collections. The advantage to a provincial museum of a collection which only passed through it would really be but small. For an artisan to assimilate the idea which has informed a work of Art, he must see it again and again. A casual glance will not enable him to seize its spirit. In this instance admiration and understanding are bred from familiarity.

The question of Art Museums was incidentally referred to in the debate on Sir J. Lubbock's motion, "that it is desirable there should be a separate Department of Education," which resulted in a Select Committee being appointed "to consider how ministerial responsibility in connection with the vote for education, science, and Art may be better secured." It will be incumbent on those interested in Art to see that their views are clearly set before the Committee, and especially to insist that there be a department with a responsible head dealing solely with our artistic institutions. The acceptance by the House of the above motion may be considered a distinct gain to the cause of Art. Unfortunately, it is counterbalanced by what may be little less than a disaster, in the passing of the National Gallery Loan Act. This, on the face of it, seems to be giving up the true principle which should lie at the base of all national museums. And it is very doubtful whether the checks introduced in it at the suggestion of the authorities of the National Gallery are worth the paper they are printed on—that is to say, whether a minister, under political pressure, would not easily overcome them. The statement put forward in defence of the Act, that it will enable the National Gallery to get rid of inferior works, is scarcely satisfactory. It has always been, at least officially, asserted that one of the chief merits of our Gallery is the absence of inferior pictures, and that all our purchases have been choice specimens. We can hardly suppose it is intended to lend bequests; because if donors knew their pictures were to be sent trotting about the country, the National Gallery would assuredly receive no more contributions from such sources. Can it mean that surplus pictures of the British school are to go on their travels? Certainly that is one method of postponing the formation of the long-demanded National Gallery of British Art, but it is a method which will not find ready acceptance with the public. And again, what will the provinces say about these loans of inferior pictures to their museums—museums whose managers pride themselves on their purchases of fine specimens of contemporary Art? Rather, instead of this, to all appearance, hasty legislation, would it have been better to have accepted Mr. Jesse Collings's committee, and waited to have seen the evidence it elicited. There can be no question respecting the desire of all parties, namely, the welfare of Art. Some seek to promote the spread of Art knowledge for the sake of their various industries. This is an entirely laudable object. So highly are such productions prized when they are really beautiful that we spare no pains in collecting the products of the looms and workshops of past times which have escaped destruction. Others wish to give the freest opportunity for the development of our school of Fine Art. Others again would study Art for its own sake. None of these interests clash—indeed, they are all inseparably united. Therefore it is to the advantage of all that there should be the fullest inquiry and investigation. And therein lies our most pressing need; with full and complete information on the subjects here glanced at then it cannot be supposed that reasonable men will urge the adoption of schemes that would cripple the very objects they have in view.

ART NOTES.

THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., the mezzotint engraver, has placed at the disposal of the Trustees of the Royal Academy for the time being the sum of £15,000 by deed of gift. The interest on this is to be applied to furnish annuities, not exceeding £80 each, to artists of merit who, from adverse circumstances, may have been unable to provide a competence for their declining years.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—We learn with much regret that the existence of differences in the print-room at the British Museum has resulted in the resignation of Mr. Reid, whose health, at no time good, has been materially affected by their continuance. Space will only permit us to place on record our testimony to the unwearied urbanity and kindness which we, in common with others, have always experienced at his hands, and we should be glad to see a recognition of it take some substantial form. Mr. Sidney Colvin has been elected by the trustees to the vacant office. May we suggest the present time as very favourable to carry out the much-desired scheme of bringing the collections of prints and drawings now at the National Gallery and the British Museum into one building. The new keeper could not more readily earn the gratitude of the Art world than by advocating this measure.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The annual report gives details of the acquisitions from July, 1882, to the present time. Sixteen pictures have been received as donations: the portraits of George Eliot, by F. W. Burton; Sir W. Grant, Master of the Rolls, 1801–1817, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Flaxman, by H. Howard, R.A.; and Goldsmith, by O. Humphrey, R.A.; with Lord Lyndhurst, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord Lyons, all by G. F. Watts, R.A. Four purchases of portraits were made, but all for very small sums—the total being £155—as the grant was exhausted by the large purchases made at the Hamilton sale last year. It is curious to note that the smallest number of visitors was in February and the largest in August.

THE QUEEN has been pleased to confer the title of Royal on the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, London.

ROYAL CAMBRIAN ACADEMY.—The second summer exhibition was opened on July 21st at Rhyl, and is a considerable advance on the one at Llandudno last year. An illustrated catalogue of the three hundred paintings is published.

HUDDERSFIELD.—On July 7th a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition was opened, by the Duke of Somerset, in the new Technical School. The display of machinery and industrial fabrics is very complete, and the Art collection is of more than average excellence for a country town.

YORK.—The fifth Summer Exhibition of the York Fine Art and Industrial Institution was opened on June 12th by the Lord Mayor of York. It comprises Lord Faversham's and Lady Mary Thompson's fine collections of works by old masters; a collection of Oriental cabinets, china, etc., lent by Colonel Thompson; and sculpture. An interesting and important feature of the exhibition is the valuable collection of paintings bequeathed to the Institution at the close of 1882 by the late Mr. John Burton, of York.

SOUTH AFRICA.—An Art examination has recently been held in Cape Town under the direction of the Educational Department of the Colonial Government and the South African Fine Arts Association. The exhibits, sent from all parts of the colony, consisted of paintings of Cape scenery and drawings from casts, etc.; these amounted to about a thousand, while on previous occasions they have never been more than three hundred. This increase has not been one of quantity alone, but the quality of the works sent in has also greatly advanced, some of the flower painting being of a very high order of merit.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

At this time of year there is very little general artistic news, so that the city of Paris herself will be the chief subject of this letter.

At the Trocadéro the new decorations which the municipality have ordered for the cascade in front of the palace have elicited considerable interest. Of the same height as the arcades on the first floor of the building, a group of three statues in plaster has been executed by M. Falguière. The river Seine, with its two principal tributaries, the Marne and the Yonne, are personified by three young goddesses, who are grouped around an urn, from whence the water bubbles, and then falls in cascades over rocks ornamented with bushes and plants. Upon this mass of rocks three groups of animals have been erected by the sculptor. In the midst an elk, and to right and left two groups of amphibious animals, throwing jets of water which combine with those which spout from other aquatic animals distributed here and there. All these jets of water crossing each other in the midst of rocks, recall the *cascatelles* of the Treve fountain at Rome. These models will cost £1,600, and if the general effect is approved the decorations will be cast in bronze.

The statuary competitions mentioned in a previous letter have been decided thus: For that of Étienne Marcel, M. Idrac has gained the first prize, and he will proceed forthwith to execute the work, which will cost £1,600, not including the value of the bronze metal. For the statue of Ledru-Rollin, M. Steiner is declared successful.

The great event of the month of July has been the inauguration of the statue of the Republic on the place formerly called the Château d'Eau. It is the work of the Brothers Morice, and, as has been described, represents Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, with a lion (*la force populaire*) at their feet, watching an urn which symbolises universal suffrage.

M. Dalou, the sculptor, whose works are well known in England, continues to labour actively with his monumental group which has been commissioned for the Place du Trône. This represents the Republic in a triumphal car drawn by two lions, and surrounded by figures symbolical of Work, Justice, Abundance, Progress, etc. This magnificent group will not be finished for a couple of years.

The inauguration of the new Hôtel de Ville will render the Pavillon de Flore of the Tuileries vacant. It will be appropriated by the Louvre Museum.

REVIEWS: NEW ETCHINGS AND BOOKS.

'CHILL OCTOBER.' Etched by Brunet Debaines, from the picture by J. E. Millais, R.A. (Thos. Agnew and Sons).—It is seldom that a popular picture has to wait long nowadays for its translation into black and white. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that twelve years should have been allowed to elapse between the first exhibition of Mr. Millais's famous landscape, 'Chill October,' and its reproduction. Many will be the reasons which will be proffered for this wilful refusal to enter upon what must result in a most profitable piece of business. If, as we surmise, the correct reason was a disinclination on the part of the publishers to undertake the work until a translator thoroughly fitted for so difficult a task could be obtained, much credit is due to them. Had the picture been reproduced in 1871, it must have been in the form of engraving, for we had no etchers who were then competent for the task. But it is a work much more suitable for this latter method, and this lengthy delay is, therefore, a matter of congratulation; so also is the selection of the etcher. Had a search been made all the world over, no one to compare with M. Brunet Debaines could have been found. His style, as our readers may gather from the etching which appeared from his hand in the last volume of this Journal, combines with vigour a singular delicacy and refinement. These rare qualities in etched work were a necessity for this plate, and M. Debaines has succeeded in endowing it with them. He has done this too without losing any of the vigour which was also necessary in many parts, if he was to arrive at a successful interpretation of Mr. Millais's work.

"ICONOGRAPHIE DE LA REINE MARIE ANTOINETTE: Catalogue de la Collection formée par Lord Ronald Gower" (Paris: A. Quantin).—Under this title Lord Ronald Gower has lately published a very elaborate catalogue of his valuable collection of portraits of the unfortunate French Queen. Illustrated with excellent fac-simile engravings, it is calculated to throw more light on a subject which has not been completely elucidated. Was Marie Antoinette beautiful? is a question which many people are disposed to answer in the affirmative without the slightest hesitation, on the faith of the misty legend which surrounds the history of that ill-fated queen, whom modern painters have, during the last twenty years, represented as a paragon of beauty. History, however, and the work of several contemporaneous artists tell a different tale. Bachaumont, in his "Mémoires," gave on the 27th May, 1770, an "exact description" of Madame la Dauphine, who had just been married and was about fifteen years old, from which she does not appear to have been remarkable for her physical charms: "Her demeanour is that of an archduchess, but her dignity is tempered by her gentleness." This is suggestive enough to those who can read between the lines; but her mother, Maria Theresa, was still more plain-spoken, and in a letter addressed to Marie Antoinette, and dated 8th of May, 1771, went so far as to write that she had neither beauty nor talent. If from history we appeal to the testimony of the painters and engravers of that time we have a mass of what lawyers would call conflicting evidence, as will be seen by referring to the numerous illustrations contained in Lord Ronald Gower's catalogue. For whilst court painters and engravers were, as a rule, inclined to adorn their model with graces and beauties but sparingly bestowed upon her by nature, anti-royalist artists, on the contrary, were prone to exaggerate the Bourbon nose and thick lips of "l'Autrichienne," as she was nicknamed by her French subjects. As the portraits of Marie Antoinette are numerous (there are nearly five hundred), and differ widely, it would be difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion were it not for the very interesting letter addressed by M. Georges Duplessis to Lord Ronald Gower, which serves as an introduction to the catalogue. M. Duplessis, assistant librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, who is a great authority on such matters, exhaustively reviews the various engravings, prints, and caricatures, and comes to the conclusion, supported by historical evidence, that the medallion designed by Moreau the younger and engraved by Gaucher, together with that by Le Mire, are real and truthful likenesses of Marie Antoinette in her youth; whilst the portrait by Villeneuve is to be considered as faithfully reproducing her features at a later period. Gaucher and Le Mire's medallions are both dated 1775, and already the young queen—she was then only in her twentieth year—had lost much of that youthful charm and freshness which in reality was her sole beauty. It is nevertheless remarkable that in all her portraits, even those due to hostile artists, that dignity to which Bachaumont referred is ever distinguishable. If M. Duplessis is right, as there is every reason to believe he is, Marie Antoinette was, during her youth, tolerably good-looking; but the claims to beauty in its most comprehensive sense put forward on her behalf by her admirers must be disallowed.

"SKETCHING FROM NATURE." By Tristram J. Ellis. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan).—Certainly one of the most useful of the Art at Home Handbooks, and one which we can confidently recommend every amateur painter, whether in oil or water colours, to carry away with him on his holiday. The list of the palettes as used by Sir F. Leighton, Alma-Tadema, Hook, Orchardson, and others, will be studied with interest.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE COSTUME SOCIETY. Part I. (The Fine Art Society).—"Every exhibition of pictures, and nearly every historical drama, shows us absurdities of costume not less glaring than were a gentleman of our own time to put on his evening coat over boating flannels, and buckle a cavalry sabre round his waist." Thus most succinctly is the *raison d'être* of this society explained. It aims at meeting a want which has long been felt, not only by the artist or the stage-dresser, but by a class of persons which embraces even the lady projecting a fancy ball dress. Accuracy is to be the feature of the society's illustrations. If Part I., just issued, may be taken as a specimen of what will be forthcoming three times a year at a total cost of one guinea, the three hundred subscribers who now constitute the society should be rapidly augmented.

"FLOWER PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS." By F. E. Hulme. Second Series, 5s. (Cassells).—We welcome a further instalment to the now extensive series of admirable educational works by this author. The notes which accompany each illustration are again succinct and practical.

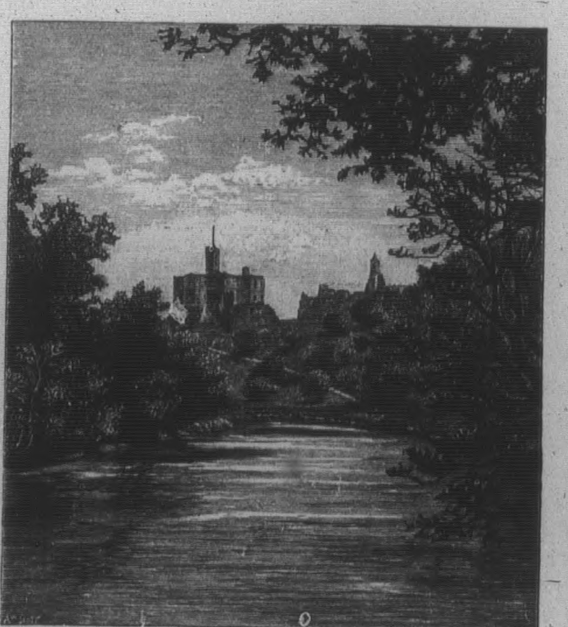
AUTUMN

ETCHED BY E. SALMON, FROM THE PICTURE BY L. E. ADAN.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

WARKWORTH.

AT first sight there does not appear to be any particular reason for stopping at the insignificant little station which bears the name of Warkworth. It is true that an old grey castle is seen in the distance, but castles are not rare on the great highway between York and Edinburgh, and the aspect of this is, on the whole, grim and forbidding. Seen from the railway-station, its square outline is broken and relieved only by one high but slender tower. Those, however, who are lured into seeking a nearer acquaintance with the building in question are rewarded when about half of the mile which separates town and railway-station has been traversed. Then the castle towers up above its subject town, other pinnacles and gateways become visible, and the ruin is seen as a stately mass set on a high hill clothed with beautiful trees, as shown in our engraving. The ancient town of Warkworth consists of one long street with red-tiled houses rising one above the other in orderly gradation until they reach the castle. This one street of red-roofed houses, rising thus in slow and regular ascent from the bridge to the castle, is the finest feature of the place; though, alas! many of the houses have been grievously tampered with in the interests of comfort, and here an additional story has been added, and there a dull slate roof, until it is easy to see that, before many years have gone by, little will be left that the eye will care to rest on. Another charm of the view on the road from the railway-station is the hint that we get of the existence of the river, which wraps itself almost completely round the peninsula on which the town and castle are built. From this point we guess that it flows at the foot of the castle hill, by the deep and misty hollow which cannot otherwise be accounted for, but it shows itself behind the castle as a series of silvery loops, and loses itself in the sea after making a little harbour, which seems to be sufficient for the commercial requirements of the small but flourishing town of Amble, two miles farther away. Amble and its harbour are both comparatively young, for in former times the Coquet fell into the sea a mile farther northwards. Its course was then much more erratic than it is at present, for after flowing steadily to the sea in the same channel as that which seems to suit it so well now, it made a sudden turn when three parts of the distance were accomplished, and darted off almost at right angles, for another mile. Its old channel, a half-redeemed marsh, between high grass-grown sand-hills, may still be plainly seen. It was in March, 1765, that there was such a great flood that the river broke its bounds and swept away the dunes which lay between it and the sea.



The Coquet.

This river, the Coquet, is as pretty as its name; its distinctive beauty being, perhaps, the way in which in one and the same view we see it change from the shy pastoral river flowing between deeply-wooded banks, or winding leisurely between broken-edged meadows, into the salt sea-stream which makes its way open everywhere to the eye of day, between rush-grown sandbanks, or hillocks covered with bents. So many different pictures present themselves, especially if we stray into the fields which lie near the road, that it is hard to choose between them. In almost every view our background is the sea, in whose broad bosom is set the grassy island of Coquet with its white lighthouse and wall. At noontide in August no scene could well be more cheerful—a blue sky above and rich golden cornfields sloping pleasantly to the sun, or deep green pastures sprinkled with delightfully picturesque cows of the good old-fashioned pattern, with highly pronounced angularities of outline, or sheep of the placid, lowland type whose presence is so soothing. Nothing disturbs the quiet, unless perhaps it is the hoary castle, which reminds us of the time when the animals we are now admiring were the most precarious of possessions, and cows which at mid-day were browsing on Warkworth Moor might ere dawn be hurried away over the borders, by "false, thieving, ungodly loons of Scots," whom the respectable, well-conducted, God-fearing Englishmen had such trouble in pursuing "hot trod" and such difficulty in out-stealing. Two or three centuries ago the Warkworth villagers must have led lives of continual excitement, for no man on either side of the border could call his cattle or corn his own, and most men had the memory of some terrible injury to embitter

their lives and inflame their passions. The "cruel Scots" played a terribly cruel part in this district, and at every turn we see something which shows what precautions it was necessary to take against them. The very site of Warkworth was chosen carefully on the south side of the stream which ran between it and its enemies. There was a bridge, but it was narrow and guarded by a strong tower with stout gates. Nothing can well be more picturesque than this, the only entrance to Warkworth from the north. It is at the very centre of the tongue of land on which village and castle are built. The long road we have been following turns a sudden corner, and we see the bridge with its great angular recesses on the piers which afford such a welcome refuge to foot-passengers when carts or carriages block up almost the entire way, and its old gateway tower at the far end, "bosomed high in tufted trees."

The river, a full strong current at high tide or in stormy weather, at other times a series of shallow pools which lie sparkling about the low slimy green rocks of its bed, does not leave Warkworth much room for expansion. On each side of the bridge it turns sharply round in the shape of a too tightly strung bow. On the north it is hemmed in by steep cliffs thickly grown with trees. The gate-tower at Warkworth is one of the very few of the kind which have been allowed to survive. Unfortunately even at Warkworth, where life is simple and carriages rare, complaints are sometimes made that it is in the way, though never but once have I seen it present any impediment to the passage of vehicles. Warkworth Feast is a great day in the village, and shows and merry-go-rounds rumble painfully thither for the occasion, and generally one tall-chimneyed caravan has to stand at the bar unable to proceed. Village ingenuity has provided even for this contingency—pickaxes are applied to the road instead of the tower, and the track is cut lower and lower until the unwieldy caravan sinks into the deepened rut and the chimney can pass through, after which all is made level again. The church, a fine Norman one, likewise tells its tale of fear of the Scots. Its walls are thick, its windows until restored were unusually high and small, its tower has walls six feet thick, and the merest loop-holes for windows. Bullet marks may still be seen on the walls. This is not the same church which was the scene of the terrible tragedy in 1173, but it is built on the same site, and some portions of the earlier building may remain. The old one was probably taken down after the massacre which desecrated it. William the Lion was besieging Alnwick with an army composed of Flemish soldiers and savage Galloway men, and sent out bands in all directions with orders to do as much harm as possible. They came to Warkworth, killed all the men they found there, and broke open the church and murdered three hundred poor creatures who had taken refuge inside it. "Alas!" exclaims Benedict of Peterborough, who tells the story, "what sorrow! Then might you have heard the shrieks of women, the lamentations of the aged, and the groans of the dying, but the Omnipresent God avenged on the self-same day the injury done to the Church of the Martyr" (St. Lawrence). The punishment which befell William the Lion was far from being sufficient to atone for this. He was captured by the English, who fell on him unawares while his army was reduced by the absence of these bands of marauders, and carried him away into captivity. That there is no exaggeration in the account of this massacre was proved in 1860, when the church was restored, and as the learned vicar informed me, such an immense number of human bones were found lying beneath the pavement, that he had the greatest difficulty in disposing of them. The workmen were weary of removing them. They were placed in the churchyard in the hollows between the graves, covered with earth, and then the churchyard was closed. During these restorations, the mellow masonry of the beautiful chancel-arch was freed from whitewash, and some traces of the first Saxon church were brought to light.

Warkworth, from the Cross.

On the 9th October, 1715, the church was the scene of a farce. General Forster and Lord Derwentwater having taken arms for the Pretender, and, finding their strength increasing, marched to Warkworth on the 7th October. On Sunday, General Forster sent a message to Mr. Ions, the vicar, ordering him to pray for his most Gracious Majesty King James III., and for Mary, the Queen Mother, and the dutiful branches of the Royal Family. The vicar declined, and General Forster's chaplain took possession of the church, but while he was preaching most eloquently in favour of the Stuarts the vicar was making all haste to Newcastle to inform the mayor of what was going on. Next day General Forster proclaimed the Pretender King of England from the Market Cross; so Warkworth enjoys the distinction of being the first town where he was proclaimed King, and prayed for as such in church.

From the Cross, an ugly, modern one, we have a good view of the village. It is somewhat Scottish in its aspect, severe, grey, and stony, and consists of a double row of houses far apart from each other, with an uncomfortable expanse of

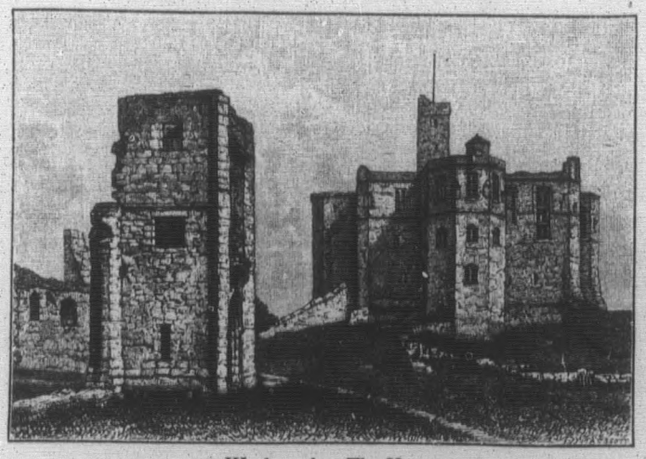
hard, round "cobble stones," in front of them, and the highway in the middle. The view, as shown in the illustration, is dignified by the sight of the castle at the top of the hill, and morning and evening when the cows are driven home to be milked it is simply delightful, only again we are reminded of the precautions against the Scots, once so necessary. Little troops of cows are slowly driven up-hill by the cowherd, and one by one they fall away from the rest and enter the houses of their owners. There is no back way to their "byres." The cow which pays the rent plunges in by the main entrance, and heavily makes its way along the stony passage with all the precision of long habit. Even good houses have to submit to this, for there is no power of providing another entrance, and this plan was adopted years ago when no one could have gone to bed in comfort if he had not known that his cows were safe under his own roof, and could not be taken away without his having a chance of making a fight for them. Of course when danger was imminent they were driven with all speed up-hill to the castle, where there was abundant provision for sheltering them, the ground-floor of the keep being entirely given up to great vaulted chambers, lighted only by eyelet-holes for archers. It was never a very strong castle. As Jordan de Fantosme says, "Weak was the wall, the tower, and the trench;" it never detained its assailants long; it is even on record that once in a siege it capitulated after the seventh shot. The Coquet was its main defence, but it was strong enough to baffle mere marauders. It is strange how exactly Shakespeare's description of the castle fits it now. It is still "a worm-eaten hold of ragged stone," but wonderfully picturesque. What an artist will see on the castle-hill may be briefly summed up in some such fashion as this. A keep much restored externally, two great gateways, and gaunt grey

Warkworth, from the River.

walls, with here and there a fragment of grey tower rising from them, which enclose a grassy space, the surface of which is broken in every direction by portions of other towers, or vaulted roofs or bases of pillars. The view outside the walls of the castle rising above the steep bank which descends to the river is exquisite. This is a faint representation of the place as it appears to a painter; let us see how an antiquary describes it. Mr. Hudson Turner tells us that a considerable part of the outer wall round the bailey is work of the twelfth century, and that it is most probable that the original Norman keep was on the site of the present one, which was rebuilt in the fifteenth century on the old Norman foundations. This, he says, "will account for the singular cruciform ground-plan, not common at any time, and probably unique in the fifteenth century, but not so rare in the twelfth, as the Norman keep of Trim Castle, on the borders of the English pale, is of precisely the same plan—a massive square keep with a smaller square tower or turret projecting from the centre of each face."

The keep, engraved on the next page, is in wonderful preservation, considering that it was deprived of its roof in 1672. The letter is still in existence in which the greedy auditor who persuaded the then countess to give him the materials to build a house for himself, wrote to demand the assistance of her tenants to carry away the lead and timber. In spite of this hard treatment, no one can enter the keep without being astonished to find the rooms in such good preservation. As soon as the door opens we come upon one of the defences of the place. The entrance hall had a floor which could be removed at will, and assailants bursting in full of delight at having forced their way inside, found themselves more inside

than they liked, for they at once fell down below into a dungeon fifty feet deep. The ground-floor is almost entirely given up to vaults for sheltering cattle. Upstairs there are kitchens and halls, a chapel, and numbers of handsome rooms all open to the light of heaven. When Sir Hugh Smithson succeeded to the Northumberland property he had some intention of making Warkworth his home, but the blow lighted on Alnwick instead. Little has been done to injure the keep in the interior. Two or three rooms have been fitted up for the Duke and Duchess to picnic in, but that is all. A flavour of romance clings about these rooms in the minds of the villagers because they are so jealously locked up. They fondly tell of their supposed glories, and how their very floors are kept so bright and smooth that even the Duke and Duchess have not the heart to step on them until they have put on soft velvet slippers. The tower to the right on leaving the keep, engraved below, is called the Lion Tower. It is decorated with an original conception of that animal, and was built by Hotspur's son. Near it lies a huge blue stone with a history which is told by the Vicar, in a pleasant paper read to the Berwick Naturalists' Society. Many years ago, the custodian of the castle dreamed thrice on the same night that, if he went to a certain part of the castle which was shown him in his dream, he would find a blue stone, beneath which a vast treasure lay buried. The vividness and frequent repetition of this dream impressed him so much that he resolved to test it, but he waited a day or two, and in the meantime told it to a neighbour. When at last, spade in hand, he went to the place, he found that a deep hole had been made on the very spot which he had beheld in his dream, a blue stone was lying by it, and soon afterwards he had the bitter mortification of seeing his neighbour become suddenly rich. Years afterwards a great iron coffer was found in the river, which was supposed to have contained the wealth which the unhappy custodian had lost by his imprudence. The Hermitage lies buried in one of the prettiest and most secluded



Warkworth. The Keep.

Warkworth. The Lion Tower.

spots imaginable. This hermit must really have wished to be out of the way. Frequently the seclusion of hermits seems to have been not unlike that of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who, as De Quincey says, "retired into publicity" at Llangollen, and were for the rest of their lives the principal spectacle of the place. We read of a recluse who dwelt upon Tyne Bridge at Newcastle, of an anchorite who had a cell in the market-place at Richmond, but the Hermit of Warkworth lived in a lonely cell scooped out of the solid rocks by the riverside half a mile from Warkworth, and his

retreat could have been visited by few. History knows him not, and tradition alone asserts that he was Sir Bertram, lord of Bothal, and that he loved Isabel of Widdrington. She, too, as Bishop Percy has it, "felt a flame," but to prove his constancy and her own maiden power, sent him a helmet and the order to wear it "where sharpest blows were tried." In order to obey her promptly, he and his friend, Lord Percy, at once led a body of men across the border to provoke the Scots to battle. Lord Douglas received them, and after much sharp fighting, Isabel's helmet "was reft in twain," and Sir Bertram sorely wounded. Lord Percy with great difficulty rescued him and carried him to Wark, and as soon as Isabel heard that he was wounded she tore her hair, mounted her milk-white steed and set out at break of day with two tall yeomen, to nurse him, but was captured by a Scottish chief and carried off. When Sir Bertram recovered and heard what had happened, he at once set out with his brother to seek her. Each "hid in quaint disguise," went a different way. The brother found her first, and was carrying her away from the place of her imprisonment when Sir Bertram met them. He recognised his Isabel, but not her companion, fell upon him and slew him, and worse still, slew Isabel while she was trying to stay his hand. Sir Bertram in his misery gave his goods to the poor and retired to the banks of the Coquet, where he scooped out the hermitage which still remains. A flight of steps leads up to three or four apartments, chief among which is the chapel, which is about seven feet high, seven feet wide, and eighteen long, with a groined roof, and an altar raised on two steps, and at the right of it a tomb, on which is the effigy of a lady, supposed to be Isabel, and at her feet is a figure, supposed to represent the hermit himself, kneeling and lamenting her loss. Above the doorway is inscribed "Sunt mihi lachrymæ meæ cibo interdiu et noctu." Light is admitted by two small windows behind the tomb, and the openings to the other chambers are so arranged that the hermit should never lose sight of the effigy of his beloved. I grieve to say that this tradition seems to be disproved by historians. Cold reason flouts it without putting anything else in its place.

We in England are pleased to speak of border warfare as if all the disadvantage of it were on our side, which is a complete mistake, as may be seen among other places in an interesting paper in the Archæological Journal, which shows that in less than five years the English Marchers had inflicted on the Scotch injuries to the extent of £31,000, in excess of those which they themselves had suffered. We also see an account of the ravages committed by the English Borderers in one foray between the 2nd July and the 17th November.

Towns, towers, stedes, barnekyns, parish-churches, bastel-houses, cast down or burned	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	816
Horned cattle taken	10,386
Sheep	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Goats	200
Bolls of corn	890

And next year, in a foray made by the Earl of Hertford betwixt Sept. 8th and 23rd, seven monasteries and friar-houses were burnt or destroyed, sixteen castles and peles, five market-towns and two hundred and forty-three villages. The fact, too, that the English Borderers would not allow the Lord of the Marches to take the defensive measure of destroying the fords across the Tweed, because that would prevent them from making raids into Scotland, speaks volumes.

MARGARET HUNT.

'AUTUMN.'

ETCHED BY EMILE SALMON, FROM A PICTURE BY L. EMILE ADAN.

THE simple but interesting landscape which shows that time of year when the branches shake against the cold,—

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang,"

has the advantage of a human interest which yet is not insistently allegorical. We are not obliged to understand that the lady who wears her modern dress so gracefully, and has so becomingly wound a white garment around her head, is meditating upon the autumn of her own days. It is enough that she—gentle chatelaine, whose avenues are shedding their last leaves—is touched by the pathos of the darkening year, and pauses to overlook the fields as they lie bare and cold under the swift grey sky. The trees show the fine and strong lines of their anatomy, with all its charming accidents and vigorous shoots and angles; and it is not fanciful to believe that between these branches and those of spring, even before the twigs have begun to show the bluntness which foretells the bud about to appear, there is a visible difference, as there is in the light of the waxing and of the waning moon; the bare trees of the end of winter express even to the eye the vitality and impulse of the sap. Lifeless are the twigs of the admirably drawn branches in the picture, to which cling the few last leaves which will soon take flight, and with a flock of their companions will sail hither and thither upon the wild west wind. Not only to these branches but to the stems has the painter done justice by his intelligent and observant drawing, seizing the truths of growth with that confidence in experience—and experience alone—which is one of the characteristics of modern art as of modern science and speculation. He has also drawn rugged forms with perfect faithfulness to their ruggedness, but with much grace of hand. Again the picture owes much of its attractiveness to M. Adan's appreciation of the charm which lies in the combination of a barrier of any kind in the near foreground with an uninterrupted distance, intermediate objects being cut off. The far sea behind the rampart of a seaside fortress; the distant mountains beyond the enclosing walls of a lonely Certosa; or even a line of far-off cultivated country beyond the walled terrace of a castle garden—all these produce feelings of breadth and repose and security from the details of the world. M. Adan has skilfully combined this charming composition with the preservation of a middle distance, which leads away in pleasant perspective to the right. The etcher has delicately and powerfully translated the just values and true forms of his original.

THE MOORLANDS AND GLENS OF CORNWALL.

"Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs,
To the silent wilderness;
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind."

SHELLEY'S *Invitation*.

"Ah, native Cornwall! throned upon the hills,
Thy moorland pathways worn by angel feet,
Thy streams that march in music to the sea."

R. S. HAWKER.

THE scenery of Cornwall has within the last few years deservedly attracted an amount of attention which, from various causes, had been previously withheld. In the first place, the county was remote, not to say inaccessible. In the second, it was formerly the fashion to go farther afield for landscape subjects; and, yet again, there were wanted such apostles as Hook and Brett to proclaim to all comers that there were fresh fields and pastures new without crossing the Channel and leaving England.

Since those two magicians have waved their wands a large host of aspirants have come under the spell. In last year's Royal Academy, for instance, there were no less than twenty works illustrative of Cornish scenery; and, as might have been expected under such auspices, the scenes depicted have almost invariably been those glimpses of coast and cliff, of fishing-village, or golden strand, in which those master hands revel. And this year's picture exhibitions are even more fruitful of Cornish subjects.

Far be it from the writer of this article to say one word against such scenes as have hitherto formed the staple of the landscape artist in Cornwall, for few know better than he how infinite is the number of self-composed pictures which extend along the whole Cornish coast-line. Mr. Brett may well rejoice in the patient strength with which he reproduces such huge masses of serpentine rocks and towering waves of crystal green as those with which we are familiar in his 'Cornish Lions'; and well may we be carried away as we gaze upon a picture from the same easel in last year's exhibition at Burlington House, which he called the 'Grey of the Morning'—a picture in which the appreciative eye forgets that there are only canvas and pigments before it, and fully realises the vast stretch of sapphire sea which is rolling, on some summer morn, into St. Ives Bay.

Well, too, may the nature-hungry Londoner rejoice as he seems to smell the sea-breezes themselves while he looks upon one of Mr. Hook's fresh transcripts from nature—some fishing-cove with its golden-grey granite rocks or purple-black cliffs of ancient slate, with ragged Cornish urchins in the foreground dabbling in the clear rock-pools, or helping to carry homeward the spoils of the sea. It would indeed be difficult to imagine any subjects better calculated than these to display the skill of the artists with whom they are favourites. Yet, true as it is that the cliff and coast scenes of Cornwall, from the serpentine rocks of the Lizard to the granite promontories of the Land's End, and away from the Land's End itself for eighty miles along the northern seaboard of the county, until its limit is reached at the sheer precipices of Hennah Cliff, near Morwenstow, afford under the various influences of sun and shade, of hour and of season, an inexhaustible treasury of subjects for the lover of nature and of Art, it is also, on the other hand, scarcely too much to say that there is some danger lest in the contemplation of such surpassing majesty and beauty we may forget certain other scenes as fair, if not as grand, as wild if not as terrible, as romantic if not as awe-inspiring, as those which depend upon the sea for one of their chief attractions.

Why have the moorlands and glens of Cornwall hitherto found so few exponents of their mysteries and charms? Let us think first of the Cornish moors, where

"Stern melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence and a sad repose."

Here, in forlorn and as yet undisturbed solitudes, more completely than in any other phase of Cornish scenery, shall we see Old and Venerable Cornwall. Here may we meet with the cairns, the cromlehs, the menhirs, and the tolmens to which the timid rustic still points as the work of "the Giants." Many of them still stand, but many more have passed away; some yielding to the predatory attacks of man, others to "the inaudible and noiseless foot of time." Surely, to transfuse into a modern canvas the spirit evoked in thinking over such antique memorials of the past as these will be to realise "the consecration and the poet's dream" for which Wordsworth sighed. Turner has shown us, in the lurid, sulphurous light which glares upon his 'Stonehenge'—that "standard of storm-drawing"—how the poetry of the past may invest the noble monuments of hoar antiquity with "the light that never was" save on the poet-painter's palette.

Perhaps the artist in search of a subject of this nature may ask, Where is the Cornish Stonehenge? It is true that in the whole of that narrow peninsula—

"Where England, stretched towards the setting sun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,"

there is no such stupendous circle as that which still rears some of its prehistoric trilithons on Salisbury Plain; yet on the Cornish moors, especially in the westernmost part of the county, there still remain many picturesque megalithic memorials of a people for whom we shall, in vain, seek traces in the pages of history. What, for instance, could be a finer or less commonplace subject for an imaginative artist than Carn Kenidzhek on a black, howling night, when quivering streaks of lightning tear across the sky, and cause the whole tremendous pile of shattered granite rocks, wet with the rain, to coruscate with pale blue flames? Or, if he would reproduce a gentler scene, where could he find landscapes so silent and so lonely as those which lie amongst the bare brown valleys and morasses that fringe the skirts of Cornwall's two loftiest hills, Brown Willy and Row Tor? For these, though of no great elevation, are true mountains—bones of the earth—springing out of the deep soil, and "flinging their earth-garments away from them on every side."

For such subjects as are indicated above, Camelford and Penzance would be the artist's best head-quarters—Camelford

for the Bodmin moors, and Penzance for those wild moorlands covered with a hungry coat of heather which lie between that town and Morvah and St. Just. Indeed, the last-named village would, for some parts of the scenery, be as good a basis of operations as Penzance. But here, perhaps, it should be said that the examples named are to be taken only as illustrative of similar scenes to be found elsewhere in abundance throughout the county.

The characteristics of the Bodmin moors are dreariness and loneliness. Rarely is a human being to be seen; for the waste solitudes which lie round the legendary Dozmaré Pool are tenanted only by the summer-breeding snipe, or the shade of Tregeagle—nightly chased across these moors to Roche Rocks by the archfiend and his hell-hounds—that unjust steward, whose lofty palace, built out of ill-gotten gains wrung from the poor, has long since crumbled into the desolate little lake—a far less gentle sprite than Leyden's

"brown man of the moor,
That stays beneath the heather-bell."

But, quiet and lonely though the Bodmin moors may be to others, they are eloquent enough to the artist. For him the rolling clouds (and a day of intermittent cloud and sunshine is always best for the champaign), the purple-grey distance, the pale green sward, sweet with the aromatic scent of camomile-flowers, the golden flashes of furze amongst the rock-strewn slopes, the silver sheen of peat-stained streams, and crimson-purple blotches of heather, displayed as they are on forms which if not majestic are at least noble, and varying in multitudinous effects with every cloudlet's course across the sun, should speak to his heart, inspire his pencil, and live in his pictures. If, however, he does not aspire so high, but merely desires pleasant transcripts of small subjects, he will find many gems of this sort along the banks of the streamlet which flows between Brown Willy and Row Tor,* and which afterwards develops into the De Lank River; but, if he wishes to fill larger canvases, let him depict each of these hills, with their magnificent surroundings, their multiplicity of feature, and their rapid changefulness, as seen from the summit of the other. The crag-crowned top of Row Tor forms a noble sky-line, while, looking eastward from that eminence towards Brown Willy, the eye measures distance after distance beyond Alternon and the valley of the Inny, until it no longer has ken of the world below, lost amid the splendid panorama of the granite ranges of the Dartmoor hills, rugged and grey, the moorland glories of the beautiful sister-county, Devon.

Perhaps the artist may think that as landscapes, like individuals, have their happy moments, the fittest time for scenes such as these is the twilight, when we watch the lustrous yellow effect of the setting sun, and broad swells of barren ground interspersed with marshy pools of water that reflect the daffodil sky: no sound in the lonely scene:—or, if any, such as may make him say with Cowper,

"Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence."

On the Cornish moorlands, too, the artist will have exceptionally frequent opportunities of studying rain-clouds, those mystery-workers in the phases of the landscape. Truly does Ruskin observe that "through the rain-cloud and its accessory phenomena all that is beautiful may be made manifest, and all that is hurtful concealed; what is paltry may be made to look vast, and what is ponderous aerial; mystery may be obtained without obscurity and decoration without disguise. And accordingly nature herself uses it constantly as one of her chief means of most perfect effect."

But if sterner scenes are desired we must turn from the central and eastern parts of Cornwall to the far west—to some such wild weird spots as those before referred to—gloomy and mysterious regions, where the cairns and tall stone monuments

"like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Here the heath and the furze, whipped by the salt sea winds, are stunted and small, and the cold grey rocks on the moors are often veiled with shredded banners of the south-western mists. In this land of Plutonic rocks all is "hideous ruin and combustion." On this blasted heath Macbeth's witches might have danced; or here might have been the scene of Milton's battles of the angels, and these the vast blocks hurled by the warring hosts against each other. Tracts such as these are by no means uncommon in the parishes of Sancreed, St. Just, and Morvah, on Trannock, Balleswhidden, and Tregerras Downs. The highest ground of this district lies to the south of the two first-named moors, and its most prominent feature is the dark and dreary hill of Bartiné—the mount of fires—once castle-crowned, now bleak and bare, yet still haunted by the spirit of the past. But the neighbourhood of Carn Kenidzhek is the wildest and weirdest of all: a tract of evil repute, and Satan-haunted, like the stretches of moor that lie between Dozmaré Pool and the hermitage at Roche. A mile east of Kenidzhek is another subject for the artist—Chywoon or Chûn cromleh, and the surrounding landscapes. Chûn is one of the most striking of the sepulchral monuments of Cornwall, and suggested to the late Charles Chorley, of Truro, an unknown but true poet, the question—vainly asked—

"What mighty dead lies here,
Lone on this moorland drear,
Where, from o'er Morvah's sullen-moaning seas,
O'er cairn-crown'd heights, rolls on th' unceasing breeze
In mystic, wild career?"

More than enough must have been said to make it apparent that the moorlands of Cornwall, with their vast stretches of changeful hill and dale, their meandering streams, their ancient remains, their old-world associations, deserve from the poet-artist more attention than they have hitherto received; and it now remains for us to consider whether or not the Cornish villages and glens are also likely to repay the loving study of the devotees of Art.

Of subjects such as these, too, there is abundance; and they are scattered throughout the county. If we prefer river valleys, it would be hard to find scenes more tranquilly beautiful than the vale of the Fal, of which her Majesty recorded, in her diary for the year 1846, her opinion that its scenery was finer than that of the Tamar, "winding between banks entirely wooded with stunted oaks, and full of numberless creeks; the prettiest," acutely adds the royal critic, "are King Harry's Ferry, and a spot near Tregothnan." One of the peculiar charms of this river is that, from its still waters and serpentine course, it resembles most a series of lakes; its defect, perhaps, is that there is not sufficient variety in the series; though, in autumn especially, and at high tide, there are few lovelier river-

* Brown Willy may be a corruption of either Bron Uhella, the highest hill, or of Brun Guillie, the golden hill, from the gorse on its slopes. Row Tor may mean either the King's or the Rough Tor; or perhaps the Ruddy Hill, from the heath which once grew in greater abundance than now on its sides.

reaches in England than those which await the artist along the banks of the sylvan Fal. Either Falmouth or Truro would be good head-quarters; but probably the former would be preferable, as being on the sea, and as having many picturesque subjects in its vicinity, amongst which the castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes, at the mouth of the haven, must not be forgotten. Nor is the valley of the Fowey to be despised; though it is, on the whole, decidedly inferior to the Fal. Yet, where two branches of the river meet near the wooded slopes of St. Winnow, he must indeed be hard to please who cannot find there ample subjects for his pencil. If smaller streams delight the artist more, where there is a hidden brook—

"In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all day
Singeth a quiet tune"—

where moss-covered boulders lie in the stream, and where, owing to the rare visits of sunbeams through the tree canopies, the ferns and undergrowth assume an exotic green, then let him pitch his easel at any one of a thousand spots beside the same river Fowey, above the old bridge at Lostwithiel, as the stream sweeps along over its stony bed down the beautiful valley of Glyn. There is many such another trout stream in Cornwall, fruitful of pictures.

Time and space would fail to enumerate all the Cornish vales that deserve the recording pencil of the painter; but it would be unpardonable to omit to notice two or three more of especial beauty and interest. Not far from the romantic site of King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, and about a mile on the way towards Boscastle, the traveller crosses a valley whose natural charms he would be little likely to suspect from the scanty glimpses of its "silver stream and golden-crowned heights" that he obtains from the road. Yet that valley contains scenes which more than one Royal Academician has delighted to paint. At the head of it is a small but exquisite cascade, named St. Nectan's Kieve, which forms the landscape background of Maclise's well-known picture of 'The Waterfall;'—whilst below the bridge lies Rocky Valley—

"Whose brow
Is crowned with castles, and whose rocky sides
Are clad with dusky ivy,"—

castles not made, indeed, with hands, but natural fortifications of native rock, ivy-clad, and standing out in such symmetrical columnar strength as to easily deceive the eye at the first glance. And close under the shadows of the steep hillside nestles a little water-mill, still known as "Creswick's Mill," unfortunately not now so picturesque an object as when he painted it, owing to some additions of comparatively modern date, yet still the older part of it remaining very beautiful, and well worthy of the artist's notice. Then there is another lovely valley of a quite different character, which Mr. Stokes, of Bodmin, has celebrated in his graceful poem, "The Vale of Lanherne." This has the advantage of having been illustrated by lithography, after the drawings of a Cornish artist, Mr. J. G. Philp, of Falmouth, a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours: so that the would-be painter of Cornish scenery may judge from it, to some extent, beforehand, of this valley at least, how likely he would be to find fitting subjects for his pencil.

We have not yet considered the claims of the banks of the Camel River, but they are well worthy of attention; particularly those wild, rocky parts near Henter Gantick and Hametethy, some seven or eight miles below Camelford, notwithstanding the scene having been of late disfigured in many places by granite works. And there are other valleys and glens beyond the sound of streams, but still very lovely. One rises in memory before me as I write—a valley which lies on the old main county road between Truro and Tregony—a road on which a passenger is hardly ever now to be seen, but important in the days of old, and well worn into the face of the country between the soft slaty banks which form its sides. The time was mid-May, and vegetation was forward in the soft mild climate of southern Cornwall, a high sky-line of distant, dove-coloured, tree-crowned hills melted into the lilac-tinted clouds, and on the slopes of the middle distance the woods were of an infinite variety of colours, rich but soft subdued madder and pale purple, chequered with the dark foliage of evergreen trees and the living green of newly-clad birch larch and Cornish elm (*Ulmus stricta*). Close to the left a high-shouldered knoll was covered with surely the most royal golden furze-croft that was ever seen;—the banks of the road, as it wound its irregular course down to the valley beneath, were of a delicate ruddy brown, and their summits were adorned with the myriad-tinted leaves of young oak-trees, crimson, brown, bronze, purple, and green of every hue; whilst slowly down the road, as if in order to render the picture complete, a man on a white horse was driving a flock of sheep.

But perhaps, as John Bunyan said to his reader,—

"We have too long detained him in the porch,
And kept him from the sunshine torch,"—

I will only add the hope and express the belief that, if my words prevail with any artist, and cause him to visit the scenes which we have now glanced at together, he will be amply repaid for his journey to the far west.

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

ON RAPHAEL'S ARCHANGEL MICHAEL.

FROM out the depths of crocus-coloured morn
With rush of wings the strong Archangel came
And glistening spear; and leapt as leaps a flame
On Satan unprepared and earthward borne;
And rolled the sunless Rebel, brulsed and torn,
Upon the earth's bare plain, in dust and shame,
Holding awhile his spear's suspended aim
Above his humbled head in radiant scorn.

So leaps within the soul on Wrong or Lust
The warrior Angel whom we deem not near,
And rolls the rebel impulse in the dust,
Scathing its neck with his triumphal tread,
And holding high his bright coercing spear
Above its inexterminable head.

E. LEE HAMILTON.

SCULPTURES FROM THE ALTAR-BASE AT PERGAMOS.

IN one of his recently published Essays on Art and Archæology, Mr. C. T. Newton calls attention to an extensive gap in the series of works which illustrate the history of Hellenic Art. He there points out that the period of Macedonian ascendancy, between the dates 330 and 100 B.C., has not furnished us with any emphatic and well-authenticated examples of monumental sculpture. Since, however, the publication of this remark, a discovery has been made on the site of a famous Greek city which has in a remarkable manner filled up the gap thus indicated. Excavations carried out within the last three or four years on the Acropolis of the ancient Pergamos, near the western coast of Asia Minor, have brought to light a series of sculptures, the importance of which for the study of ancient Art it is impossible to overestimate. They are works to which an approximate date can with confidence be assigned—a date which falls in the middle of the period which could so recently be described as a blank—and looked at in relation to their time of production, they are of especial value as giving a new idea of the capabilities of the artists of that particular period. For the time in which they were done, they exhibit a freshness of invention and an excellence of style which are most extraordinary; and for the work of Hellenic artists they have a daring, a force, and a tragic intensity to which other remains of ancient Art offer few parallels.

It is the object of this paper to touch very briefly on some of the main points of interest connected with these sculptures, which are of the highest importance in the history of Art, and are as yet little known in this country. They consist of portions of a marble frieze representing the battle of the Gods and Giants, executed in very high relief and of colossal size, which ran round the sides of a massive platform serving as the basis of an altar for burnt-sacrifice. To call the work the decoration of an altar-base conveys no true idea of its magnitude, for this base was a solid structure 100 feet square, and about 16 feet high, with a flight of steps cut into it on one side, affording access to the platform at the top, in the midst of which was placed the altar proper. The frieze, about 7 feet in height, and elevated some 8 feet above the eye, was carried round the three plain sides of the platform, along the front on each side of the opening for the steps, and, in addition, along the sides of this opening itself, on the left and right of the spectator as he ascended to the summit level. A drawing of the building, as reconstructed by Herr R. Bohn, is given in Fig. 1.

The structure thus decorated stood on the height of the Acropolis of Pergamos, about 800 feet above the sea, and there is little doubt that it was erected there by Eumenes II., King of Pergamos, who is known to have adorned his city with splendid works, and the dates of whose reign, 197—159 B.C., fix the period to which the sculptures must be assigned.

The altar and the base have long ago been razed to the ground, and only the foundations of the latter have been discovered; but the sculptures were not found, as has been commonly the case, buried in the earth around the ruins of the building they decorated, but have been preserved and recovered in a rather singular way.

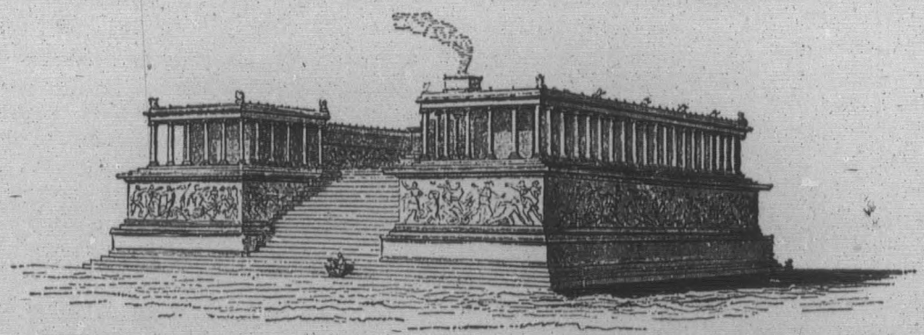


Fig. 1.—*The Altar-base at Pergamos* (*Restored*).

Some time in the early centuries of our era it became necessary to fortify the Acropolis of Pergamos against the invasions of the barbarians. For this purpose a solid wall was constructed somewhat below the summit of the Acropolis, and for this any convenient stones which stood ready quarried at hand were employed. In the course of the work the reliefs of the altar-base were loosened from their place, and daubed over the face with a tenacious mortar, till a smooth surface like that at the back was obtained. These slabs were then built into the wall, where they have remained ever since in a very broken condition, but, at the same time, with their surface well preserved under the coating of mortar.

The finding and the recovery of these fragments of sculpture are due to the sagacity and energy of a German engineer, Herr C. Humann, who not only gathered together the accessible fragments on the Acropolis, but succeeded in

securing the attention of the German authorities, then busy with the excavations at Olympia, to the prospects offered by this new field. The outcome of his efforts was the commencement, in the autumn of 1878, of a systematic exploration of the Acropolis of Pergamos. It is enough to say here that a marvellously short time sufficed for the recovery from the débris of the wall above mentioned of a very large number of the sculptured slabs and fragments of the frieze, and by the middle of November, 1879, just over a year from the beginning of the work, the whole results of the exploration were safely landed in Berlin. The original frieze, some 400 feet in length, contained about 2,800 square feet, and of this about 1,620, consisting of 94 large slabs and 2,000 fragments large and small, that is to say, about three-fifths of the whole, is now placed in the Museum at Berlin, where the process of fitting together the fragments has proceeded far enough to enable us to form some general idea of the magnitude and character of this extraordinary work.

The subject represented is the familiar one of the battle of the Gods and Giants, a subject which is met with on a large number of the great monuments of Greece, and the choice of which here has a special significance, which will be noticed farther on. It is the style of representation which gives its character to this unique work. As a rule, in those numerous groups and friezes in which the Greek sculptors depicted the legendary conflicts of gods and giants, heroes and centaurs, Greeks and Amazons, the combatants on each side have a simple, clearly marked character. The youthful athletic warrior, the wild centaur, the blooming Amazon, appear all through the compositions in very similar forms. What is shown is a succession of combats between similar antagonists, variety being secured by differences of action and of garb. Here, however, at Pergamos it is not merely these that are varied, but every variety of form which ingenuity could devise is given to the combatants. They are shown as of every age and of every aspect, from beauty to monstrous deformity, and as furnished with every kind of costume, weapon, and accessory. Animals are freely introduced, and the taste for composite forms which had produced in old time types like the centaur and satyr, is allowed the most extraordinary freedom. The same feeling for variety is shown in the multitudinous postures of attack and defence taken up by the fighters, and the whole scene becomes in this way one of a liveliness to which classical Art has no parallel to show.

Here, too, the sculptors have discarded all aid from the painter and the metal worker, and have carved out in the marble details such as weapons, sandals, straps, belts, and the harness of horses, which in earlier Art would have been picked out in colour or added in bronze. Some of the carving is of the highest technical skill. The ruffled feathers of the wings of the giants seem to have all the softness and elasticity of nature, and the different textures of linen, wool, silk, and fur are rendered with a curious felicity.

Fig. 2.—A Serpent-legged Giant contending with an Eagle, from Pergamos.

Grandeur of design, variety in treatment, and a lifelike handling of details, are all therefore characteristic of the works we are considering. Let us now pass in review some of the constituent parts of the representation. We have first the deities. The regular Olympic gods form only a portion of the divine array. Helios, the sun-god, is there too, with the goddesses of the morning and of the moon. Dionysus appears with attendant satyrs. The gods of the winds and of the ocean attend in their appropriate forms, and tritons and sea-centaurs are seen bearing down the opposing giants. The most prominent combatants in the work, as we possess it, are, perhaps, the goddesses, who, mature or youthful, with every variety of garb and of weapon, are opposing, striking, and trampling down their lawless foes. A notable figure is Cybele, mother of the gods, who rides into battle on a lion, in front of which strides as a forerunner a female figure with streaming veil. The most extraordinary figure of all is that of Hecate, who is here shown in triple form, with three heads and six arms, which hold shield and scabbard, and brandish in the fight a torch, a sword, and a spear. Among the gods is conspicuous the youthful beauty of Apollo, whose naked, finely-moulded form, posed somewhat like that of the Apollo Belvedere, rises in triumph over a prostrate foe. Conspicuous, too, as dominating one of the finest groups in the composition, is the massive figure of the thunderbolt-hurling Zeus; and less certainly to be recognised those of Poseidon and Hephaistos. Nor do the deities fight without allies. Huntress Artemis is followed into the conflict by her faithful hounds, whose fangs are fixed in throat or limb of giants. Lions fight by the side of Cybele, and Athena's serpent binds in its toils the limbs of her opponent, and inflicts the death-wound upon his breast. Five times in the sculptures which remain the eagle, the bird of Zeus, is represented as taking part in the fray. Once he brings in his claws a thunderbolt, which we may assume is to replace the one which Zeus holds in his uplifted hand, ready to fling it against his antagonist.

The forms of the giants are of an extraordinary variety, and full of character and power. We see them young and noble-looking as the youthful gods, or again bearded and of massive form. A few have the pointed ears of the satyr. Heavy locks cluster over their heads and fall over the face as they sink prone in death towards the earth. The old form of the giant in Hellenic Art, from the recently recovered reliefs of the sixth century, which Pausanias saw on the ancient treasure-house of the Megareans at Olympia, down to the sculptures of the temple at Priene of the age of Alexander the

Great, had been that of the completely human warrior, armed with mortal weapons. In this form we find them here and there in these reliefs, notably in the case of a noble-looking, youthful man-at-arms who is confronting the girl-like but athletic Artemis. Most commonly, however, in the reliefs we find the giants designed in their later form, with serpent legs, which signify their character of earth-born monsters. It is to be observed that the giants do not go off into serpents' tails, but into serpents' heads, which are treated as important elements in the scene. The serpents' coils are used, of course, for richness, and for the purposes of composition; but this is by no means all; they are not mere flourishes, such as appear too often in classical designs of the Renaissance, but take an active part in the action going on, biting at the gods and goddesses (as in a wonderfully forcible head given in Fig. 4, where the serpent has seized the robe of a goddess), and contending on their own account with the eagles. A good example of this is given in Fig. 2, which represents a group at the extremity of that part of the frieze which lines the flight of steps cut into the platform. The extreme corner, where the steps narrow the frieze almost to a point, is occupied by an eagle in conflict with the serpent member of a nobly-formed winged giant. It happens sometimes that a giant sinks stricken to death upon the ground while his serpent part is still fighting desperately against his assailant. A noteworthy feature about the giants is their wings. These, like the serpent extremities, are sometimes present and sometimes wanting; and in the case of one youthful, human-formed giant, the opponent of Athena, are represented as double, and are carved with a realistic force and a technical skill which excite the warmest admiration. The horse is naturally an important figure, and appears ridden or harnessed to the cars. A curious variety is afforded by the horses of the sea divinities, which end in fishes' tails, the body being draped with seaweed to mark the transition. A magnificent team of four winged horses has unfortunately been much damaged, or it would have been one of the very finest objects on the frieze. A mule seems in one place to be introduced. Some of the giants are assuredly demons of the sea, for a portion of their wings is in some cases formed of webbing like the fin of a fish, intermingled with the feathers, and the same appears with the scales upon the serpent legs.

Fig. 3.—Head of a Dying Giant, from Pergamos.

In costume, accoutrement, and action the same variety is to be observed. The male deities and the giants are commonly nude, the goddesses always fully draped in ample tunic, and often in mantle and veil, in which differences of material and consistency, as well as of make, are realistically rendered, even to the marking of the creases where the garment has been folded. The embroidered boots worn by some of the goddesses are very elaborate.

With the giants a very common form of drapery is the lion's hide, in the massive folds of which the artists seem to have taken especial pleasure, as a contrast to the more crisply-folded tunic or veil of the ladies. One prominent figure (Fig. 2) is partially clad in a skin, worn with the fur inside, and the edges, where the hair is seen appearing from beneath, are rendered with the most curious exactness. The giants fight with clubs and stones, as well as with human arms, and the deities are all equipped with their characteristic attributes, whenever these can be employed as weapons.

Exceptional, but still fully in character with the work, are the monstrous and hideous forms which occur here and there among the giants. In one case a human-legged giant has the head and claws of a lion, and in another a still more extraordinary monster is produced. A giant of vast, unwieldy bulk is gifted with the ears of an ox, and with a huge growth upon his neck, which seems to imitate the hump of a buffalo. On the head of another giant grow horns of sea-shell, as upon the forehead of the demon in Dürer's 'Knight and Death.' One characteristic feature in which these works differ from those of an earlier period is the treatment of the hair. Generally speaking, the earlier Greek sculptors treated the hair very quietly, and never aimed at producing an effect by the somewhat cheap device of flowing horses' manes or exuberant locks. On the Pergamos frieze the hair is treated with the same freedom as the rest of the accessories of the figures, though it is never allowed to attract too much attention to itself. The horse's head given in Fig. 5 is a good example, and may be contrasted, for the treatment of the mane, with the horses' heads in the Elgin marbles.

With regard to the actions portrayed, the deities are, as a rule, triumphant, and overpower the monsters by a quiet though vigorous display of overmastering strength. In one instance only does a giant seem to have the better of his opponent. In no other case is an unhallowed hand laid on the person of a deity,* but here the monster has seized the youthful form of his foe with both arms round the waist, and lifting him off the ground, has wrapped his limbs firmly round with his own serpent coils. With huge lion-like teeth he bites him in the left arm, and attacks his right with one of his serpent heads. With this exception victory is everywhere on the side of the heavenly powers.

It is impossible as yet to make up anything like a connected series of the slabs, which are still in course of arrangement at Berlin, but certain groups have been fitted together

* This figure, it has been suggested, is that of Herakles, the one non-divine combatant on the side of the gods. The suggestion is adopted by Overbeck, but it would be very surprising if Herakles, whose aid was, according to the legend, essential to the success of the gods, were represented as reduced to such straits as the figure in this group.

which enable us a little to realise the composition of the whole. The group of Helios is one of the finest and most extended. The sun-god is driving his chariot into the fight.

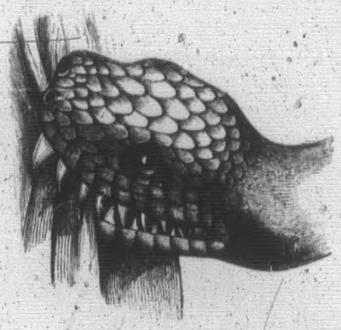


Fig. 4.—Serpent Biting, from Pergamos.

The upper part of the car only is seen as it rises above some rocky ground in the front, which partly conceals also the hind legs of the horses. Before him, on horseback, rides the Dawn, reclining along the back of her steed and holding by its neck. Farther in front, most probably, came Selene seated on a mule, with her back to the spectator, and contrasting thus in attitude with the figure of the Dawn. Helios, in the flowing garments of the charioteer, urges on his horses, who are about to trample on a prostrate giant. But full in front rises in complete heroic form a youthful giant; he has wrapped his left arm in the voluminous folds of a lion's fell, and, raising it, bars the coursers' path. The horse of the Dawn turns its head back, as if startled at the sudden appearance. Helios raises what seems to be a spear in his right hand for a blow.

Of all the groups, perhaps that in which Athena is the prominent figure is the finest. Here the goddess, long robed, and with the ægis over her breast, armed with her shield but no weapon of attack, has seized the opposing giant by the hair, and scarcely putting out her strength, draws him backwards, while her attendant serpent fixes its fangs in his breast. On the other side Niké, Victory, floating in the air, crowns her conqueror. The giant is one of the finest on the frieze, though there are a few others in which the conception of the figure is the same. The form is winged, but otherwise completely human, and is youthful and heroic. The expression of the face is one of much tragic pathos, and the features, of a noble and beautiful type, are deeply marked with pain.

A fine head of a dying giant, similar in type and expression, has been reproduced from a sketch by the writer in Fig. 3. But the interest of the Athena group is not yet exhausted. As the victim sinks to the ground with his double wings idly spread, and endeavouring feebly to loosen the grasp of the goddess from his hair, he stretches his other arm out for aid, and from the ground below there rises up the form of Mother Earth herself, lamenting for her children. With brows drawn together in pain, she looks up imploringly to the inexorable victor, and seems to be lifting up her own arm also in entreaty. Above her, filling up the space, floats the finely contrasted form of Niké.

On the whole, there need be no hesitation in pronouncing the Pergamos marbles to be worthy of the hand of the greatest of the Greek sculptors. The essentially Hellenic character of the design is shown in the avoidance—except in the rare instances we have noticed—of anything grotesque, ugly, or horrible, and by the air of self-contained power with which the gods overmaster their foes. The picturesque element apparent in so many of the plastic works of the Alexandrine period is, as Overbeck has remarked—except in one or two places—conspicuous here by its absence, and a thoroughly sculpturesque feeling rules the whole. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the treatment of the subject shows a freedom and love of variety, and the execution a downright realism, which are akin to the spirit of the sculptures of the Parthenon, though we may find something of the same kind on the frieze from Phigaleia in the British Museum, and on the western pediment from Olympia. Perhaps the closest parallel to this work may be found in that which was designed by Leonardo and Michael Angelo for the decoration of the Hall of the Signoria at Florence, in the early years of the sixteenth century. The 'Battle of Anghiari' of the former, and the 'Soldiers Bathing' of the latter, were works in which two artists of splendid genius vied with each other in producing designs of the most astonishing force and life. Here at Pergamos we could imagine a similar rivalry among the sculptors—for many must have been employed—as to who should exhibit the greatest brilliance of invention and the most wonderful technical skill. The work of the Greek artists has, however, this great advantage, that it was not merely a *tour de force*, but through its subject was linked on to the serious works of monumental sculpture of the preceding ages. The subject was one of deep moral import to the Greeks. It was by these legendary conflicts against giants, centaurs, Amazons, that they symbolised the contest of Hellas, as the realm of light and order, against the outer world of disorder and darkness. Hence on the great temples erected as thank-offerings for the historical victory of Greece over the Persians, these contests were the favourite subjects for representation; and if we may suppose that the altar of Eumenes was set up to commemorate the triumphs of his dynasty over the later invasion of the barbarian Gauls in the

Fig. 5.—Horse's Head, from Pergamos.

third century B.C., we see that the subject had a significance that accounts in large measure for the grandeur and seriousness of the conception, which are fully as remarkable in the work as the artistic skill with which it is carried out.

G. Baldwin Brown.

THE ART SALES OF 1883.

THOUGH the present season has not been marked by any sale of such exciting interest as the Hamilton Collection of last year, nor the dispersion of any connoisseur's hoard like Mr. Bale's in 1881, yet, as usual, very many valuable works have changed hands, and noticeably many *chefs-d'œuvre* of the modern English school. The limits of space will not permit us to record any oil picture of lower value than £500; any water colour or piece of furniture under £250; or any print or object of art under £100, unless some special circumstance should demand it.

At Messrs. Christie's there was no sale of importance until February 10th, when a Linnell (senior), 'The Young Anglers,' 1851, sold for £525. The collection of Mr. W. Angerstein was dispersed on February 23rd. It was an interesting assemblage of specimens of the English school of the latter half of the eighteenth century, the most remarkable feature of the sale being the low prices attained: £345 10s. for G. Barret's 'Long Walk, Windsor,' the Duke of Cumberland's cattle inserted by Sawrey Gilpin, was the highest. 'Achilles at the Court of Lycomedes,' by Paul Veronese, only reached £294. An antique marble Apollo, from Stowe, sold for £194 5s. A collection of Flaxman drawings was sold on February 26th, and the prices obtained were relatively large, and much in advance of former sales. The most interesting lot was "The Knight of the Blazing Cross," a manuscript poem by Flaxman, illustrated with forty-one sketches and six finished drawings; it is a small quarto volume dedicated to his wife on her birthday, October 6th, 1796, in gratitude "for fifteen happy years spent in her society:" at the Flaxman sale in 1862 it was bought by Mr. Denman for 59 guineas, with whose collection, in 1876, it sold for £136 10s., being secured by Mr. A. Denman: it now sold for £220 10s., and was bought by Professor Sidney Colvin for the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

The March sales were more important. The collection of Mr. James Morris, sold on the 3rd, contained several fine water colours which did not sell well—*e.g.* Copley Fielding's 'Off the Eddystone: storm effect,' 1826, was very low at £157 10s., the 94 guineas given for it at Mrs. Haldiman's sale in 1861 being relatively much higher; P. de Wint's grand 'Lincoln from the Brayford,' which sold for £577 10s. at Mrs. Ellison's sale in 1874, and for which Mr. Vokins paid £761 at the sale of Mrs. Edward Romilly in 1878, now went for £698 5s. The most important of the pictures was the Isaac Ostade, 'Village Scene with Figures' (Waagen ii. 289), sold in 1848 for 115 guineas, afterwards in the collection of Mr. R. Sanderson, exhibited by him at Manchester in 1857, and now sold for 530 guineas. The posthumous sale of Edward Duncan, member of the Old Water Colour Society, took place on the 9th, 10th, and 12th of March. Out of a very numerous array of sketches and drawings, which all sold well, 'Launching the Lifeboat, North Devon,' £378, and 'Brig on the Rocks, near Dunbar,' £409 10s., are particularly noticeable. The oils and works by various artists did not command any large sums. The sale of the collection of Mr. George Gurney was perhaps the most important dispersal of drawings of the season; several specimens, however, did not reach their reserves. Vicat Cole's 'Harvest Time' produced £325 10s.; Sir John Gilbert, 'Council of War,' £262 10s.; W. Hunt, 'Muscat Grapes and Peaches,' from the Wade Collection, £262 10s. Sir Edwin Landseer's 'Refreshment, Geneva,' etched by the Queen, and for which Mr. Gurney had paid £320 5s. at the Landseer sale in 1874, now obtained but £131 5s., while 'Geneva, 1840,' which cost 310 guineas at the same sale, most unaccountably declined to £15 15s.; a case of about two hundred early sketches, many engraved in *The Art Journal*, was only valued at £115 5s. 'The Smoker: a Reverie,' the principal figure in Meissonier's 'Sign Painter,' reached £771 15s. Several good specimens of Samuel Palmer sold for what was considered very fair prices, but buyers of the Turners were unaccountably absent, as some of the specimens were very good; thus, 'River Scene in the Tyrol,' from Mr. Ruskin's collection, £157 10s., was knocked down for £115 10s.; 'Stirling Castle,' engraved in Scott's prose works, t. 23, Novar Sale, £357, was bought in for £315; 'Chatham, from Fort Pitt,' engraved in "England and Wales" (Novar Sale, £472 10s.), now £430 10s. Of the pictures which were fewer and less important, a 'View of Venice,' by James Holland, sold for £635 5s.

The first portion of an extensive collection of modern pictures, belonging to Mariano de Murrietta, Marquis de Santurce, was sold on April 7th. The principal attraction of the sale was the five pictures by Alma-Tadema, which had just previously been lent to the Grosvenor Gallery. The highest price was given for 'Exèdra,' 1870, which went for £1,470; 'The Honeymoon,' 1867, was bought by Sir S. Wilson, for £840; 'Lesbia,' 1866, sold for £577 10s.; and 'Claudius proclaimed Emperor," 1867, the earliest of four treatments of this subject, £535 10s. An oval, 'Lady in a Garden: Seville,' by John Philip, 1862, produced £819; a brilliant Linnell (Sen.), 'Milking Time,' 1863, £677 5s.; Turner, 'Glaucus and Scylla,' £598 10s.; this had sold for £294 at the Windus sale. 'Hawthornden,' by Old Crome, which at the John Heugh sale, in 1874, sold for £556 10s., now obtained but £362 5s. Another picture of the Norwich school, 'View on the Thames—Greenwich Hospital in the Distance,' a very good example of George Vincent, sold on the 10th, only brought £378. The collection of Mr. E. A. Pittis was dispersed on the 14th, the chief lots being a fine water colour by Copley Fielding, 'Glen Lochy, N.B.,' bought direct from the artist, £598 10s., and a small picture by H. W. B. Davis, 'Picardy Sheep before Shearing: on the Cliffs of Ambleteuse Bay,' sold very well

for £404 5s. We may notice two pictures, belonging to Mr. T. F. Walker, sold on the 21st; these were Erskine Nicol's 'Missing Boat,' one of his best works, Royal Academy, 1878, £703 10s., bought by Mr. Martin, who, it will be remembered, represents Mr. Thomas Holloway, the munificent founder of the Sanatorium at Virginia Water, and the College at Egham; Mr. Vokins bought Turner's 'Whale Ship' for £945; a picture sold with the collection of Mr. F. R. Leyland, 1874, for £960 15s.

We now come to the collection from Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, formed by Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Wigan, which contained a number of recent triumphs of the British school. Most of the pictures had been bought direct from the artists. The highest prices were: E. Long, 'The Gods and their Makers,' the third of the series of Oriental subjects, Royal Academy, 1878, £2,725; Mr. Martin gave the same sum (an astonishing price) for Briton Riviere's 'Sympathy,' from the Royal Academy, 1878, for which Mr. Taylor had paid but 800 guineas. Two *chefs-d'œuvre* of Luke Fildes went for £2,205: 'The Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward,' Royal Academy, 1874, and 'The Widower,' 1876; the former bought by Mr. Martin, the latter for the Museum of Sydney, New South Wales. Rosa Bonheur's 'Early Morning in the Pyrenees,' 1875, at £1,575, showed a falling off, as Mr. Taylor had given 1,750 guineas for it. Hook's 'Leaving at Low Tide: Scilly Islands,' Royal Academy, 1863, which sold for £1,186 10s. at the Turner sale, in 1878, now advanced to £1,365 (Martin). E. Long's 'Question of Propriety,' was bought by the Doré Gallery for £1,260. 'Licensing Beggars in Spain,' a fine work of J. B. Burgess, Royal Academy, 1877, £1,165 10s. (Martin). Thus eight pictures ran into four figures. Other high prices were: Linnell (Sen.), 'Travellers,' £965; J. C. Horsley, 'The Banker's Private Room,' 1870, sold with the G. Fox Collection, 1877, for £1,223 5s., now declined to £850 10s. (Martin); D. Roberts, 'Street in Cairo,' £745 10s. (Martin); V. Cole, 'Autumn Solitude,' 1870, £735; Linnell (Sen.), 'The Fisherman,' 1869–1873, £693; P. Graham, 'A Rainy Day,' £661 10s.; J. MacWhirter, 'The Lady of the Woods,' Royal Academy, 1876, £643 10s.; T. S. Cooper, 'On a Dairy Farm,' 1871, £591 10s., and J. E. Hodgson, 'Relatives in Bond,' 1877, £556 10s. (Martin). There were other fair specimens of J. T. Linnell, S. E. Waller ('Home'), J. Brett, E. Nicol ('Doubtful Saxpence'), M. Stone ('Le Roi est Mort'), T. Webster, and some continental painters—L. Gallait, Verboeckhoven, etc., which also realised good prices. The total of the whole collection was £34,498 16s.

A choice collection, formed by Mr. Gibbon, of Hanover Terrace, mostly by direct purchase from the artist, was sold on May 5th; 'A View of Dordrecht,' and 'On the Zuyder Zee,' by Clarkson Stanfield, painted for Mr. Gibbon in 1845, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847, were bought by Messrs. Agnew, for £735; a scene from "Roderick Random," by C. R. Leslie, exhibited the same year, sold for £525. Many notable works were sold among small collections on the same day—*e.g.* Millais, 'Mariana,' Royal Academy, 1877—B. G. Windus's sale, 1862, £380 5s.—now produced £880 10s. 'Isabella,' 1847, by the same—B. G. Windus's sale, 1862, £420; G. B. Windus's sale, 1868, £630—was bought in at £1,102 10s.; Constable, 'On the Stour; Boats and Figures, with Children Angling,' was bought very dearly by Mr. Martin for £1,240 10s. Two pictures by E. Long, 'Gipsy Schools going to Vespers, Andalusia,' Royal Academy, 1868, sold by the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, went for £1,050, to Mr. Wigzell, and 'An Easter Vigil in the Cathedral at Seville,' which in the Daniel Roberts's sale, 1881, reached 650 guineas, now realised £1,155 10s. 'Faults on both Sides,' by T. Faed, 1861, formerly in the collection of Mr. J. G. Robinson, sold for £661 10s.; Keeley Halswelle's large 'Contadini waiting for the Pope's Blessing,' painted 1869–1878, exhibited at the Royal Academy in the latter year, obtained the very good price of £1,732 10s., it not being known that an almost exact replica is in existence: a noteworthy instance of the risks which are run by the uninitiated; 'Mid-day Rest,' by Linnell (Sen.), 1865, £1,585 10s.; P. Graham, 'Highland Cattle in a Stream,' £529 4s.; a fine specimen of Callcott, 'Landscape and Cattle,' finished by Sir E. Landseer, which has figured in the Knott, Bicknell and Duncan Fletcher sales, £1,470; C. Stanfield, 'On the Normandy Coast, near Granville,' £945; and Turner, 'Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt,' Royal Academy, 1832, £3,675 (Martin). This remarkable assemblage realised a total of £31,925 13s. 6d. At the Rossetti sale, on the 12th, two hundred and eleven lots were disposed, mostly studies for his now well-known works; 'Venus Astarte,' 1875, a head in coloured chalks, sold for £126, and another female head in red chalk, 1877, £120 15s. 'Giotto Painting the Portrait of Dante,' 1852, a water colour, was bought by Messrs. Agnew, for £430 10s. The most important of the oils sold was the 'Beata Beatrix,' a replica painted in 1880, for which Mr. Wyndham gave £661 10s. Among the pictures of Mr. A. W. Lyon, sold on the 19th, a water colour, by Rosa Bonheur, 'A Scottish Raid,' engraved by C. G. Lewis, and exhibited at Leeds, 1868, sold for £1,837 10s.

The collection of Mr. William Lee, offered for sale on the 26th and 28th, ranks amongst the most important dispersals this year. Eight pictures were knocked down for more than a thousand pounds, viz.: £1,995 for Constantin Troyon's 'Evening, driving Cattle' (Martin); Briton Riviere's 'Genius loci,' Royal Academy, 1874, sold for £1,732 10s. (Martin); A. Elmore's 'Charles V. at the Convent of St. Yuste,' from the Manley Hall and Baron Grant collections, perhaps the painter's best work, £1,412 10s. (Martin); Millais's 'St. Martin's Summer,' the landscape of 1878, £1,365 (Bullock); Creswick's 'First Glimpse of the Sea,' Royal Academy, 1850, also from the Manley Hall and Baron Grant collections, £1,312 10s. (Martin); MacWhirter's 'Valley by the Sea,' Royal Academy, 1879, £1,155; Rosa Bonheur's 'In the Forest of Fontainebleau,' £1,065; and W. Müller's 'Gillingham Church,' 1841, £1,018 10s.; but here, as in many other instances, there was but little evidence that the pictures were really sold. The following also obtained high prices:—Linnell (Sen.), 'The Wayfarers,' 1849–1866, £819 (Martin); Alma-Tadema, 'The First Course,' op. ccxii., painted for Mr. Lee in 1880, £808 10s.; P. Graham, 'The Highland Croft,' 1873, from the Grant collection, £661 10s.; Frith, 'Swift and Vanessa,' Royal Academy, 1881, £546; MacWhirter, 'Mountain Solitude,' Royal Academy, 1873, £535 10s.; F. Goodall, 'Day of Palm Offering,' 1875, £525; and Alma-Tadema, 'Wine,' op. cvi., 1872, from the F. Turner collection, £504. The water colours were choice but not so important as the oils: Copley Fielding's 'Entrance to Bridlington Harbour,' £420; 'Grand Landscape with Cattle and Figure,' 1832, £378; and 'Bridlington Pier,' £278 10s. Edward Duncan's 'Overtaken by the Tide,' £325 10s. Turner's 'Valley of the Var,' signed and dated 1813, which sold for £450 at the Novar sale, now £225; 'Tintagel' produced £367 10s. The collection realised £35,932 11s. 6d.

At the sale of the pictorial portion of the Stourhead heirlooms a number of noticeable works were sold producing a total of over £11,000, but the only high price was the £2,835 paid by Mr. Martin for Gainsborough's 'Peasants and Colliers going to Market, early Morning.' The second portion of the collection of the Marquis de Santurce was sold on the 16th June. Two water colours, 'Highland Cattle,' 1870, and a 'Landscape near Fontainebleau with Sheep,' 1871, sold for £850 10s. and £598 10s. respectively. 'Wine,' by Alma-Tadema, op. cxv. 1873, a water-colour replica of the picture above mentioned, obtained £283 10s. The same painter's 'Four Seasons,' numbered op. clxxii. to clxxv., offered the chief attraction among the pictures. They have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, Paris Salon, and Grosvenor Gallery. They realised together £4,452, and were bought by Sir S. Wilson. The other high prices were Vicat Cole's 'Harvesting,' 1870, £609; Leighton's 'Actæa,' whole length, recumbent, about half life-size, Royal Academy, 1868, £525; and Boughton's fine 'Widow's Acre,' Grosvenor Gallery, 1879, £504. On the 23rd: a Gainsborough landscape, 'Country Cart passing a Brook,' British Institution, 1841, sold for £714. On the 30th, several very fine pictures were brought to the hammer: Alma-Tadema's 'Between Hope and Fear,' life-size, 1876, sold for £1,310 10s.; F. Goodall's 'Rising of the Nile,' 1865, J. Pender sale, 1873, 1,990 gs., went for £1,197; Linnell (Sen.), 'Flight into Egypt,' British Institution, 1849, for £945; Boughton's 'Omnia vincit Amor,' Grosvenor Gallery, 1880, for the very good price of £1,270 10s. Corot's grand work, 'St. Sebastian,' 1867, was sold for £1,228 10s. The painter was made an officer of the Legion of Honour on the production of this work. Constable's 'Scene at Helmingham, Suffolk,' obtained £945, and a *chef-d'œuvre* of D. Cox, 'Going to the Hayfield,' 1849, exhibited at Liverpool in 1876, was adjudged at £2,425 10s.

On July 14th several good works by old masters, collected by the late Thomas Townend, were sold, but the only good price was for a Ruysdael, 'Rocky River Scene,' £598 10s.

From the foregoing it will be seen that apparently the astonishing prices paid for pictures are still maintained. No doubt this is in a measure due to the spirited buying of Mr. Holloway, who, apparently, when he has made up his mind to purchase a picture pays no heed to prices. It will be noted that he purchased eleven pictures for £21,661.

We must now rapidly summarize the chief of the various Art objects that have changed owners this year. The artistic furniture of the Countess-dowager of Essex was sold at Christie's on March 6th and 7th. Good prices were obtained for several specimens, of which the following are the chief—a pair of ormoulu wall-lights formed as hunting trophies, £451 10s.; an upright Louis XV. secretaire, inlaid with flowers, ormoulu mounts, £420; secretaire, with marqueterie foliage, £362 15s.; a pair of Louis XVI. wall-lights, with clusters of roses and foliage in chased ormoulu, £315; a pair of Louis XVI. girandoles, in ormoulu, formed as a caduceus, £265 15s.; a Louis XV. commode, marqueterie, £220 10s. At Colonel Milligan's sale, on March 13th, a dwarf four-leaved screen, with Watteau figures, was bought by Mr. Duncan for £577 10s. The collection of porcelain formed by Mr. D. Michael was sold on March 16th, when a Worcester tea service, painted with exotic birds, was assessed at £158 11s.; some old Chelsea figures at prices varying from £64 10s. to £121 16s., bought by Mr. Becket Denison; sets of old Bristol figures also sold well, the 'Continents' going for £215 5s. (Duncan). A number of *objets d'art*, collected by the late Mr. Jones, of Piccadilly, testator of the Jones collection to the Kensington Museum, were sold at Foster's on the 12th of April. The highest-priced articles were the textiles, three pairs of Beauvais tapestry borderings for portières, each fifteen feet long, producing £157 10s.; six fauteuils, covered with Beauvais tapestry, illustrating La Fontaine, £205; a panel of old Gobelins tapestry, with 'The Surrender of a Flemish Town to Louis XIV.,' £125. At a sale of Oriental porcelain on April 19th, a lot described as "a fine beaker, enamelled with flowers in white and foliage in brilliant green, on black ground," standing eighteen and a half inches high, sold for £210 (Wilson). Mr. Mayou's porcelain, sold the next day, contained three lots of particular importance—an old Sèvres vase with pierced neck and cover, blue œil-de-perdrix ground, and painted with landscapes in two medallions, £180; a gros-bleu cabaret, painted with garden scenes and birds and flowers in medallions, consisting of an oval plateau, teapot, sucrier and cover, cup and saucer, £117 12s.; and a pair of old Worcester tureens, covers, stands, and ladles, £100. At the sale of the Oriental carvings of Mr. A. Wells (May 1st), the articles in jade were especially numerous and noticeable—a cylindrical match-pot, dark green, carved with fruits and foliage, £183 15s.; hexagonal vase and cover, pale green, £357; ewer, white, the spout carved as a bird's head, £151 1s.; a pilgrim's bottle, also in white jade, eleven inches high, £215 5s. There were several important lots among the Stourhead heirlooms sold on June 1st—*e.g.* a pair of dark-blue old Chelsea vases, with open-work necks, very rich productions, £278 5s. (Duncan); another vase, painted with Bacchanalian figures, £262 10s., bought by the same; and a small piece of Beauvais tapestry, a child feeding chickens, after Boucher, £162 15s. Several valuable objects followed this sale, such as a pair of old Sèvres vases, for £320 5s.; a Louis XVI. clock and pair of vases *en suite*, £441; a Louis XV. commode, branded "ME. J. F. Leleu," £357 (Duncan); a Louis XVI. secretaire, £735; and a clock signed "G. de Graf, Anverpiensis," £421 10s. The very high price of the last was the result of a dispute between Mr. Duncan and Mr. Wertheimer, the dealer, ending in favour of the former. Some good specimens were also sold on the 25th, the principal, a Louis XV. secretaire in rosewood, mounted with ormoulu, £724 10s.; and a pair of Louis XVI. candelabra, £425 5s.

The collection of Limoges enamels from Blenheim Palace appeared, at first sight, one of the most interesting sales of the present season, but connoisseurs were of opinion that the specimens were not of a very high character. The highest price was for a large oval dish, painted with 'The Vision of St. John,' from the Apocalypse, *en grisaille*. This was by Jean Court (dit Vigier), twenty and a half inches by fifteen and a half inches, and signed "J. C." The price obtained was £1,050, and it was bought for the South Kensington Museum. A large painted dish, signed "P. Raymond, 1577," brought £945, and the same was given for a ewer, twelve inches high, signed "Susanne de Court." The latter was also bought for South Kensington, as well as one of the hexagonal salts. Several other pieces were also assessed at very good prices, among which we may particularise a tazza, painted with the 'Marriage of Cupid and Psyche,' after Raphael, £325 10s.; a square plaque, by Leonard Limousin, 1536, for the same sum; a very brilliant painting, in transparent enamel, by one of the Courtois, of a warrior on

a white horse, £304 10s.; and a circular dish, with 'Samson slaying the Lion,' *en grisaille*, by Pierre Raymond, £273. The beautiful Sèvres table, measuring thirteen inches by ten and a half inches, and thirty-one inches in height, was withdrawn from the sale, as there seemed no possibility of the very high reserve, £6,000, being reached. £4,000 is said to have been offered for it privately some years since.

The sale at Strawberry Hill commenced on July 25th, and lasted for nine days. Among the two thousand and odd lots were numerous objects of Art, but the *best* pictures, such as Reynolds's masterpiece, 'The Ladies Waldegrave,' were withheld. The prices of the pictures were, £168 for Romney's copy of Reynolds's 'Design,' painted for the Royal Academy, and £131 5s. for Angelica Kauffman's 'The Misses Linley.' The curious and historically interesting 'Marriage of Henry VII.,' engraved in Walpole's "Anecdotes," went for £73 10s., and Holman Hunt's study for 'Claudio and Isabella,' £60 18s. Of the highest-priced lots among the furniture, porcelain, etc., the following are especially noticeable:—A pair of candelabra, in bronze and ormoulu, with figures of boys supporting the ten-light branches, £260 10s.; a folding screen, painted with 'Le voci del torrente' and 'Le Grida del fuoco,' £231; a cabinet, luxuriously carved with gryphons, masks, amorini, etc., and the panels painted by Pannini, £189; a *garniture de table*, in chased ormoulu, Empire period, consisting of thirty-two pieces, £152 5s.; and a fifteenth-century Italian cassone, the panels painted with battle-pieces in oil, £115 10s.

At Mr. S. Addington's sale, on April 26th, a number of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' were offered, of which an engraver's proof of 'Isis' (L. S., n. 68) sold for £106 1s. A number of early miniatures, mostly exhibited at Kensington, in 1865, were brought to the hammer at the same sale, the highest prices being paid for Isaac Oliver's 'Dr. Donne' (dated 1610)—£106 1s.; 'William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,' by Peter Oliver, £115 10s.; and 'Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia,' by J. Hoskins (Sen.), £110 5s. The very choice collection of prints formed by Dr. Griffiths, of Oxford, was dispersed at Sotheby's, on the 9th and 10th of May. The sale will be memorable for the highest price yet given for an etching: the work in question being Rembrandt's etching of Dr. Arnoldus Tholinx (the Advocate van Tol). The particulars of this sale were given in our August number (page 267). On the 8th of May, at Christie's, a complete set of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' was sold for £462, and a proof of Raphael Morghen's 'Last Supper,' after Da Vinci, with the white plate and before the cross hatchings in the background, £168; another proof of the same, also with the white plate, was sold, with Mr. Lyon's engravings, on the 18th, for £178 10s.: £275 has been given for a proof in this condition. The Sunderland Collection of Drawings by Old Masters, chiefly anonymous, was sold at Christie's, on June 15th, the most important lot being the Mantegna, 'Samson and Delilah,' *en grisaille*, in tempera, on canvas, bought for £2,362 10s. by Mr. Burton for the National Gallery.

The book sales of the season will be of the highest interest to bibliographers, several collections of great importance having been dispersed. The library of Dr. Skaife, of Blackburn, sold very well indeed, at Sotheby's, in February—4,000 volumes realised very nearly £3,000; Gould's "Birds of Australia," supplement and handbook, obtained £215, and the "Birds of Europe," £140. Perhaps the most interesting lot was Lyson's "Magna Britannia," with three hundred and forty water colours, by the Bucklers, J. P. Neale, Shepherd, and other topographical draughtsmen; it sold for £135. On March 12th, a small library, described as having been commenced "by an eminent admiral in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," was sold; the feature of this sale was the almost fabulous valuation placed upon some rare tracts relating to the Naval History of England—*e.g.* Hanot's "Report upon Virginia," £300, and Rosier's "Voyage of Capt. G. Waymouth to Virginia," £301. The Towneley library was sold on June 26th, 27th, and 28th, the printed books on the first day and the manuscripts on the last two; the most noticeable of the former was Dugdale's "Monasticon," etc., £137 15s. Among the manuscripts was a very fine "Christi Viti," with numerous illustrations by the celebrated Giulio Gravata (called Clovio), executed for Cardinal Farnese, and by him presented to Paul III.; it was bought for £2,050. Other high prices were obtained by the "Lancashire Evidences," £165 17s., and "Towneley Mysteries," £620. The great event of the season at Sotheby's was undoubtedly the third portion of the noble Beckford library, which realised a total of £11,852; the succeeding portion will conclude the sale. The highest sum given was for a dedication copy (to the Duchess of Richmond) of J. Smith's "Virginia," £605; a *chef-d'œuvre* of the art of Clovis Eve—Ronsard, "Œuvres," executed for Marguerite de Valois, £433; Philostrati, "Vita Apollonii Tyanei," Grolier's copy, £300.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson have dispersed the fifth portion of the famous Sunderland library; this concluded the sale, which has realised the remarkable total of £6,581 6s. Among the many high prices of this last portion we can only particularise Virgil, editio princeps, Venet., Vindelinde Spira, 1470, a very rare small folio upon vellum, bound in red morocco, 161 leaves, the first illuminated, also containing numerous painted initials, in very fine condition, £810; Homeri Opera, first Aldine edition, Venet., 1504, upon vellum, £525; Ptolemæus, Roma, P.D. Turre, 1490, a sumptuously-bound folio, with beautifully-coloured maps and illuminated initials, excellently preserved, £450; Vocabularium Latino-Teutonicum, second edition, printed in Alta-Villa, by Nic. Bechkrmuntze, 1469, £290; Valerius Flaccus, first Aldine edition, Venet., 1523, Grolier's copy, £225; Virgil, "Opera et Opuscula," 1472, a fine copy of a rare edition, with a drawing of a pastoral scene on the reverse of page 12, and many fine initials, £220; "Ogier le Danois," Venet., 1480, an edition hitherto unknown, £211.

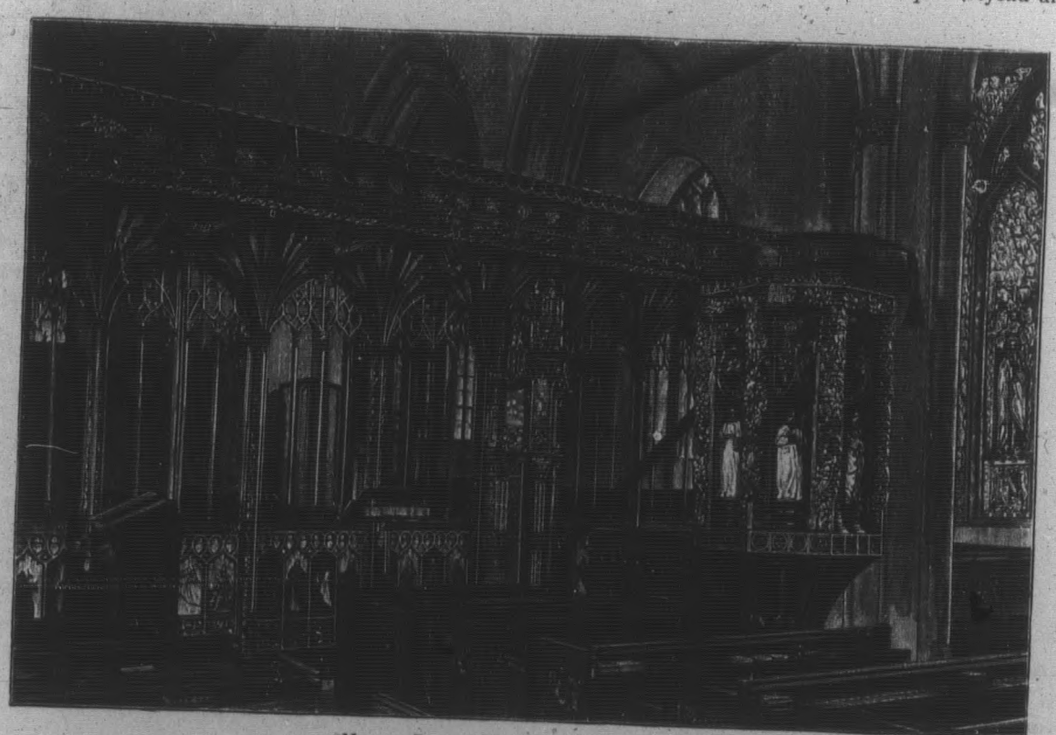
The financial success of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in its new home is quite unprecedented. More than half the exhibits have found purchasers; the actual sales in the gallery amount to about £13,000, and if we add the value of those works sold without the assistance of the gallery, we shall have a total of about £20,000. Linton's 'Admonition' was sold for a very large sum before it came into the gallery. Although the sales at the Royal Society, owing to limitation of space, cannot compare with the above, yet they have been very considerably above those of the last few years. The Carl Haag sold for the very remarkable price of 1,100 guineas. Most of the provincial exhibitions have also been financially successful—at Dundee they amounted to nearly £6,800; at Manchester, over £6,000; at Birmingham, over £5,000; at Glasgow, at the Arts Club, considerably over £500, and at the Institute, more than £700 on the opening-day.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ENGLISH STALL-WORK, CANOPIES AND ROOD-SCREENS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE are few branches of human handicraft which for beauty of design, skill in workmanship, and richness of decoration exceed the English stall-work, canopies, and rood-screens of the fifteenth century. With the exception, perhaps, of the roofs, there are no other features in the church-building of that period—and it is in the church-work that we must now chiefly seek the best Art workmanship of that time—which claim so much attention and deserve more admiration. As to the rood-screens more especially, the amount of care and labour zealously bestowed upon their adornment is almost unparalleled, the tendency in late mediæval times having been to make every effort to enhance the dignity of the rood, which, it would appear, was considered of next importance to the altar itself.

With very few exceptions, the whole of our existing rood-screens are of wood. The stalls also, with their canopies where they occur, are of wood, and they, as well as most of the remaining examples of mediæval woodwork, belong chiefly to the fifteenth century. The style of that period seems to have been peculiarly adapted for woodwork, and it is in a great measure owing to the thorough manner in which all details were carried out that the fame of English fifteenth-century stall-work, canopies, and rood-screens has been established, and that the praise bestowed upon the work is so well merited. The very plenitude of the examples would render them remarkable, but much more so the workmanship, which may be said to have never been surpassed. The boldness and sharpness of the mouldings worked by hand are astonishing, and the delicacy with which enriched carving is chiselled appears wonderful, and is quite beyond all praise.



No. 1.—Rood-screen, Harberton, Devonshire.

Then, again, there is a singular elegance in the tracery, even where composed of almost purely geometric forms.

It is remarkable that the Gothic revival should have passed away and left so few attempts to enrich our libraries with works upon some of the most important and characteristic features of English ecclesiastical architecture.

It is evident that the rood-screen and stall-work were, in the fifteenth century, considered to be most essential features in a church, for, in addition to the numberless churches built at the time, very many earlier ones were then provided with these fittings, designed in the style of that period. Previous to the Reformation almost every church was thus furnished, but much of the work was broken down with furious zeal by the Puritans in the seventeenth century, and the fine stall-work in many of our cathedrals was utterly demolished by them, thus probably accounting for the comparative scarcity of English fifteenth-century cathedral stall-work, for the choirs of six only of our cathedrals contain it. These are Norwich, Gloucester, Ripon, Manchester, Chester, and Carlisle.

As in the preceding styles, the rood-screen separates the choir or chancel from the less important part of the church, and the stalls are arranged on either side of the choir, within the rood-screen, generally returning round the west end, the backs of the return stalls being frequently formed by the rood-

screen, as at Carlisle, Manchester, Ripon, and Norwich Cathedrals, and Higham Ferrars Church, Northamptonshire.

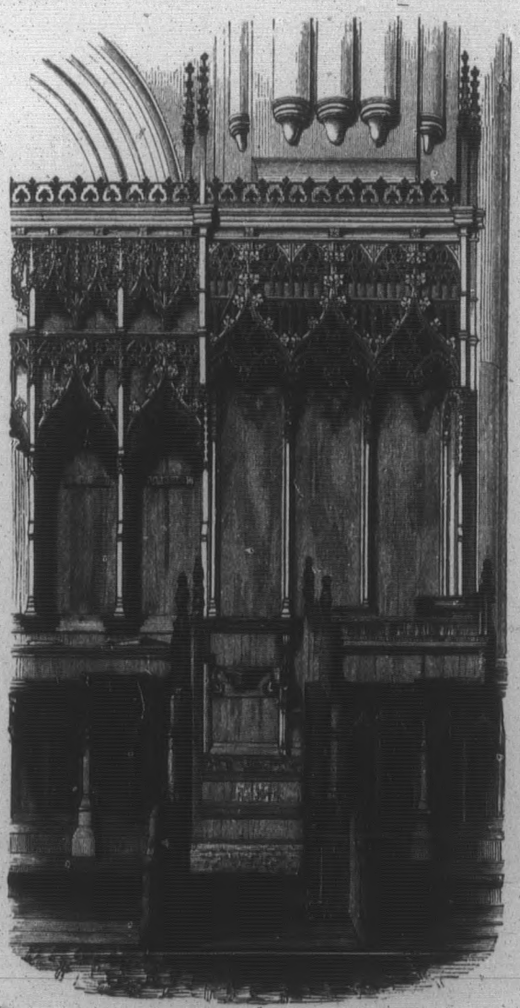
Stall-work is not so plentiful as the rood-screens, and, as we often find it in existence where the rood-screen has been destroyed, and *vice versâ*, churches which retain both their fifteenth-century stall-work and the rood-screen are, comparatively speaking, rare. An instance is to be seen at Higham Ferrars, where the choir remains complete, admirably illustrating the arrangement of the period. Manchester and Chester Cathedrals are also good examples. The choir of Ripon, again, is very perfect, but here, as was the case in many cathedrals, the screen is of stone, built up solid, with a doorway in the centre, quite shutting off the choir from the body of the edifice, and supporting a wide gallery above, which contains the organ.

It is worthy of note that, generally speaking, the finest examples of rood-screens are found in village churches, and the best stall-work is more frequently met with in larger churches and cathedrals. The wood is almost invariably oak; the fifteenth-century rood-screen of chestnut in Rodmersham Church, Kent, is a rare known instance to the contrary.

The counties most abounding in this work are Suffolk and Norfolk. In both screens are general, and colour is freely employed in their decoration, which gives a special interest to them. In Suffolk especially the woodwork is the most important feature in the churches. A slight Flemish treatment pervades much of the work, which fact is of course not altogether unaccountable. Somersetshire and Devonshire are remarkably rich in fine rood-screens, but stall-work is not abundant, and none of it is canopied. As we travel up into the north, we find the rood-screens not so general, but the stall-work much more plentiful, the workmanship and design being admirable. It is noticeable that of the six cathedrals which contain the stall-work, four of them belong to the north. In the midlands many of the Cambridgeshire churches possess beautiful examples of rood-screens, almost equalling Somerset and Devon in quantity, although the designs are not so elaborate. In stall-work, however, Cambridgeshire is much richer than either of those counties. Many of the Oxfordshire churches have some fine examples, and Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire can also boast of much good work.

In form the rood-screens of the fifteenth century do not materially differ from the specimens which remain of an earlier date, for they are invariably open above, having the lower part filled in solid with panelling. There are one or two varieties, but the same principles are strictly adhered to throughout, and the same proportions and general outline are common to a locality. In minor features, however, we perceive that wondrous diversity and extraordinary fertility of design so peculiar to Gothic work. They are almost invariably divided by principal moulded muntins* into compartments, generally three or five and frequently seven, which number is often exceeded in the more elaborate examples.

The need for a doorway in the centre at once resulted in the division of the screen into three compartments, and as the width of the doorway was not required to be so great as one-third of the entire length of the screen, one or more muntins were generally introduced on either side of it, at regular intervals, and so the number of compartments was increased. Small monials† were also used to subdivide these compartments, each subdivision thus formed being terminated at the top by an arched head of pierced tracery-work. Such is the treatment often met with unpretendingly detailed, great effect being obtained by the simplicity of outline and correctness of proportion. At Congresbury, in Somersetshire, there is a good example of the treatment, but there the detail is to a certain extent elaborately designed, and the tracery-work of each subdivision, by being slightly recessed, is kept less prominent than the arch, resulting in an appearance not at all unlike that of lace-work.



No. 2.—Stall-work, Norwich.

The treatment of the doorway varies somewhat. The small monials are generally entirely omitted below the tracery-line, or they are carried down a few inches and stop upon a transom or terminate in little carved pendants. At Berry Pomeroy, in Devonshire, the doorway is perfectly plain. On the other hand, at Harberton, also in Devonshire (Illustration No. 1), where the screen is similar to that at Berry Pomeroy, the central compartment is precisely like its fellows, with the exception that it is hung on hinges, and is strengthened by a stouter monial in the centre. It seems probable that this is how most of the doors were originally arranged, but few of the ancient examples are to be met with. They remain at Berkhampstead, in Herts; Cawston, in Norfolk; and

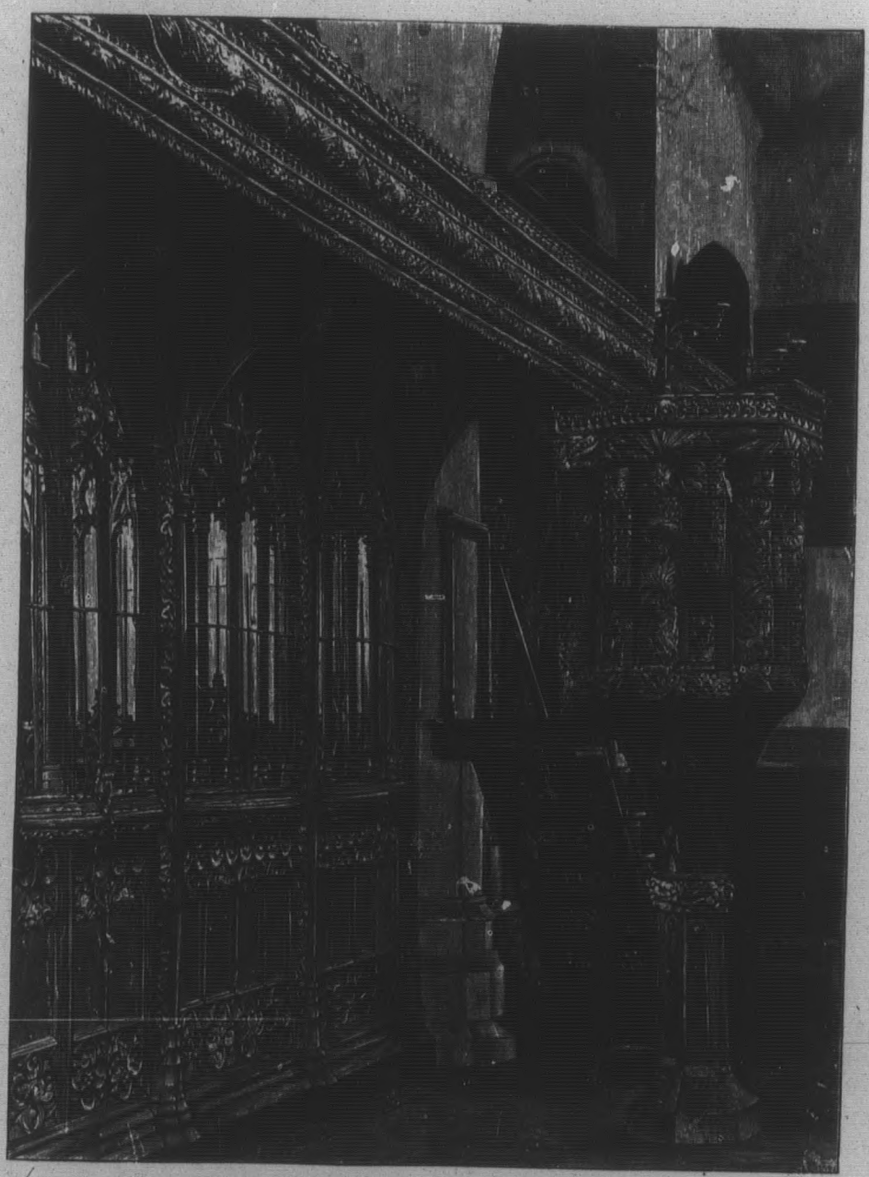
* Upright posts (in woodwork) or piers (in masonry) of the framework of a screen or window divided into two or more compartments.

† Slender piers forming divisions in screenwork, &c., but of less assistance to the framework than muntins.

Helpringham, in Lincolnshire, where the monials are omitted and the bottom panelling is hinged.

In many instances, where the whole screen is surmounted in the form of a projecting gallery by the rood-loft, the whole length of the underside of this loft is divided into a series of projecting canopies, formed by beautifully-executed groins, springing from little columns which face the principal muntins, as at Berry Pomeroy. This is actual fan-tracery work, and many exquisite examples remain in Norfolk, Suffolk, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, each example terminating above with a rich and deep cornice.

The rood-lofts formed most important adjuncts to the screens. They have in the majority of cases altogether disappeared, probably in consequence of orders given at the time of the Reformation. Nevertheless, a considerable number of them remain, generally well preserved. At Ludham, in Norfolk, and in other instances, a curious unfinished appearance above the tracery of the screen rather suggests that the fan-tracery work was never added, although contemplated; or that, if actually fixed, it was removed with some considerable care.



No. 3.—Rood-screen, Dartmouth, Devonshire.

Some of the most magnificent examples to be found are met with in Somersetshire and Devonshire. There the groining is always beautiful and unusually deep. Each principal compartment is canopied, and the head is so filled in that it resembles a window with regular perpendicular tracery, as at Berry Pomeroy, Harberton, and Dartmouth (Illustration No. 3). The way in which the distinctness of every principal compartment is carefully maintained is very noticeable, the monials—which in Devonshire generally partake of a column form—being made quite subsidiary to the tracery.

In the eastern counties the distinctness of each main compartment is not kept in view. The screens are not so long as those met with in the West of England, and are not divided up in the same manner; for after the introduction of the doorway, the compartment on each side is subdivided only into a number of small divisions emphasized by the fan-tracery work which is designed to form a canopy to each of them. The groining is therefore not very deep, but it is usually well proportioned to the screens.

In cases where the church has aisles, and the screen extends across the whole width of the church, a charming effect is produced by the unbroken line of light tracery work; for, although the screen is broken by the piers between which it is placed, the fan-tracery work is usually continued on the face of these piers without any break whatever. Of this kind of treatment the Devonshire churches last mentioned furnish us with numerous beautiful examples.

The cornices are very effective. They are sometimes formed of a few plain mouldings above and below a principal hollow, which contains small carved pateræ, or flower ornaments, placed at equal distances. At other times they are more simple, consisting merely of a plain battlement. But generally they are wonderfully elaborate, of great depth, composed of one or two or even three rows of enriched carving, as at Congresbury, in Somersetshire, and Harberton, Berry Pomeroy, and Dartmouth, in Devonshire.

The tabernacle-work of the canopies, of course, gives to the stall-work a special interest. In the preceding period we find the canopy—serving perhaps two stalls—generally of an arched and gabled form, divided below by columns, as at

Winchester; but the fifteenth-century canopy is distinct. Each canopy tends towards a pointed or spire shape, commencing at the usual level above the seat of the stall, upon a polygonal plan. The sides are formed of very delicate pierced tracery-work, or of light ogee-shaped gablets enriched with little crockets, and have small pinnacles at the angles rising to some distance above them. From this principal tier, or line of tabernacle-work, smaller canopies or niches rise, treated similarly to the great canopy, built up of pinnacle-pieces and light tracery-work, and surmounted with gablets and pinnacles greatly enriched with crockets and finial terminations. The whole height of each canopy is further considerably increased by the large ornamented pinnacle, or spirelet, introduced as a termination above.

The admirable proportion of each stall helping the scale of the work as a whole, and the delicacy and lightness of the composition, together with the harmonious grouping, prove to us that these fifteenth-century architects were perfect masters of the art of designing. They had artistic imaginations which aided them, and they were able to carry out in a charming manner what they conceived; the whole design was most undoubtedly carefully thought out; it is no mere copy of work in another material.

As the niches or small canopies (tabernacles) of the tabernacle-work often contain pedestals (as, for example, at Chester,

No. 4.—Miserere, Norwich.

Manchester, and Carlisle), it is evident that they were intended for figures, although it is doubtful whether they were ever provided with them; for it is not improbable that in some cases the stalls were first erected, and the tabernacle-work subsequently added, the introduction of the figures being left for a future occasion, but the Reformation prevented the completion of the entire scheme: it may be that this very absence of figures has been the means of preserving to us the work. Most magnificent specimens of tabernacle-work are to be seen in Manchester Cathedral. The canopies at Chester also are of beautiful design. They are very light and elegant, and their profusely-crocketed and cusped gablets, together with the handsome traceried heads of the screen, give to the work a singular richness. The Norwich canopies (Illustration No. 2) are not of the usual type. They are well designed and executed, formed of ogee arches wonderfully cusped and crocketed. Above the arches a continuous horizontal string divides the work somewhat suddenly into two heights. The upper height (which is really a sort of screen-work) consists of a number of small arched recesses, the heads of which are also cusped and crocketed. Surmounting the whole is a continuous cornice with equally placed pateræ in the large hollow, and a cresting of Tudor flower character above.

The stalls are invariably arranged in a continuous row, separated by elbows, as in the earlier styles, and each stall was evidently intended for one person only to sit in. The backs are generally slanted, and the seats are designed so that they may be turned up, for which purpose they are provided with hinges, as at Norwich, which are shown in the

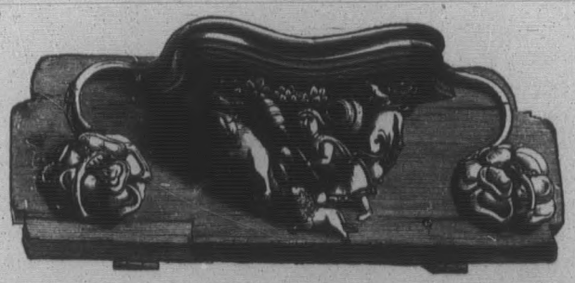
No. 5.—Miserere, Norwich.

Illustrations Nos. 4, 5, and 6, kindly lent by Mr. Murray, the publisher of "English Cathedrals." In some instances, also, they work upon pivots, as in Henry VII.'s Chapel, which is a late example. The front corners are neatly curved or rounded off, and upon the underside the seats have the Miserere or Subsella, the carvings beneath which are generally totally different one from another in design.

The elbows are moulded on the front edge, and from the seat level they are rounded inwards to form the actual elbow, but are usually, at the top, curved back to the same, or very nearly the same, projection as they have below. The deep moulded capping above—generally rounded in front, and curved out to the centre of the stall on each side—somewhat approaches a semi-elliptical form; but the sweep of the curve is often so arranged that the mouldings die away into the back rail, and therefore a true curve is not produced.

The elbows are frequently enriched with a figure, carved on the front edge; or foliage spreading over either side, as at Richmond, Yorks, the main fillet of the moulded edge being carried down without any appreciable interruption. In other instances carved animals are well introduced, as at Lynn, Norfolk, or pateræ, as at Bridgewater, Somersetshire. The moulded edge of the elbow is occasionally stopped by a column which is introduced at the seat level below the mouldings, and from there is continued downwards and stopped on a small moulded base.

A favourite way of treating the desk ends was to enrich them with tracery sunk on the solid face. In some instances they are ornamented on the front edge by little pillars similar to those upon the stall elbows, and these are repeated on the



No. 6.—Miserere, Norwich.

muntins of the front panelling. The ends of a series of stalls are formed very similarly to the desk ends, except where the stalls are canopied, when the ends are often partially enclosed, with open tracery-work above.

A few words upon the construction will not be here out of place, forming, as it does, the basis of the whole design, and proving that, in addition to the work being "designed with beauty," it is also "built in truth."

The general framework of the rood-screens is extremely simple. The principal muntins are let into a good oak cill upon the floor, from which they are carried to a stout upper beam some fifteen feet above—this dimension varying, of course, considerably in the numerous examples. On either side, somewhat higher, another beam is let into the wall, or corbelled from it, forming the support for the loft, the intermediate space between each of these and the lower beam being filled in with bracketing for the support of the cornice, coving, or groining. At some four feet from the pavement a cross-rail is inserted, the space below which is divided up by lesser muntins, constituting the framework for the lower panelling. This construction is increased or varied in the more elaborate examples.

The stalls are generally very solidly constructed. The ends of a row are housed into a strong cill, into which the standards for the support of the book-board are also housed. The elbows—which are in one solid piece—are framed into the backs of the stalls, and further secured by the heavy capping above, which admirably connects and strengthens the work. On either side the elbow is sunk, to enable the seat to be turned up on its hinges, and to afford it support when down.

The seats are generally about an inch in thickness, the misereres, or ledges beneath, projecting about five inches. As the entire seat is got out of one solid piece of wood, the time expended upon each must have been very considerable, and difficulties in the grain, without doubt, frequently added immensely to the labour.

With regard to the workmanship generally, the structural portion, or framework, is usually morticed and tenoned together, and pinned with oak pins; the finer or more delicate carved work (such as tracery in canopies), when joined, being jointed with a dowel, or occasionally a secret tenon here and there left on the solid. Wherever the work admitted of it, however, it was all got out of the solid; the tracery of the head of an entire compartment of a screen, for instance, being generally in one piece. At Yately Church, Hants, two traceried heads of the perpendicular rood-screen each measures thirteen inches in depth and six feet in length, and they are each out of one solid piece.

We often find the work cut across the grain, and worked with much skill. Great care was taken in some instances to match the wood; to quote a late example—the plain panelling framed into the backs of stalls in Henry VII.'s Chapel is excellently matched.

It is sometimes to be observed that more care and finish have been expended upon that side of the rood-screen facing the nave, and therefore more exposed to view. This is the case at Congresbury and Berkhampstead. Besides this, we often find the fan-tracery work on that side alone, as at Tilbrook, Beds, and Randworth, in Norfolk. Undoubtedly, as a rule, the old men were very truthful. One cannot help feeling, however, that this affection for making the most of the side more exposed to view is a fault, in church work especially. It is but fair to remark that this is really the only fault of the kind that can well be found.

There are irregularities about the work which assure us that it was not purely mechanical, although we need scarcely to be convinced upon that point; and it is these irregularities which give to old work much of its charm. The construction, notwithstanding, was skilfully carried out. The rood-screen, so well framed, helping to support the loft above, the stalls so strongly made, and the canopies so carefully contrived, all speak for themselves on this point. Much of the work could never have stood till the present time had it been carelessly wrought. If now we are compelled to restore any of it after four hundred years have elapsed, it is not because the workmanship nor the construction is at fault. It is time and neglect, and often wantonness, that render restoration a necessity.

The above remarks have chiefly applied to the position, plan, and form, and the construction and workmanship of the important features under consideration. I hope in a further paper to consider the artistic work, which embraces the main distinctions of style.

HARRY SIRR.

MOVEMENT IN THE PLASTIC ARTS.*

IN my two former papers upon this subject I spoke of those movements of men and animals that constitute locomotion, and came to the perhaps sufficiently obvious conclusion, first, that, where the eye can follow the attitudes of a gait without difficulty, the artist should accept those attitudes, exercising, of course, his right of selection, and remembering that all are not equally valuable for suggesting motion; secondly, that in the case of movements so rapid that the eye can do nothing of the kind, he is more free to exercise his fancy and to substitute personal impressions for external facts, and that his work should then be judged entirely by his success in conveying the desired impression, and not in any way by a comparison with such results as those arrived at through the mechanism of photography. An opposite view can scarcely be held but by those who have failed to appreciate the methods that have been in favour with the painters and sculptors of every age and country in which the arts have reached anything like a complete technique.

In the course of a discussion upon the famous war between the draughtsmen and colourists, M. Véron, the well-known French critic, says: "Now, which should the painter prefer, reality as it is, or reality as it presents itself to our organs of sight? Evidently the latter, unless he wish to reduce his art to the level of photography. To deny this, that is, to compel the artist to present arrested movement, actual momentary attitude, under the pretext that it alone exists for the painter, *who has to do with a single instant of time*, would be hardly more intelligent than to forbid the recognition of the mutual changes in tone and tint to which the juxtaposition of colours gives rise. The critic who should dare to advise artists

* Continued from page 92.

to consider each colour on its own merits, to reproduce them in their true reality, without taking heed of others in their immediate neighbourhood, on the pretence that colour has an isolated existence only, and that the mutual influences by which it is modified result merely from an infirmity of the eye, would be at once repudiated by all artists who realise that one of the first conditions of Art is the recognition of the physical nature of man, and that painting can no more place itself in antagonism to the eye than music to the ear." These sentences put the question forcibly enough, but the phrase I have italicised seems to imply the acceptance, at least by some, of the idea that the painter or sculptor has to deal with a single instant of time. The truth is, that no picture or other work of Art, in which action, and especially action of a violent kind, is portrayed, can be quite satisfactory unless it contains a cunning blending of the moment chosen with those that have immediately preceded it and those that are about to follow. An examination of the more dramatic creations of any great painter or sculptor will show this very clearly.

Beginning with the sculptured groups of the Greeks—not to draw, as we easily might, upon a still more remote past—and coming down to the works of our own day, the student will find that one of the most universal aims of the painter and sculptor has been to escape from the trammels in which the champions of objective truth would bind him, and to devise means by which successive moments of time, and successive stages in the development of an action could be combined in a single picture. In the simple days of the early Renaissance the desired end was achieved by the naïve device of showing two or three phases of a story on a single panel, with an interval of a few minutes or a few hours, as the case might be, after each showing. Such a composition might be compared to one made up of two or three transparent pictures laid one upon the other. With the growth of skill and experience it was found possible to do what was wanted in a less rudimentary fashion, and at last the great cinquecentisti succeeded in reinventing a process that, like so many other artistic things, had been thoroughly understood in the Greece of Pheidias. This process was at once interpretive and finely pictorial. To give it full effect, both Italian painters and Greek sculptors seem to have chosen, wherever they could, subjects that lent themselves to what I may call a *successive* treatment. Numberless instances of this might be given, but I will confine myself to three, one from the works of Pheidias, and one each from those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, all three of them familiar, I may suppose, to every reader of these lines. The first is the Eastern Pediment of the Parthenon, the second the 'Cartoon of Pisa,' the third the 'Miracle of Bolsena.' In the 'Cartoon of Pisa' the successive arrangement is very simple and clearly marked; it is also but little consistent with the actual probabilities of the event, and its use shows that Michael Angelo preferred the dramatic force that it gives to mere superficial truth. Upon the other two instances we must dwell for a moment.

Between the pediments of the Parthenon and those great lunettes that have made a few low-browed chambers in the Vatican so famous, there is a similarity in composition and arrangement that is very significant, although, so far as I know, it has never yet been pointed out. Part of this similarity arises, of course, from nothing more recondite than the mere forms of the spaces that Pheidias and Raphael had to fill; the arrangements of line and mass that suit a flattened isosceles triangle go well within the frame of a semicircle; but there is a deeper resemblance than this. In those among the Stanze frescoes that are generally looked upon as the best, the 'Disputa,' the 'School of Athens,' the 'Parnassus,' or the 'Miracle of Bolsena,' there is a central interest that is carried down to the lower corners of the picture through personages ever lessening in importance, until it is finally connected with the multitude to which it is addressed by the introduction of one or two figures from among them; here, by Raphael and his master themselves, there, by the sceptic Bramante, or, in the case of the fresco that we have chosen for our special example, by a few Italian mothers no more conscious than the children they nurse of the miracle that is taking place over their heads. No better example of the *successive* method of composition than the last-named fresco could be named. The miracle has just begun. From the wafer in the priest's left hand one drop of blood has fallen upon the snow-white cloth in his right, but already the full effect is visible. A look of surprised adoration has already spread over the features of the celebrant, of worship unmixed with wonder over that of the kneeling Pope; the sceptic—whom Raphael seldom fails to introduce—is already in fair way to conversion; the excitement has reached the people in the body of the church; in fact, both the miracle and its results are placed before us in a single picture.

Nearly eighteen centuries before one of the miracles of the pagan mythology had been treated in a fashion almost identical by the greatest sculptor of Greece. Commissioned to represent the birth of the patron goddess of his native city, Pheidias did not, as a mediocre artist would surely have done, make Athene spring from her father's head, amidst a crowd of figures in more or less studied attitudes of amazement. In the absence of the central part of his composition, we cannot certainly say whether he represented the actual birth—which is, however, by no means likely—or the moment immediately after it; but we do know, from the angle figures, that he took exactly the same method for giving dramatic force to his composition, and, as it were, connecting the main incident with the outer world that Raphael took in his 'Miracle of Bolsena.' Towards the left corner of the pediment the "group of all groups"—Fates, clouds, call them what we like—affords a link between the joy of Olympus and the still unconscious earth, exactly similar to that given by the mothers in Raphael's fresco, while the rushing figure of the messenger Iris carries us on to a moment after the miraculous birth has been accomplished and realised.

This avoidance of immobility, this search after dramatic effect by bringing as much of the story upon canvas as can by any means be got there, is characteristic of all great illustrative Art. It is to be found in the Cartoons, on the Sistine Ceiling, in the concentration of Rembrandt, and the diffuse vitality of Rubens. It is not to be found, or to be found only in a fragmentary condition, in the productions of the French pseudo-classicists, such as David and Gros. Indeed, no better example of what an adherence to objective fact in the matter of attitude and motion would be likely to bring us to could be named than the Sabine picture of the first-named painter. If a clever operator could persuade a crowd of scantily-dressed men to play at fighting before his camera, the resulting photograph would be something very like this once famous masterpiece. The bravos of Phineus, when Perseus met them with the Gorgon's head, the soldier whose onslaught is arrested by a bullet in his brain, may be